THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Volume 198, Number 31

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JAN. 30, 1926

Lawrence Toney

Ben Ames Williams—Edward G. Lowry—Richard Connell—F. Britten Austin
Frederick Irving Anderson—Henry A. Shute—Kennett Harris—Jay E. House

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*The incident reported above pleased us. We would like to give names. But the "veteran mill owner" requested otherwise.

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Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company

Cyrus H. K. Curtis, President

C. H. Ludington, Vice-President and Treasurer
P. S. Collins, General Business Manager
Walter D. Fuller, Secretary
William Boyd, Advertising Director

Independence Square, Philadelphia

London: 6, Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W. C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A^o D^i 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

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Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 18, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under Act of March 3, 1879. Additional Entry at Columbus, O., St. Louis, Mo., Chicago, Ill., Indianapolis, Ind., Saginaw, Mich., Des Moines, Ia., Portland, Ore., Milwaukee, Wis., St. Paul, Minn., San Francisco, Cal., Kansas City, Mo., Savannah, Ga., Denver, Colo., Louisville, Ky., Houston, Tex., Omaha, Neb., Ogden, Utah, Jacksonville, Fla., New Orleans, La., Portland, Me., Los Angeles, Cal., and Richmond, Va.

Volume 198 — 5c. THE COPY — PHILADELPHIA, PA., JANUARY 30, 1926 — $2.00 THE YEAR by Subscription — Number 31

NO THOROUGHFARE

"I'm Sure You Could Get Us in There if You Would. You Look as Though You Could Drive a Car Anywhere"

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

BUCK FERNHAM was a man with wrongs and no audience; and when Bill Stackhoe drifted into town the affair had the look of providence about it, for Bill was a large, fat, inert man who had a singular capacity for sleeping while he seemed to listen, and listening while he seemed to sleep. Buck's garage was on a hot day in summer as cool as any place along the shore; yet on this cool Sunday in mid-June it was pleasantly warm, the westerly wind drifting in through the rear door and out the front. Bill sat on a chair which had no back; a chair which he had tilted against the wall just outside the front door of the garage, balancing himself with his shoulders against the jamb of the door in a position that might in a person of less substantial bulk have seemed precarious. Buck was sitting on the ground, his oily overalls suffering no harm from the oil-impregnated earth; and now and then he spat between his knees.

Across the road in front of the garage a descending slope of rocky land, grown sparsely with grass, at this season bravely green, and with low and stubborn clumps of tough ground pine, canted toward the fringe of bowlders along the shore. Beyond, blue ocean stretched to the horizon, dimpled with dark shadows here and there, flurried by an occasional puff of wandering breeze, brightened by a foaming whitecap now and then. Up the road to the left lay Sunday Cove, white houses gleaming in the sun; to the right the highway wound along the shore around Lobster Point, through Lonesome and the Point itself and Pegg's Inlet, and back up the other side of the Point again. Between Buck's garage and the village of Sunday Cove a road that was no more than two wheel tracks led down to the beach, where, even though the season was young, half a dozen parties had lunched this day, and now dabbled in the cold water with cries to testify to its chill.

"Yes, sir," said Buck stoutly. "What I say is, there's too durned many laws these days. They don't let a man alone."

"Always been too many," Bill Stackhoe agreed sleepily. The fat man's eyes were half closed; yet they watched the continually passing cars with an indolent attention. "Always been too many," he repeated. "Laws're a good deal like folks. You'll run into all kinds—young ones still trying out their teeth, and middle-aged ones that seem to get along pretty well, and old ones that folks don't pay much attention to." He added lazily, "There's somebody wants gas."

Buck did not even turn his head.

"Millie'll take care of 'em," he said; and he added resentfully, "She don't let me wait on the cash trade much." He returned to his wrongs. "What I always say is, gov'ment ain't any right to make a law that interferes with a man long as he don't bother other folks."

"That's good theory," Bill assented. "You'll find a lot of people think the same way. Think it's the business of a law to protect a man against other men, instead of against himself."

"Well, anyway, nobody pays any attention to it," Buck asserted triumphantly.

"I can remember when folks had a notion that a law was a pretty stiff thing," Bill remarked. "That was before automobiles come along. Up till then it was a kind of a disgrace to get yourself arrested. Now men, and women too, go bragging about being

nailed for speeding or the like. There never was anybody ever drove a car five miles without breaking some law."

He swung his head to look toward the gas pump in front of the house. Buck's garage had once been his barn; the great timbered structure was still connected with the house by a shed. The gas pump stood in front of the kitchen door and Millie Fernham had come out to attend her customer. Bill looked upon her with approval. Millie was a stout plain girl with a rigorous neatness about her; she wore, he noticed, leather gloves while she busied herself with this matter of the gas; took them off to make change. The wind played pranks with her skirts, revealing her figure formed robustly, built for serviceable uses. The driver of the car had asked some question, and she nodded in reply and came toward them.

"Pa," she called, "where's Sam?"

Buck jerked his head backward.

"Under his car," he suggested, "inside."

Millie stepped into the garage door, and Bill said pleasantly, "Afternoon, Millie."

"How-do," Millie retorted in an unyielding tone. Then she called into the garage, "Sam." Sam's muffled response seemed to satisfy her that he heard. "Man out here wants his clutch taken up," Millie reported.

"Be right out," Sam replied, and Millie waited till he appeared. A young man whose brick-red hair and blue eyes gave him a singularly alert and forthright appearance. There were drops of wet oil on his cheek, and he dabbed at them with a piece of waste. "The old girl spills herself all over the place," he remarked. "I been tightening up her innards all afternoon, but she still drips."

"You waste a lot of time on that car, enough to earn a decent one," Millie said in a tone of resentment. "Come on and take care of this man."

"That's as good a car as you can buy anywhere for twenty-five dollars," Sam protested cheerfully. He had a wrench or two in his hand, and he followed her toward where the other car still waited. Stackhoe watched the driver alight and stand by while Sam dived beneath the floor boards.

"Sam a pretty good mechanic, is he?" he asked indifferently.

"He likes fussing with cars," Buck agreed. "The blamed fool!"

"Must be pretty good to make that bus of his go."

"You ever take a look at it?" Buck asked. "He's got more contraptions onto that car. No switch on her. He keeps the wires twisted together, and the only way he can stop the engine is to put the reverse against the low gear and stall her. Has to jack up her rear wheels to start her half the time. Under the hood looks like a busted bed spring, wires every which way. Millie gets right mad at him sometimes, fooling so much time on it."

"He ought to make good money somewhere else," the big man suggested.

"Millie keeps him here," Buck explained. "She's got him under control all right. I guess she'll marry him, time she makes up her mind to it."

"What's the rest of his name?" Bill asked. "More than plain Sam?"

"Sam Savery," Buck replied indifferently. "He lived up Portland way, come through here one day and seen Millie and struck me for a job. Sleeps in the back now, where one of the stalls used to be."

"Never knew that name around here in my time. But I ain't been back in twenty years," Bill confessed. "Been meaning to come; but this summer's first time I ever got around to it."

A car rocketed past at high speed, and Buck snorted.

"Ote Feemer'll nail him in the village," he remarked. "Ote's death on them speed birds."

"Must be in a hurry, that boy," Bill agreed.

"He ain't going nowhere," Buck replied scornfully. "That's the trouble with folks nowdays. In a heck of a hurry and not going anywhere."

"On a blind road, a lot of them," Bill assented. "And don't know it."

The car which had been under Sam's hands moved away and Sam came back toward them, Millie turning into the house again. The young man stopped for a moment to light a cigarette.

"Burned it pretty near out coming through the hills north of here," he said pleasantly. He wiped his forehead with his sleeve. "She's hot," he remarked.

"Is that," Bill agreed. He studied the young man thoughtfully. "How's that car of yours working?"

"She's a bird," Sam assured him, grinning. "Yes, sir; she don't look like much, but to see her travel it'd surprise you."

"Want to sell her?" Bill inquired.

Sam shook his head. "I wouldn't sell her," he replied. "Not unless I had a grudge on the man. She knows me; she knows I won't stand any foolishness. But anybody else couldn't do a thing with her."

"I'm figuring to look around the country some," Bill explained. "I'd like me a car."

Sam surveyed the other, and he chuckled.

"Well, I'll tell you," he replied. "You have to be kind of nimble to ride her." He stood straight and at ease, wiping his hands reflectively on a bit of waste. "I took her down to wash her last week," he explained. "Drove her down to the beach, right by the water. Got through and started to crank her and she started ahead. I held her, braced my shoulder against her old nose; but I got to laughing and that made me let go. So I had to jump. Then I grabbed the front wheel and tried to swing her; and I could have done it, but it made me laugh to think of her acting that way. So I got out of her road and kissed her good-by and she went right into the water till she sizzled and went out like a lamp."

Sam Was Blinking, Half Blinded by the Light. "Turn That Off," He Suggested

"Had to get a team and haul her out," Buck added irately. "Wasted half a day getting her to run again."

"Yes, sir, she takes a man that knows her," Sam agreed.

"I might get you to drive me around," Bill suggested; and Sam looked at him with a curious eye.

"There ain't much to see," reminded the other.

Bill chuckled. "Well, I didn't come to see the sights. But I used to live around here."

"Funny I don't remember your folks," Buck commented.

"Moved away when I was a boy," Bill replied readily. "But I always have wanted to come back."

"You know," Buck said shrewdly, "you look like a man that liked his beer once in a while, or something."

"I never minded taking a drink," Bill agreed.

"Funny you didn't fetch something with you," Buck suggested.

And Bill said lazily, "Why, I might dig up something."

"You, Buck," Sam exclaimed. "Cut it out. Millie'll lay into you."

Buck made a fretful and impatient gesture.

"Can't you keep your face shut? Millie's as bad as a policeman. I been used to a drink when I wanted it," he explained to Stackhoe. "I'm too old to change. And she even went and emptied out a whole barrel of cider I had just about right."

"I don't want to get on the bad side of Millie," Bill confessed; and he looked sidewise at Sam. "She looks like she might be pretty sure of what she wants."

Sam grinned. "Yes, sir, Millie knows; and she gets it too."

"I bet she can cook."

Buck interrupted with an indifferent word.

"Here's Dave Budd. He's down this way pretty much lately, seems to me."

Sam swung, and the three watched the car which drew to a stop before the garage. Two men rode in it—one who drove and another at his side. The passenger alighted; a stocky man past his middle years, with a mild eye and a slow stride as he walked. A man whose face bespoke a patient kindliness; a curious face for a sheriff. He descended from the car with some apparent difficulty, turned to the driver.

"All right, Bat," he said. "I'll come home on the trolley."

Young Sam Savery called to the driver, "Hello, Bat. How's the old wagon running?"

"Match her against that junk cart of yours any day," Bat retorted. "She'll roll forty long as you want her to."

"They look enough alike to be twins," Sam commented. "But mine knows me. You treat a car like it was a sheep-killing dog. I bet your brakes are dragging right now."

He approached the machine; and he and Bat talked together, their words inaudible to the other men.

Dave Budd had come to where Buck and Stackhoe were sitting; and Bill got to his feet.

Buck, without rising, said wearily, "This here's Bill Stackhoe, sheriff. Used to live around here. I don't remember his folks," he added in careful disclaimer.

"Sure," said the sheriff cheerfully. "I saw him the other day. How-do, Stackhoe. Fine day."

"Is that," Bill agreed. "Take the chair?"

"Got a crick in my back," the sheriff explained. "Warm weather'll iron it out, but riding in a car makes it worse. Don't feel like setting down."

Bill nodded. "Who's that drove you down?" he asked.

"That?" The sheriff turned and looked toward the road. "Bat Brace. He's my deputy."

"Live around here? I don't remember the name."

"Funny if you did. He moved in a while back."

"I can remember faces though. I'd say I'd run into him somewheres. He don't look like a deputy sheriff, now, does he?"

"Guess I don't look much like a sheriff," Dave confessed. "Don't feel like one with my back this way. Getting old for it, I guess."

Bat Brace wheeled his car and drove away; and Sam returned to join them by the door of the garage again.

Dave said, "Hello again, Sam."

The young man threw up his hands.

"I never done it, Dave," he protested in pretended dismay. "You've got the wrong man."

"What's been done?" Buck asked suspiciously. "What's happened, Dave? What's going on? You been down here a lot lately. What's going to happen?"

"Just looking around," Dave replied, grinning politely at Sam's byplay. "I always kind of like to drop in and see you and Millie. Thought maybe you'd ask me to supper, Buck."

"Sure," Buck agreed. "But what's on your mind?"

"I kind of like to set here and watch the cars go by," the sheriff explained. "You can see a lot of people this way."

Sam drifted into the garage. "Guess I'll finish up the old girl," he said to no one in particular. They heard by and by the rap of metal on metal as he hammered at something on his car.

The sheriff leaned his shoulders against the wall and stood beside Bill's tilted chair.

Millie came out on the kitchen porch and called to him, "Hello, Dave!"

"Hello, Millie," he rejoined, moving a little toward her. "I thought you'd maybe ask me to supper," he explained.

"There's cold beans and pie," she said apologetically.

"I'm glad I come," he replied; and Millie went back into the house.

Buck said resentfully, "I get sick of beans sometimes myself. Every Saturday night and every Sunday morning. And then cold Sunday night half the time."

Dave said gravely, "Why don't you kick to Millie?" And he grinned at the twisted grimace which answered the suggestion. "Don't Millie let you order your own meals?"

Buck grunted his disgust, and the sheriff winked at Stackhoe. The fat man grinned, and after a momentary silence he said indolently, "Sheriff, I'm having a right interesting time around here. Good many interesting things to see."

Budd had held toward Millie's father a manner of grave jocularity; but now a faint change came over him. He nodded somewhat heavily; and an observant eye might have discovered something uneasy in his glance.

"Guess so," he agreed.

"Probably you don't see 'em the way I do," Bill continued, "living here all the time."

"I mostly figure to get along the easiest way," Budd said with apparent irrelevance. "You can't always tell the best thing to do."

Buck looked at him with curious attention.

"What's so interesting around here?" he challenged. "Looks the same to me it always did."

"Well," Stackhoe explained cheerfully, "the view out there, for one thing. I like to watch the ocean. Like to watch it at night. There was a light out there for a spell last night that I watched; watched it for an hour or so, I guess."

"Always been lights out there," Buck agreed. "Boats passing."

"If this was a boat it stayed about the same place," Bill commented. "I walked down to the beach to see if I could hear anything."

"Didn't, did you?" the sheriff asked attentively, and Bill shook his head.

"No, not a thing." He added a moment later, "Then I like to set here and watch the cars go by. Give 'em time, and a lot of cars stop at a gas station like this in a day. Some from a long ways off and some from around here that I don't know."

"Folks coming and going," the sheriff assented. "Lot of trucking too. Moving trucks and the like. Big ones."

Another car had stopped for gas and Millie appeared to serve it. They could see her handling the hose at the rear of the car; guessed by her movements and the occasional sound of her voice that the driver was asking her questions.

"I don't aim to make a nuisance of myself," Bill said thoughtfully in the silence.

"You don't bother me any," the sheriff replied.

The engine of Sam's car roared loudly in the garage behind them; its pulse rose and fell; it fell silent at last and Sam appeared in the doorway.

"Sounds pretty good, don't she?" he challenged.

"Sweet as a nut," Bill agreed. He got to his feet. "I'll drift back to the village," he announced.

Millie's customer had driven away and she came toward them and they saw that her cheeks were flushed.

Dave Budd

"That was him again, Sam," she said.

"I didn't get to see him," Sam replied. "You didn't call me."

"I don't need you," Millie told him sharply.

"You're going to, and I'll be here when you do."

"He wanted I should take a ride in his car," she explained. "Said he'd be back through here tonight and stop for me."

"Don't you," Sam warned her.

"If I do he'll be the one to walk home," she promised angrily.

Bill said to Sam, "He's an able young fellow to look at him. You'd better keep out of his way, Sam." And he grinned at Sam's quick and resentful flush. "He'd bend you one," Bill declared.

"I'll risk it," Sam asserted.

The fat man said good-by to them and went toward the village, his large person moving steadily along the roadside, unperturbed by the nearness of the passing cars. Buck Fernham paid his respects to that departing back.

"He's a friendly kind of a man."

"He hangs around here when you'd ought to be busy," Millie replied. "I'd like to know what he's doing around here all the time."

"Vacation," Sam reminded her.

"You go wash yourself," she retorted crushingly. "You're a sight."

Sam laughed and made a movement as though to put his arm about her shoulders, but she did not draw back, said merely, "Behave!"

There was nothing else for the young man to do; he disappeared with a laughing word and the sheriff grinned.

"That's right, Millie," he told her. "Bring him up right."

"Sam's all right," she retorted sharply. "I don't worry about Sam."

Dave nodded. "I want to talk to you, Millie," he said. "Come on up to the house."

(Continued on Page 93)

"I Didn't Fill That Radiator," He Said Regretfully. "Hope We Strike Water Soon"

PAYING THE PIPER

By Edward G. Lowry

ILLUSTRATED BY WYNCIE KING

A LOT of people in Europe, and some here at home, can't seem to get it into their heads that the World War was a Dutch treat. The bill was $80,860,000,000 gold. It was put down in the center of the table for anybody to pick up. Everybody has been paying ever since, with the usual squabbling.

It is being said in Europe that because we came in late we haven't paid our share. Some of our former associates go even further and say we made money out of the war. They point to the prosperity in the United States and the lack of prosperity in Europe. We are rich seven years after the war and they are poor. So they say, "The Yanks bled us while we were fighting for our lives, and have piled up all this wealth out of our wretchedness and misery."

Examples: "The English, our very good friends, are selfish, but our dear cousins the Americans are ferocious. . . . Their greatest preoccupation since the Armistice has been to tarnish the glory of France's victory."

"The United States, gorged with the gold it garnered during the war, will now have a few more billions. . . . But history, which always has the last word, will record that the United States conducted itself like a Shylock."

"We were out getting shot to bits while the Yankees sold the munitions with which we were shot. While we were pouring out our blood, they were making out their bills in the name of Liberty, Civilization and Liberty."

"The Americans were our Allies in a war which we won and by which they profited."

Every steamer returning from Europe brings travelers and bundles of newspapers and periodicals confirming the report that a great part of Europe holds resentfully against us the belief that we made money out of the war and out of their great misfortune. Now, as a matter of actual and demonstrable fact, we did nothing of the sort. That charge just simply isn't true. Happily, the facts and figures are at hand to disprove it.

Nobody at this juncture, when the Europeans are recovering from the war, desires to engage in a squalid and unseemly wrangle with our friends and neighbors abroad about money matters. But unless the facts are established the prevalent unfounded charges will crystallize into an accepted belief.

There is no reason why we should take, lying down, the false reports about us. For reasons of international amity and polity the Government cannot take official notice of what, after all, are irresponsible mischief-makers. But there is restiveness and resentment in the Government, and in responsible business and financial quarters where the truth is known. It makes for bad feeling and delays the European recovery.

The Phœnix Born Again

THE Europeans who charge us with making money out of the war are wrong-headed and pitiful in that their accusation is made particularly against the groups here working most actively to give Europe assistance in her recovery. For a time immediately after the war the great banking houses, and particularly those interested in international business, stood alone in advocating cancellation of the war debts. For this attitude, which was in sharp conflict with public and popular opinion, they have been much criticized here at home. And now in the Continental press they are being called bloodsuckers and men who feed on the miseries of others.

There can be no doubt that the attitude of our bankers, discreetly and quietly maintained through the years since the Armistice, has affected the large business interests of the country, and they in turn have in some degree softened public opinion. I have the word of members of the World War Foreign Debt Commission that there is now noticeable a more lenient public sentiment toward the debt settlements. This newly discerned attitude, which is by no means general, and which has not affected the Senate, does not grow out of any feeling that we should not collect our debts from Europe, but out of a belief that our debtors do not intend to pay in full and that any sum we can collect will be just so much velvet.

What We Have Got We Produced. We Did Not Take It Away From Anybody

I appear in this recital as a reporter and not to set forth any views, prejudices or opinions of my own or of any group. Throughout the war, from August, 1914, until March, 1919, with one short intermission, I was in Europe in one official capacity and another, civil and military. Since the war I have kept closely in contact with our own postwar reconstruction and readjustment. Such, in brief, are my credentials.

Two years after the Armistice I was writing in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, when times were hard, business slack and unemployment menacing, about the period of reconstruction after the Civil War, and pointing out how the South had recovered its economic strength after being shattered to bits. I used Atlanta as a typical case of complete recovery after complete destruction. Identically the same phenomena described there have been repeated. The same processes that brought Atlanta and the South to a renewed and greater industrial and economic life and prosperity after the Civil War have brought the United States to the economic position it now occupies. How it came about is the simplest sort of story.

My present employment is to show as simply and clearly as may be that we have not got rich by taking advantage of and bleeding Europe while she was engrossed in war, and then to set down the processes and the methods by which we came to this great prosperity.

There is no doubt about our prosperity. Twenty years ago no socialist, no believer in the diffusion of wealth, no dreamer of a Utopian land with high standards of living and a complete distribution of the comforts and conveniences of daily life, ever conceived such a condition as exists in the United States today.

Secretary Hoover, who is officially concerned with our national material welfare, confirms that statement. We stand at this moment on a pinnacle of diffused prosperity and material well-being that no nation has ever reached in the history of the world. That is the spectacle that draws this shrill outcry from Europe.

Our Account With France

NOW let us see whether the war-racked nations were pillaged to bring us to our present estate. It will mean plowing through a field of figures. Specifically, to begin, did we make money out of France in our war relations? I invoke here a trustworthy expert who knows what the accounting books show. Hear him:

"The various agreements made after the Armistice between representatives of American and French governmental departments established that in addition to the $2,977,477,800 advanced as loans by the United States Treasury, and the $1,025,438,235.88 paid for francs with which to finance purchases in France, and the surplus war stocks sold to France for which bonds amounting to $407,331,144 were received, the United States Government delivered to France, during or shortly after the war, goods and services valued at $235,294,805.60 and 535,262,032.69 francs, a total of approximately $322,000,000. The value of these goods and services was set off against goods and services furnished by the French Government—reckoned at $12,280,237.66 and 2,523,366,408.71 francs, a total of about $423,000,000. The balance was settled by returning to the French Government 620,000,000 francs then standing to the credit of a representative of the United States in Paris.

"The supplies furnished by the French Government as included in the above statement are in addition to supplies purchased from private individuals, and even in many instances from government agencies and paid for in cash. The cash for this purpose was largely obtained from the $1,025,000,000 in francs purchased by the U. S. Treasury, but the total expenditures of the War Department in France were considerably more than $1,025,000,000. As nearly as can be reckoned, the expenditures of the War Department for supplies up to June 1, 1919, amounted to $1,207,000,000, and the pay of the troops in France, which was almost all spent in that country, came to $400,000,000. After June 1, 1919, $134,000,000 was expended for supplies and $36,000,000 for pay.

"Summing up, the United States Government bought in France, in connection with the war, goods and services amounting to at least $2,200,000,000, for which it paid at least $1,878,000,000 in cash, the rest in kind. France bought from the United States, or with funds provided by the United States Government, goods, services and currency amounting to about $5,026,000,000, for which she paid about $1,199,000,000 in cash, $423,000,000 in kind and $3,404,000,000 in her own bonds and notes.

"It is a false impression that the United States profited at French expense by selling goods at inflated war prices. Every industry in the United States was greatly expanded in its production equipment for war purposes and to a large extent to meet Allied demands, and the contraction and

obsolescence of this equipment has represented a very large expense to the American people. But of more importance, the United States bought large amounts of goods from France—more than $2,000,000,000—during the prosecution of the war. The general price level of French commodities during this period was from 60 to 150 points higher when compared to prewar prices than the price level of the United States during the same period.

"In connection with its purchases, the United States bought more than $1,000,000,000 of French exchange for expenditure by the American Army at a price only 9 per cent below par level, although the purchasing power of the franc was more than 25 per cent below its dollar parity; and allowed claims expressed in francs at the rate of 6.13 francs to the dollar, although at no time during the war was the purchasing power of the franc greater than 7.25 to the dollar.

"In addition to the supplies bought by the French Government with money provided by the United States Treasury, the French Government received from the American Expeditionary Force or other agencies of the United States Government goods, services and foreign currency valued at $322,547,821—converted at 6.13 francs to the dollar—not including the surplus stocks sold to France in 1919 and 1920, which were valued at $407,341,145. They also received 620,000,000 francs in cash. In payment for all these purchases the French Government delivered to the American armed forces supplies and services valued at $423,613,965, currency amounting to $1,025,438,235 and gave the United States Treasury its bonds and notes for the remainder, except $173,330,895 paid for other resources.

"Many of these French items were only indirectly connected with winning the war—$682,000,000 was expended to maintain the value of French currency, both in France and abroad. The effect of this was to cause considerable losses to American citizens as well as the American Government. Under the weight of the franc—and the pound sterling—the dollar was forced to a considerable discount in neutral markets. In consequence of this, American importers had to pay more dollars for their purchases. Their loss on this account was about $350,000,000 to $400,000,000 on imports during the years 1917 and 1918."

The High Cost of Allies

"MOREOVER, the maintenance of the franc at a fixed rate only 9 per cent below par, when its actual purchasing power was 25 to 28 per cent below par as compared with the dollar, meant that both the American Government and private citizens paid more for French currency than it was worth. The loss on this account was $200,000,000 or more. The French Government, through its control of exchange, gained this sum, and in addition profited by obtaining foods from neutral countries at a favorable rate of exchange. The only advantage accruing to the United States from these transactions was the moral one of having an ally whose currency still maintained public confidence. The same result could have been brought about by a more vigorous policy of taxation on the part of the French Government, and less reliance on internal loans and bank advances.

"Foodstuffs, not including tobacco, accounted for $850,000,000 of the French purchases. In as much as foodstuffs are consumed by civilians as well as by soldiers, and the civilians formed more than 85 per cent of the French population, it may be taken for granted that 85 per cent of these foodstuffs were for nonmilitary use, or at least that they released an equivalent amount of French produce for civilian use.

"Tobacco is a government monopoly in France and is sold to consumers at high prices, in lieu of the taxes on tobacco which are customary in the United States. There is no way of telling how much profit the French Government made on the $40,000,000 of tobacco purchased in the United States.

"The amount spent on shipping was something under $122,000,000. The ships purchased with the money form a permanent addition to the French merchant marine.

"Before the United States entered the war, France had borrowed more than $750,000,000 from private lenders in this country. The amounts required to pay interest on these loans, and even $289,000,000 of the maturing principal, were advanced by the United States Treasury. This represents expenses incurred before the United States entered the war. Moreover, $130,000,000 of these advances on account of principal were made after November 30, 1918. Certainly if the original loans were a commercial and not a political debt, the sums advanced for their repayment must come in the same category."

In Washington, in the Treasury Department and elsewhere in official archives are mountains of figures relating to our wartime financial relations with Great Britain. Instead of asking you to attempt to digest them I quote an authority who has had occasion to study them exhaustively:

"The belief in some quarters that the United States profited at Great Britain's expense by selling goods at inflated war prices will not bear analysis. Aside from the very great losses in every industry due to contraction of its war-production equipment which had been expanded to meet Allied needs, the United States imported a large amount of goods from all parts of the British Empire while it was exporting supplies to Great Britain. The general price level of British commodities in 1917 and 1918 was from 15 to 20 per cent higher, when compared with prewar prices, than the price level in the United States during this period, and certain commodities of which the United States was a larger importer from the British Empire—such as jute, rubber, wool, tin—rose much higher than even these relative prices. The total expenditure of the United States for imports from the British Empire and for army and navy outlay in the United Kingdom amounted to more than $2,600,000,000 between July 1, 1917, and June 30, 1919. This does not include the amounts paid to the British Government for transporting American soldiers to Europe in British ships, which was about $90,000,000."

A Lot of People in Europe, and Some Here at Home, Can't Seem to Get It Into Their Heads That the World War Was a Dutch Treat

Money Talks

"THE direct expenditures of the United States upon the war were increased taxes and increased debt—up to 1920 approximately $33,000,000,000, of which $9,500,000,000 comprised Allied debts. The expenditures of the British Government were about $49,000,000,000, of which nearly $9,000,000,000 comprised advances to her Allies. Both nations suffered many indirect losses.

"The United States Government made no claims for reparation upon the defeated states, whereas the British Government is entitled to 22 per cent of the amounts paid.

"A comparison of our foreign trade with European countries and their possessions for the four years preceding the war and the four years of the war shows that our excess of exports increased from $2,147,000,000 in the former period to $12,922,000,000 in the latter, an increase of $10,775,000,000. Of this increase, $5,259,000,000 occurred in our trade with the British Empire; $2,916,000,000 in our trade with France and its possessions; $1,279,000,000 with Italy; and $1,036,000,000 with Russia.

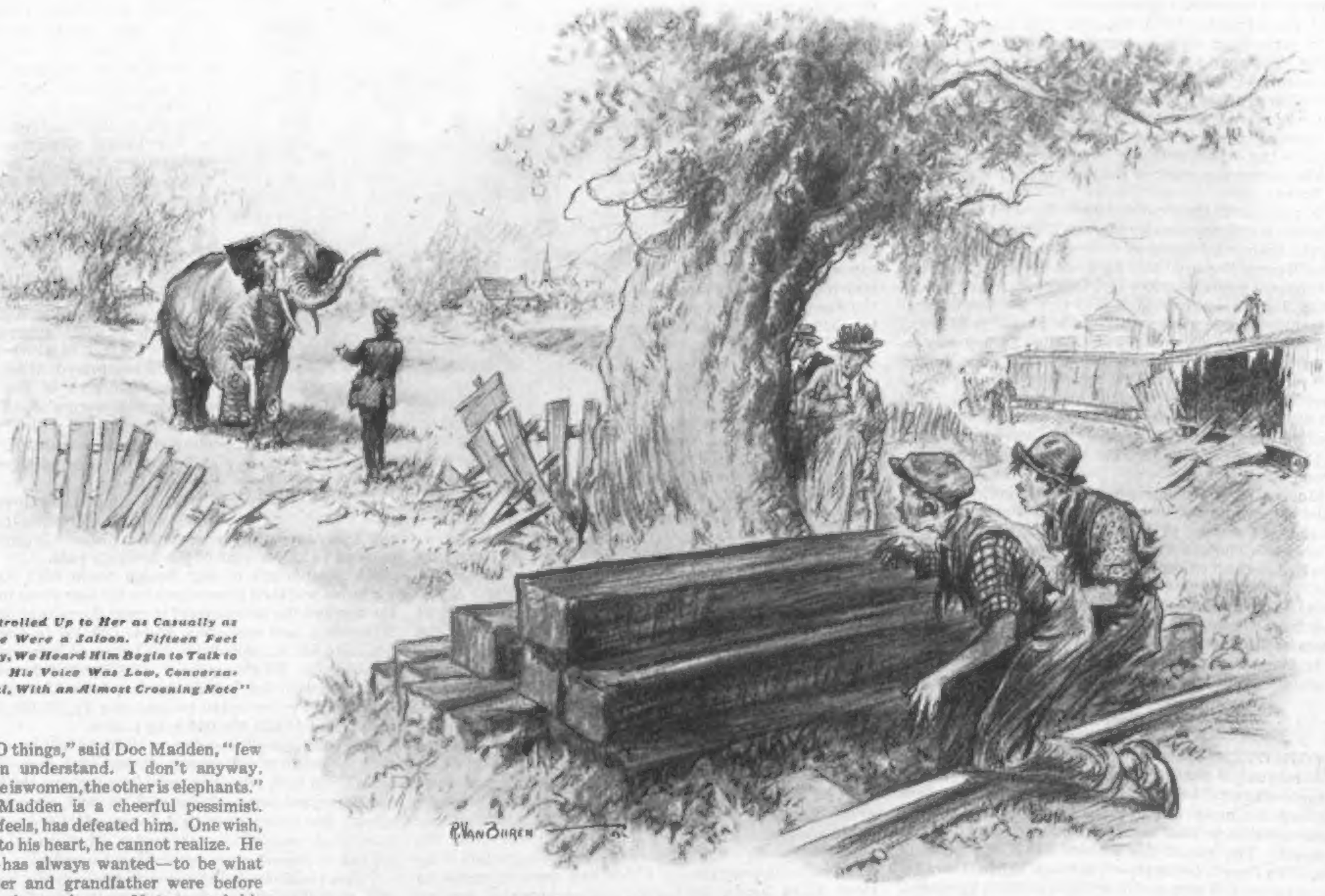
"In considering these figures it might be borne in mind that the prices of our exports, though high, were not exorbitant. In fact, after our entry into the war the prices of our important commodities, such as steel, copper, cotton, wheat, and so on, were held down, while the prices of a number of commodities produced in other countries, which we had to import, were not subject to control.

"This visible trade balance with the countries associated with us in the war was offset by some unusual factors, such as the following: The great expenditures of our Army in Europe and our Navy in various foreign ports. These were paid in actual cash and were not entered on our accounts as offsets for Allied purchases here.

(Continued on Page 170)

It is Being Said in Europe That Because We Came in Late We Haven't Paid Our Share. Some of Our Former Associates Go Even Further and Say We Made Money Out of the War

WOMEN AND ELEPHANTS



"He Strolled Up to Her as Casually as if She Were a Saloon. Fifteen Feet Away, We Heard Him Begin to Talk to Her. His Voice Was Low, Conversational, With an Almost Crooning Note"

By Richard Connell

ILLUSTRATED BY RAEBURN VAN BUREN

"TWO things," said Doc Madden, "few men understand. I don't anyway. One is women, the other is elephants."

Doc Madden is a cheerful pessimist. Life, he feels, has defeated him. One wish, dearest to his heart, he cannot realize. He wants—has always wanted—to be what his father and grandfather were before him—a circus clown. Nature and his mother thwarted him. Nature gave him a glum face, which no amount of grease paint could make merry. Even so, with the blue blood of clowndom in his veins, he might have developed, under his father's tutelage, into a competent if not a truly great clown. His mother, however, had other plans, worldly ambitions. She wanted her son to be a surgeon.

In the circus world they said it served Doc Madden's father right for marrying beneath him. The senior Madden, a prince among clowns, had given way to a romantic impulse, a thing clowns, eminently sensible men, seldom do, and had contracted a morganatic marriage with a college-graduate school-teacher while playing Madison, Wisconsin. She brushed the sawdust from her luckless offspring, took away his spangled suit and slapstick, packed him off to school and college, and made a sawbones of him. The circus people wagged regretful heads. The lion tamer went so far as to say that it was a sin and a shame to do such a thing in a world where there are so many surgeons and so few clowns.

Everything seemed to conspire against poor young Madden. He just naturally had a good pair of surgeon's hands. So, in spite of himself, he became an M.D., and a pretty good one.

But you can't keep a trout in a tree. Doc Madden hung out his first shingle in Elkhart, Kansas, and did well; but one day a circus came to town, and the next day Doc Madden's shingle dangled over an empty office and he was off with the show as its physician. He tried to settle down again in Missoula, Montana. They made him head of the hospital. But spring came, and with it a circus, and Missoula was minus a doctor and the circus was plus one. That has been his story. No matter where he settles, no matter what his success is, there always comes a day when a brassy circus band blares up Main Street and the spring air is redolent with sawdust and lions, and Doc Madden listens and looks and sniffs, and then sighs and packs up his tools in his old walrus-hide bag and follows.

We were sitting on the circus lot, on a bale of hay, watching the razorbacks driving stakes for the big top.

"Yes," said Doc Madden, "women and elephants—they're mysteries to me. I'm thinking of the case of Ben Lee. Ask anybody," went on Doc Madden, "who was the lowest down, ugliest, laziest, rummiest, most shiftless son of a bum in the circus world, and I'll bet my year's pay against a bag of popcorn they'd say Ben Lee.

"No collars were ever named after him. Compared to Ben, a horned toad was a Venus of Milo. He seemed to be an assembled man, made of odds and ends. Ears four sizes too large. Trick nose. Somebody else's mouth. No more hair than a grapefruit. Eyes the color of a frog's back, and slightly crossed in the bargain. Stood about five feet in his stolen socks. Weighed an even hundred, full of corn liquor, which he usually was. He looked like a nightmare going some place to be dreamed. And he was as good as he was beautiful.

"Probably the best thing anyone could say of Ben Lee was that he was too lazy to be very mean. Ornery enough at times though. Being a little fellow, he hated giants. Just resented them, that's all. Used to pick quarrels with the eight-footers. He'd wait till one of the man mountains had climbed into his bunk on the sleeper, and then Ben would board him and swarm over him, hammering the giant with one of his own size-sixteen brogans. Many a time I had to sew Ben up. He has been tossed out of car windows as often as empty bottles.

"Full of peskiness, too. Used to fill the bass drum with water just before the big parade, or put soap in the clarinets. And reliable! Well, you could depend on Ben about as much as you can on a cheap alarm clock that's been thrown at cats. If you wanted him to be at a place at ten o'clock, you told him to come at eight sharp, and he showed up at twelve, if at all. You couldn't trust him any farther than I can throw that steam calliope there. He was always broke and always borrowing. He'd borrow anything from a match to an automobile, if anyone were sap enough to lend it to him. That was one place where he was dependable—no matter what he borrowed he could be absolutely depended upon not to bring it back. He borrowed a lot of things from me. I call it borrowed; there are other words. Scruples? He never heard the word.

"I remember once we were playing Washington, D. C., and Matty Walsh, our head clown, took a squint at the Washington Monument and said, 'That's queer. It ain't gone yet.' I asked him why it should be gone. 'Well,' said Matty, 'Ben Lee's been in town two hours.'

"Ben boasted he hadn't bought a suit of underwear in sixteen years. Circus folk nowadays are pretty respectable, and mostly buy their underwear in a store. Not Ben. He was a throwback to the more or less good old days when every washline in a town was considered a standing invitation to help yourself. Circus folk are on the sober side these days too. Not Ben. He could drink anything from kalsomine to vinegar, and did.

"This isn't a very flattering picture I've drawn of Ben Lee; but at that I'm giving him the best of it.

"Among his weaknesses was a romantic nature. Funny how the two things so often go together—a face that would throw a switch and a wish to be a Romeo. Ben Lee was always making up to some girl in the troupe. First it would be one of the bareback riders, then a tumbler, then a slack-wire artist, then the tattooed lady. Ben Lee going a-wooing was a sight to make you laugh and cry. I always knew that he was in love, as he called it, by the fact that one of my white shirts was missing, and because on those occasions he doused himself with cheap perfume under the delusion that it would make him irresistible. It didn't. At best, he got laughed at. Often he got smacked. Mrs. Jessie Springer laughed at him and smacked him.

"Jessie Springer! There was a woman for you! One of the ten great females of the world. Big—a regular Statue of Liberty; beautiful, with a complexion that didn't need outside help; blond, and smart—that was Jessie Springer, sole proprietor of Springer's Spectacle, the most complete and best run small circus in the business. She took over the show when Dan Springer did her a good turn and made her a widow by arguing with an angry lion. I worked for Jessie Springer many seasons, and I liked her. No nonsense about Jessie. Nothing feminine. No clinging vine stuff. Just a regular fellow, who knew her own mind and the show game, which was not strange, since she was one of the Celebrated Springers, Equestriennes Extraordinary, who were riding horses before Paul Revere. A square shooter and a great manager. You never were

in doubt who was boss around her lot. She was as pleasant as a May day mostly, but when something came up that called for the frosty eye, Jessie was right on the job with an eye that could turn hot soup into an icicle at a glance. She made us all toe the mark, I'll tell you—all of us, that is, except Ben Lee. At that she handled him as well as anybody could, which was not at all.

"It was a mystery to me for some time why she stood Ben around the lot at all. Then I saw. Ben Lee had no beauty, hardly any manners; all the bad habits a fellow who is naturally gifted in that direction, can pick up; no more education than a gopher, and fewer morals; he infinitely preferred liquor to labor; he was in every way a blot and a drawback—every way but one. One thing Ben Lee did have—he had a way with elephants.

"You have to be born with it; that's the only way I can figure it out. Either you have it or you haven't it, like red hair. Mighty few men have it. That's why Ben Lee's one asset just about made up for all his liabilities. He did understand elephants. They just naturally took to him. Why? Don't ask me.

"It must have been a gift. Ben was born and raised in Wappingers Falls, New York, where elephants are not notably profuse. He never even saw one till he ran away at sixteen to join a circus. But the minute he set eyes on one—a giant bad bull it was too—he walked right up to it and said, 'Hello, big boy.' They tell me the old bull squinted at him with those crafty little eyes they have, and everyone around there expected the big fellow to fetch Ben a swipe with his trunk and hang Ben over the telegraph wires, such being the custom of that particular bull with total strangers. But the bull did no such thing. Instead, he stretched out his trunk and gave Ben the gentlest of pats on the shoulder and smiled at him. Sure, elephants can smile. At least, Ben Lee could make them

"Ben Lee, no doubt about it, could have been one of the biggest elephant men of all time. He never used a goad in his life, but they say he could make an elephant learn to play a harp if he wanted to. Seemed to know their language. Really good elephant men being as scarce as really good anything else, Ben Lee could have made a fortune; but he was just so lazy, so good for nothing, always punishing the booze, always getting into trouble, that one by one the big shows dropped him until he finally gravitated to Springer's Spectacle, which was only a dinky one-ring affair which ordinarily played towns like Hominy, Oklahoma, Biwabik, Minnesota, Nora Springs, Iowa, and Paw Paw, Michigan.

"How he got the job with Springer's Spectacle is an odd yarn. When Dan Springer came out second best in his debate with the lion, Jessie Springer found herself with a lot of trouble on her hands. Hard luck hit the outfit when it was playing Opelika, Alabama; old Malachi had a fit. He was our only elephant, and he was old enough to be Barnum's great-grandfather. We advertised him as being three hundred and twenty years old, which was stretching it a bit, but not much. Anyhow, the venerable Malachi had a fit in Opelika, Alabama, and stood in his car, weaving back and forth and mumbling to himself, and twitching all over, and rolling his eyes. Bates, his keeper, was no natural-born elephant man, and didn't really need to be, since Malachi was too well trained and sweet-natured to need expert handling. Bates was afraid to go near Malachi that night. He sent for me. Now I never studied elephant surgery, but I could see that old Malachi was not long for this vale of jeers. My diagnosis was all too accurate. With a sorrowing troupe at his bedside, Malachi passed into the great beyond at 3:45 A.M. The show was in a bad way then, for what is a circus without an elephant? We had to get one, and soon, or the frost would be on our pumpkin for fair.

"Jessie Springer, in her usual competent way, got busy and located an elephant in a show that had gone on the rocks in Eros, Louisiana. She wired for particulars. 'She is young and green,' came back the answer. 'A bargain at twelve hundred dollars.' Jessie was pleased.

"'Young and green,' she said. 'That's fine. She'll last a lifetime, and we can teach her a lot of new tricks.'

"'Who can?' said Bates hollowly.

"Our new elephant was delivered to us, per box car, at McComb, Mississippi, a week or so later. As soon as the car stopped on the siding, she pushed out the side and poured out into our midst, making loud bellicose noises. She was a big brute. Some elephants are, comparatively speaking, handsome. She was as ugly as the man who invented sin. Looked wicked. I never saw anything so chock-full of pure Grade A deviltry as the face of our green young elephant.

"'Take charge of her, Bates,' directed Jessie Springer, getting behind a tree. Bates took one good look at the new elephant.

"'Not me,' he said. 'I resign, here and now.'

"'Coward!' stormed Mrs. Springer.

"'That's better than being an angel,' said Bates. 'I know a bad elephant when I see one.' With that, he sprinted down the track and was seen no more

"Our little visitor gave us a dirty look and then nudged a hole in a fence and stepped into a field near the siding. There she took her stand, her ears spread out, on the alert, her small, belligerent eyes glittering. From a distance we watched her; we were helpless and fearful. Then it was that Ben Lee came on the scene.

"He didn't exactly come. He was pitched. A couple of brakemen found him asleep in an empty cotton car and ousted him with more vigor than ceremony. He stood blinking beside the train, the grubbiest, frowziest hobo I ever hope to see. Then his comic nose made gestures, and he turned toward our green young elephant like a pointer dog fixing on a pheasant. A smile that, despite the soot on his face was almost beatific, came to him. I happened to be standing near by.

"'Say, boss,' said Ben Lee to me, in the husky voice of a beggar asking for alms, 'would you mind if I spoke to the lady?'

"'To Mrs. Springer?' I said, indicating Jessie behind her tree. 'Sure, you can speak to her.'

"'Aw,' he said disdainfully, 'not the blonde—the one out there in the lot.'

"'Oh, her! Sure! No, wait a bit. Better not go near her. She's a bad one.'

"He drew himself up to his full five feet of rags and grime. There was actually superiority in the look he gave me.

"'She ain't bad,' said Ben Lee. 'Just misunderstood.'

"And so saying, he sauntered through the gap in the fence and approached the green young elephant. She glowered at him and made threatening noises. He did not stop. He strolled up to her as casually as if she were a saloon. Fifteen feet away, we heard him begin to talk to her. His voice was low, conversational, with an almost crooning note in it.

"'Hello, lady. What's all this fuss about? Somebody been abusing you, big girl? Calm down, baby. Nothing to worry about now. Ben's here. He'll take care of you. Come on now, give papa a smile. Haven't you one little smile for Ben? There, that's better. At-a-girl!'

"He had actually drawn near to her without being smashed to earth, as all the onlookers confidently expected he would be. His hand went out and stroked one big ear, which stood out at right angles to her head, a sure sign that an elephant means trouble. He whispered to her things we could not hear, and then we saw the tense ear relax and fold back. I don't pretend to explain how he did it. I only know he did. She followed him out of the field as docilely as a pet spaniel, and the men got the chains on her. Ben Lee was given a bath and a job.

"That was only the beginning, of course. She was far from being a tame elephant. She wouldn't let anybody come within a dozen feet of her—anybody, that is, except Ben. We were able to exhibit her, heavily chained, but we couldn't show her in the ring doing tricks. The only trick

(Continued on Page 149

"'Ben Lee,' She Cried, 'What are You Doing Here? I Told You Never to Come Near This Show Again'"

CARBON AND VALVES

As Told to Myron M. Stearns

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

"Freddie," He Said, "How Much Do You Suppose I Cost Peggy a Month?"

WHEN I was seventeen I went to work in my brother's garage At that time fifteen years and more ago—he had one of the best repair shops between New York and Albany. So I have known automobiles and motor-repair work ever since I was a kid.

But when I came to strike out for myself I got a job in a shipyard at the edge of New York. Apprentice boy, I was, plugger, errand boy, tackling anything I was told to do. Inside of ten years I had risen to be assistant shipwright, married, become a proud parent, and saved a little money. Then I decided it was time to get into a business of my own.

There were only two trades that I was acquainted with—shipbuilding and garage work. To start a shipyard on my own account required far more capital than I could possibly get together. So I began to look up the possibilities of getting into the garage business.

I found there were something like 75,000 garages, repair shops, and retail automobile dealers in the United States, with a total registration of more than 14,000,000 trucks and automobiles. That made it look as though there must be, on an average, 200 cars to a garage. Supposing each car represented an average of twenty-five dollars' worth of business a month—repair work, new parts, sundries and occasionally tires or swaps of one car for another—that would mean a business of possibly $60,000 a year, on which it ought to be possible, with good management, to figure a 10 per cent profit. Say $5000 or $6000 a year, if I could establish myself effectively in a location where the proportion of cars was good and the field not overcrowded.

Getting Into the Garage Game

WELL, I looked around. I began with the town where I was brought up, because I knew that country the best. Then, as I got opportunity, I looked over places farther away, in widening circles. Presently I found about what I was looking for, in a town less than fifty miles from where I'd lived as a boy, and only about the same distance from New York City.

It was a small town, but a good one. Good schools, nice streets. Three or four thousand people, with quite a few commuters.

There were two garages. One of them was located on the main road—a fine concrete highway that carried a lot of through traffic. The other, that I could get, was on a side street, half a block off the main route. Three men were employed in the repair shop—all good workmen. The garage had a fairly good trade and a reputation for turning out good work—if anything, even better than that of the shop on the main route. But the proprietor hadn't been able to make it pay. He had about decided that the location on a side street was too much of a handicap. He wanted to sell out.

To me the side-street location didn't seem like such a great disadvantage. I felt it would give me a chance to build up a sound local business, and keep me from the temptation of depending too much on the transient work that came through on the highway. According to the figures that I'd come across, two garages in a town of well toward 4000 people ran below, rather than above, the average; I reckoned that one garage for every 1500 people would be about normal. When you add the fact that the town was prosperous, on a main traveled boulevard and within striking distance of New York City, which would mean a good deal of suburban traffic over the week-ends, the location seemed good.

Incidentally, my figures have worked out very satisfactorily. Today the total number of retail automobile establishments in the United States is given by the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce as 95,711. 58,206 are now listed as garages, 48,138 as dealers, 65,674 as repair shops and service stations, and 59,725 as supply stores. There is of course a good deal of overlapping, which accounts for the total list of trade names showing under 100,000. But we can reckon roughly that today there is an automobile dealer, or garage, or repair shop—and usually the three are combined—for every 1000 or 1200 people. So that, in the town I selected, where there are still only two garages, we have, with around 2000 people apiece, a better than average number to draw on.

Or taking it in number of registered cars: At the end of 1924, 15,460,649 passenger cars were registered in this country, and 2,131,332 trucks—a total of 17,591,981. By now, it's pushed well past 18,000,000, and is reaching toward 19,000,000—one motor car for about every six people.

In a prosperous town of nearly 4000 people, that means around 650 cars, or more than 300 for each of the two garages to look out for. Fair enough. Even better than my original estimate of 200 cars made before I got into the game.

The side-street garage—land and building—was valued at $8500. I reckoned it was a good buy at that figure. There was a fairly good stock of parts, tires, tools and accessories. Good as far as quality was concerned, but it had been allowed to run down: the place was not evenly stocked. Some things had run out entirely. If the shop foreman needed a new distributor, say, he'd have to send over to the other garage to get it, or perhaps some small part of it. Some tire sizes were missing entirely. In all, there was about $3000 worth of stock.

I decided to buy the place. I had about $6500 available. I gave $3000 cash for the garage, leaving $5500 in the form of a mortgage. I paid $3000 for the stock. When the transaction was finished, I had less than $500 in cash.

Perhaps you think I didn't do any worrying!

Success on Five Hundred in Cash

BUT my first move was to go in deeper still. I stocked up on everything that was needed, so that inside of a week I had a more complete line of parts and sundries than my predecessor had ever carried. Incidentally, the stock I laid in gave me also a more complete line than my competitor.

On this new stock I paid no cash. Perfectly good reason—I had no cash available to pay with. Some of it I agreed to pay for in thirty days and some in sixty; some I simply bought without any definite understanding as to time and was billed for it in due course. In all, I suppose I laid in nearly $2000 worth of additional new stock.

The dealers I bought from took no undue risk. They had, of course, to make their decision that I wasn't a downright crook, just as every merchant has to whenever he extends any sort of credit. But beyond that they were merely extending reasonable credit to a new customer, evidently energetic and confident, who had just taken over a going concern with a fairly steady turnover.

From the very first, the venture prospered. My three shopmen were all good mechanics; I've stayed with them, and they've stayed with me. I was the only one that had to do the worrying. Even with only that little $500 in the bank to start with, I've never missed a pay day.

The very first week that I took over the garage, we did close to $800 worth of business, and during the remaining nine months of the year we did close to $40,000—an average

of $1000 a week. With the proportion of profit running about as I had anticipated, that made enough, with careful planning, to look out for my family expenses and meet the interest on my obligations. In the continual turnover of stock, I was able to meet nearly all my bills, after the first few weeks, as they came due. Occasionally I had to ask for an additional thirty or sixty days, but the necessity for those requests became less and less frequent.

Three things, I think, have helped me out from the very beginning, so that I could get ahead on the very spot that discouraged my predecessor.

As the first of the three, I put the ability to turn out good work. When a car leaves our shop, we don't want it to come back because of any defects in our work. My shopmen all take pride in jobs that stand up. Of course I want to make money, but that's not all of it; I also want to give people a square deal, and I think I've got as good shopmen as you can find anywhere around—and a lot better than most. They know their business. And we don't overcharge.

In this vicinity there are a good many country estates with rich automobile owners. The man who owned the business before I bought it used to have a good deal of what you can call the "chauffeur trade." But I've gradually dropped away from it. We won't pay commissions, or pad bills, or charge up extra gas, and little by little most of the chauffeurs have drifted to other garages—the honest ones as well as the grafters, because usually where one goes his neighbors and acquaintances are apt to go too. Today we have just one chauffeur who's getting a commission on the work that he brings to us—10 per cent. That was an arrangement he'd made with the man I bought out, and has been standing for several years. I expect he'll leave us soon; he said the other day that he was thinking of trying out the other garage; all the other chauffeurs from his vicinity go there. Our arrangement with him is perfectly legitimate, but I'll be glad when he goes.

Accidents in Foolproof Cars

IN PLACE of that "chauffeur trade," we've gradually got in more and more of the owners of small means—men who have to watch expenses pretty closely and who appreciate good service and a square deal when they get it. That's the trade I'm after and that's the trade I'm getting. It doesn't look quite so much like easy money, once in a while, but it wears well. I've already got a lot bigger business, and a good deal more satisfaction out of it, from people like that—the sort I suppose you and I would both consider we belong with.

When a man lets me know he's definitely trying to save all the money he legitimately can, I make it a point to do whatever I can to help him. That's not Sunday-school stuff. It's merely because it's good business and I get a kick out of doing it that way. For instance, you'll find the shop foreman working on a cheap-car motor right now, putting in a new crank shaft. The owner took the motor out himself we let him have space in the shop, even though it crowded our other work, and do as much of the work as he could before he turned over the job to us We'll let him do as much of the assembling as he wants too. His labor charge will only be a fraction of what it would be in most cases where we have to do all the work.

On the other hand, it's worth noting that unwise economy alone made that job necessary in the first place. The owner drove the car with loose bearings, in order to put off meeting the expense of the repair work, long after he should have had them tightened. The result was that the continued hammering crystallized the steel, so that in the end he found himself with a broken crank shaft, instead of merely loose bearings, to take care of.

Of the repair work, the commonest job is grinding valves and taking out carbon. Next to that comes relining brake bands. Those two things make up nearly half the work, today, in the ordinary automobile repair shop. You'd think people would learn how to use their brakes properly so as to get the most use out of the linings, as well as the greatest amount of safety in driving, but they can't seem to learn. They tell me that in Maryland now the state-highway authorities have gone so far as to put up directions at the top of all severe grades: "Descend in second gear"—or whatever it may be—"Snub to safe speed on curves. Don't drag brakes." But Mr. Average Driver hasn't assimilated that trick yet—he just puts his foot down and drags his brakes regardless.

We have quite a good deal of repair work as the result of smash-ups and minor collisions. About 15 per cent of the day's work in our shop, I should say. In this vicinity, so near New York, all the main roads are crowded over each week-end during the vacation period. With so many cars, the marvel to me is that there aren't more accidents than there are. One of the main reasons, I believe, is that automobiles are so much more nearly foolproof than they used to be. If you were to put the drivers that use these boulevards today into machines like those of fifteen years ago, they'd simply pile up in heaps. Nowadays the brakes are better, the steering mechanism is better and the wheels are stronger. Even the horns are better than they used to be. Think of having to reach out and squeeze a rubber bulb every time you wanted to toot!

A lot of that smash-up repair work comes from plain absent-mindedness. Over there in the corner, now, you can see the light six with the crumpled fender? The owner had gone down to the grocery store for an extra bottle of milk—they had some unexpected company. Set the bottle on the floor by his feet. When the car hit a bump, the bottle tipped over and he reached down to set it up again and ran into a tree beside the road. Lucky he wasn't hurt. All alone on the road and driving slowly!

But a lot of the smash-ups are the results of just plain poor driving. Often the fellow causing the accident isn't in it; it may be he's merely started in to change a tire on a curve, or some fool thing like that. You'd be surprised to know how many cases of bad judgment, or unskillful driving, a garage man hears about. I'd say at a guess that not more than 10 per cent of the drivers around here are what you could call really expert. I see them when they come into the garage and have to back their cars into the stalls. Mostly, they simply can't do it. They get out and leave their cars on the floor, and let our men back 'em around to where they belong. You'd think that a man who's been driving cars for years would know how to manipulate a machine almost anywhere, wouldn't you? Well, give 'em a real trick like backing a car into a space with three inches to spare on each side, and watch 'em try it! Of course that isn't the sort of thing that you learn in everyday driving, but it's a rather striking fact, just the same. I ought to say, though, that the percentage doesn't apply to chauffeurs. Driving is their profession and though there are plenty of mighty indifferent drivers among them, the average is pretty high.

Mending Humpty-Dumpty

AS A RULE I don't care very much for the transient repair jobs that come from smash-ups. There is a big automobile in the shop right now that was towed in about two o'clock last night Case of taking a corner too fast and going off the road. The big machine climbed right up on a stone wall. It is a marvel that nobody was hurt and that the car itself came off with so little damage. The driver was a strapping big negro. He said he was the owner of the car. This morning he says he isn't. But in any case he thought we were crazy to estimate forty dollars as the cost of getting his front axle straightened out and the

(Continued on Page 161)

About Four Seconds After He Got Out, the Gas Tank Blew Up and the Whole Thing Was Junk. Nothing Left But Hot Scrap Iron

WHEN MANKIND WAS YOUNG

IN THE DAYS OF THE MAMMOTH

By F. Britten Austin

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

Rock Lizard Marked Him as He Crouched Half Hidden Behind His Rock, Drew His Arrow Full Back to His Shoulder, Released It

THE artist worked busily at his painting on the rock wall of one of the inmost recesses of the great cavern. Behind him a frame-supported screen of skins, which it was taboo for woman or child to pass, cut him off from the large high-vaulted dwelling cave, echoing with laughter and cheerful voices that expanded suddenly from the narrow entrance. The flame, unflickering in this utterly still atmosphere, of a stone lamp upon the floor revealed him as an extremely tall young man with a fair-complexioned intelligent face, dressed in a neatly sewed tunic of reindeer skins. By that illumination he had traced, in one sweeping, powerful, sensitive line, a semi life-size, vividly realistic representation of a bison thundering, with lowered head, in the charge. He was now filling in the colors—black, red and yellow—from the shoulder-blade palette in his left hand, was rubbing them down into a soft gradation of tawny tones that modeled the swelling flanks of the beast. In its vivid veracity, its sure simplicity alike of line and color, his picture was a masterpiece of animal painting—its technic, indeed, not to be paralleled until some fifteen thousand years later the artists of Japan should spontaneously re-evolve it.

To him, however, there was nothing phenomenal in his work. He was merely delineating an extremely familiar animal in a manner dictated by an artistic convention already ages old. For perhaps thirty or forty thousand years, while at least two glacial periods had advanced over Europe, retreated, advanced again to be now once more midway in retreat, men had intermittently inhabited that cavern. For the past ten thousand years it had been more or less continuously occupied by men of aptitudes, beliefs and customs akin to those of his own race. That rock wall was covered with similar representations of bisons, mammoths, wild horses, boars and reindeer, so ancient many of them that, although it was rigidly taboo to desecrate a painting while even the tradition of its artist survived, they were superimposed one upon the other. The oldest of them were half buried by the accumulations of those thousands of years of tenancy which had slowly raised the level of the floor.

Of that antiquity, as of that equally immense futurity during which, utterly forgotten and unseen by human eyes, those pictures would yet endure, he had no conception. He lived, egocentric as is the nature of man, in that allotted moment of time which was alone real to him—Rock Lizard, sister's son of the old Gray Wolf, who was at once the chief and the medicine man of the tribe, and whom, in hereditary right, he would one day succeed. He was concerned now solely to make a success of this first all-important picture to be intrusted to him—an honor due in part to the privilege of his embryonic chieftainship, in part to an acknowledged superiority of skill that was likewise hereditary.

For although he worked with that ecstatic concentration, that intimate satisfaction in the exact rendering of an external object, irrespective of reward for his labor, which seizes tyrannically upon the born artist, yet his picture served a purpose that transcended his own personal æsthetic gratification, a purpose that was communal and purely utilitarian. It was, in fact, the vehicle which should insure a plentiful supply of food to his tribe. The long bleak winter was at an end. Already the spring was breaking with a profusion of flowers over the steppelike plains at the base of those Pyrenean foothills, whose caves were the cold-weather quarters of his people. Presently the great herds of bison would once more appear, driving northward into the hills the winter-ranging reindeer, on which for many months they had subsisted. The time of the first great joyous bison hunt was nearly at hand.

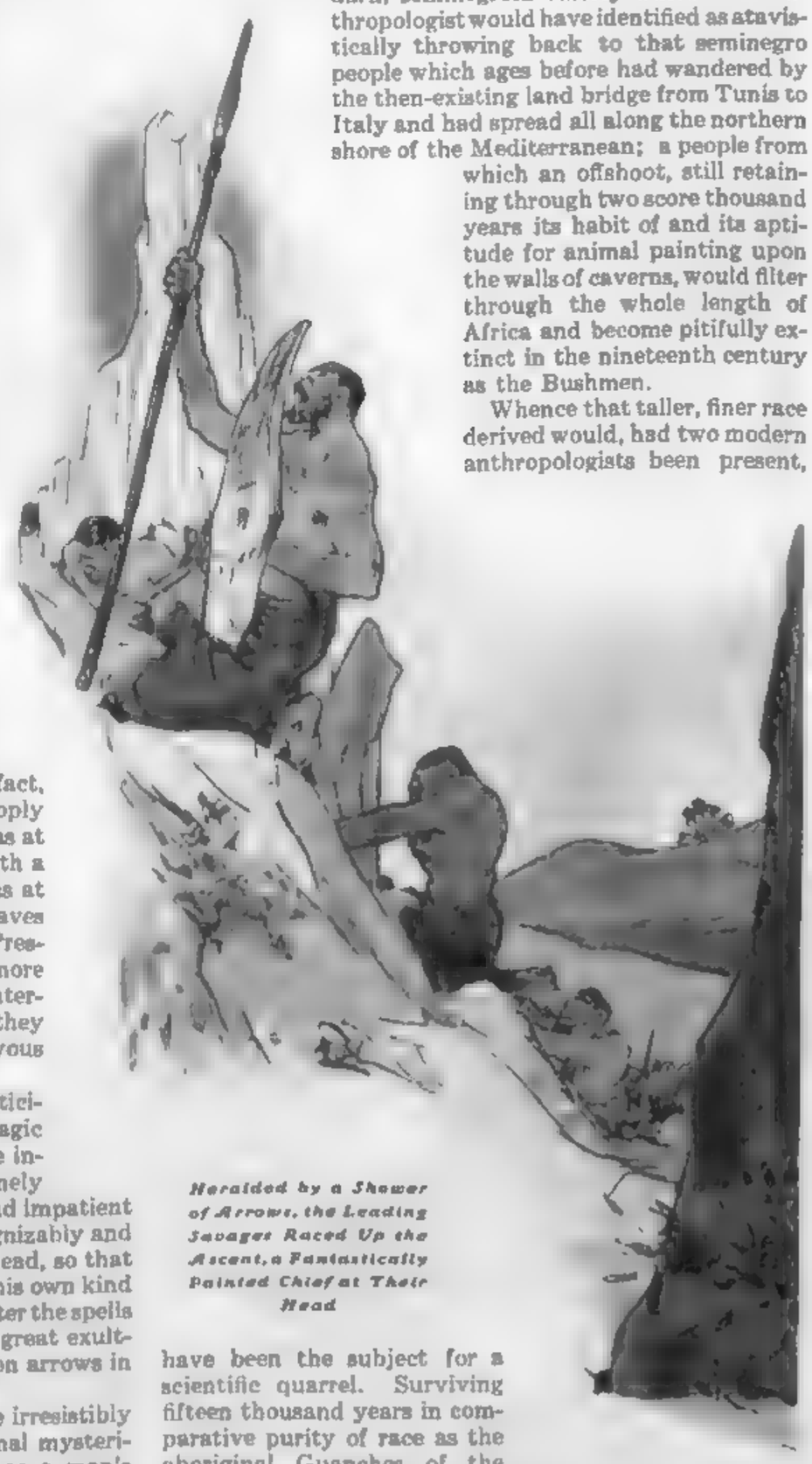
But immediately prior to that eagerly anticipated event, old Gray Wolf would make the magic without which the formidable game would be invulnerable. The women and children awesomely excluded from the cavern filled with excited and impatient hunters, Gray Wolf himself travestied unrecognizably and affrightingly in a mask of a bison's skin and head, so that the bison spirit should mistake him for one of his own kind and wreak no vengeance upon man, he would utter the spells which were so magically potent, would with a great exulting cry suddenly paint upon this pictured bison arrows in red ocher which penetrated to its heart.

And thus the hunters' arrows would become irresistibly deadly; for was not the similitude of an animal mysteriously identical with the animal itself, even as a man's shadow was vitally a part of himself, an essence of him, indeed, which persisted even after his body had been buried and decayed, wandering eternally in the shadowy, dimly lit world of dreams and there disturbingly to be met with? An injury to that shadow which was the soul entailed corresponding injury to the body and therefore those red-ocher-painted arrows—their color sympathetically inducing the lifeblood to gush—foredoomed the whole mass of bisons, no matter how terrible their hoof-thundering charge, to inescapable death. It was an idea that has survived all over the world to our own day in the pin-stuck wax effigies of evil-minded witchcraft, and Rock Lizard had no doubt whatever of its validity.

Fatigued with several hours of continuous labor, he desisted, put down his palette and hare's-foot brush. Several days yet remained to him before his picture would be required in the magic rite. He picked up the lamp, stood for a moment or two contemplating his work with an artist's satisfaction, and then passed behind the screen of skins into the great communal hall of the cavern.

Within that vast hollowing of the rock, a dozen or more families sat around the cooking fires, whose flames threw gigantically misshapen shadows on the lofty vault. They were, as an anthropologist would at once have perceived, of the two mixed races long subsequently to be generalized as Cro-Magnon. Side by side with the phenomenally tall, fair-complexioned type which predominated was a short, dark, seminegroid variety which that anthropologist would have identified as atavistically throwing back to that seminegro people which ages before had wandered by the then-existing land bridge from Tunis to Italy and had spread all along the northern shore of the Mediterranean; a people from which an offshoot, still retaining through two score thousand years its habit of and its aptitude for animal painting upon the walls of caverns, would filter through the whole length of Africa and become pitifully extinct in the nineteenth century as the Bushmen.

Whence that taller, finer race derived would, had two modern anthropologists been present, have been the subject for a scientific quarrel. Surviving fifteen thousand years in comparative purity of race as the aboriginal Guanches of the Canary Islands, and problematically as the Riffians of Morocco, and problematically again as a strain in the ancestry of the Basque people, their original home is a subject for diametrically opposite conjecture. There are those who maintain they came from a universal seed bed of *Homo sapiens* in the quadrangle between the Caspian, the rivers of Mesopotamia, the Persian Gulf and the Red Sea. Others, however, point to the fact that their peculiar culture is found in perfection only on the Atlantic shores



Heralded by a Shower of Arrows, the Leading Savages Raced Up the Ascent, a Fantastically Painted Chief at Their Head

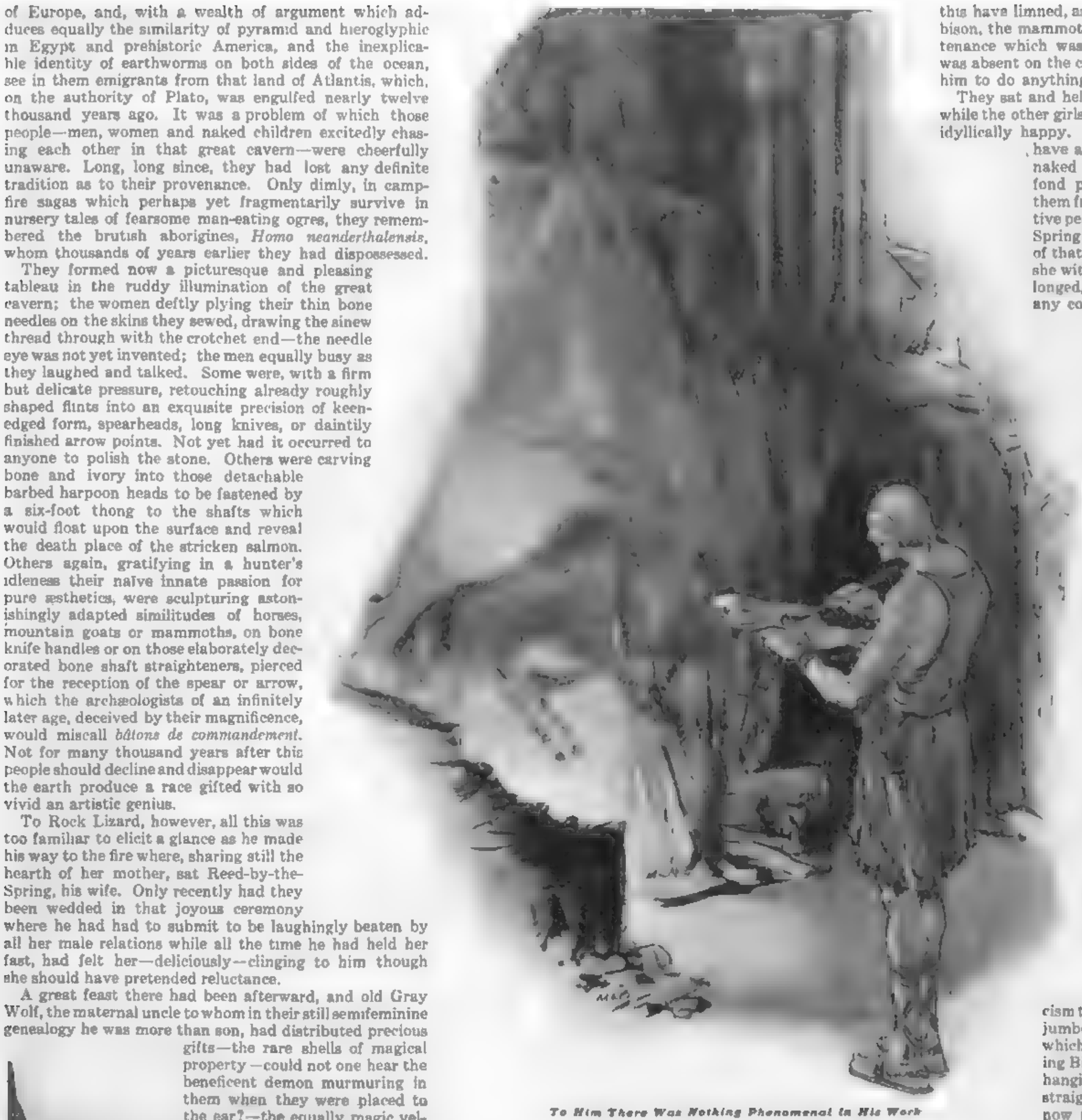
of Europe, and, with a wealth of argument which adduces equally the similarity of pyramid and hieroglyphic in Egypt and prehistoric America, and the inexplicable identity of earthworms on both sides of the ocean, see in them emigrants from that land of Atlantis, which, on the authority of Plato, was engulfed nearly twelve thousand years ago. It was a problem of which those people—men, women and naked children excitedly chasing each other in that great cavern—were cheerfully unaware. Long, long since, they had lost any definite tradition as to their provenance. Only dimly, in campfire sagas which perhaps yet fragmentarily survive in nursery tales of fearsome man-eating ogres, they remembered the brutish aborigines, *Homo neanderthalensis*, whom thousands of years earlier they had dispossessed.

They formed now a picturesque and pleasing tableau in the ruddy illumination of the great cavern; the women deftly plying their thin bone needles on the skins they sewed, drawing the sinew thread through with the crotchet end—the needle eye was not yet invented; the men equally busy as they laughed and talked. Some were, with a firm but delicate pressure, retouching already roughly shaped flints into an exquisite precision of keen-edged form, spearheads, long knives, or daintily finished arrow points. Not yet had it occurred to anyone to polish the stone. Others were carving bone and ivory into those detachable barbed harpoon heads to be fastened by a six-foot thong to the shafts which would float upon the surface and reveal the death place of the stricken salmon. Others again, gratifying in a hunter's idleness their naïve innate passion for pure æsthetics, were sculpturing astonishingly adapted similitudes of horses, mountain goats or mammoths, on bone knife handles or on those elaborately decorated bone shaft straighteners, pierced for the reception of the spear or arrow, which the archæologists of an infinitely later age, deceived by their magnificence, would miscall *bâtons de commandement*. Not for many thousand years after this people should decline and disappear would the earth produce a race gifted with so vivid an artistic genius.

To Rock Lizard, however, all this was too familiar to elicit a glance as he made his way to the fire where, sharing still the hearth of her mother, sat Reed-by-the-Spring, his wife. Only recently had they been wedded in that joyous ceremony where he had had to submit to be laughingly beaten by all her male relations while all the time he had held her fast, had felt her—deliciously—clinging to him though she should have pretended reluctance.

A great feast there had been afterward, and old Gray Wolf, the maternal uncle to whom in their still semifeminine genealogy he was more than son, had distributed precious gifts—the rare shells of magical property—could not one hear the beneficent demon murmuring in them when they were placed to the ear?—the equally magic yellow stone that would pick up dry leaves after it was rubbed, which were brought—who knew whence?—by the swarthy traders that every now and then passed up their valley, a train of slaves bearing head burdens padding wearily behind them. A magnificent wedding it had been, a wedding of the chief-to-be with a maiden who, even had she not been maternally connected with the ruling stock that claimed and was credited with a remotely divine ancestry, would still have been the most beautiful of the tribe. And Rock Lizard loved her, with a thrill of his blood when he looked at her, with an adoring half-adolescent passion that was wondrously, miraculously reciprocated.

Her blue eyes lit up in her smile as he seated himself beside her. She refrained from asking him how his work had progressed, for it was taboo for a woman to display curiosity in any circumstance connected with the magical ceremonies of the men, but she put down her sewing, reached for his hand and squeezed it. Tall and fair she was, of pure descent from the original conquering race, her ruddy hair descending in long braids on either side of a face whose slightly high cheek bones accentuated its winsome charm. Had it not been utterly unthinkable to delineate human beings—it would be to expose them to who knew what of malevolent magic—Rock Lizard might perhaps ere this have limned, as so skilfully he could limn the bison, the mammoth or the wild horse, that countenance which was ever-present to him while he was absent on the chase; it had never occurred to him to do anything so dangerously revolutionary.



To Him There Was Nothing Phenomenal in His Work

They sat and held hands, smiling at each other, while the other girls at the fire giggled. They were idyllically happy. Soon, they knew, they would have a little one to squall and tumble naked in its couch of skins, to be a fond pride to them both, redeeming them from the greatest shame of primitive peoples. For had not Reed-by-the-Spring attended recently a ceremony of that woman's secret society to which she with the other married women belonged, and whose rites, never under any conditions betrayed to the men, were so magically powerful? There she had, though she could not whisper even a hint of it to him, worshiped the obese steatopygous statuette of the primeval mother goddess whose fashioning recalled the anatomical peculiarities of those negroid women whom the first of the Cro-Magnons had seized to wife and who were, semislaves though they might be, still the traditional adepts of a magic deriving from the very beginning of the world. Rock Lizard and Reed-by-the-Spring, naïvely still the honeymoon pair, sat and chatted happily together in a language some of whose essential and peculiar characteristics have tenaciously survived in that unique pre-Aryan speech which is Basque.

Another young man, tall and well built, entered the cavern, threw down his flint-tipped spears, divested himself of his bow and quiver, came to their fireside. It was Diving Bird, Reed-by-the-Spring's brother and Rock Lizard's blood brother in a tie that was even closer. Together they had gone through the initiatory ceremonies which had made them fully privileged hunters, had alike withstood with savage stoicism the physical pain and the mumbo-jumbo assaults upon their nerves which had tested their virility. Diving Bird had brought with him a limp-hanging wild cat, slain by one of his straight-speeding arrows, which he now flung down among the women. With that taciturn grunt which marked his grown man's contempt for fatuous womanish loquacity, he seated himself at the fireside. He had nicely timed his arrival. The reindeer joints spitted over the fire were nearly cooked. The women had already brought water from the river in the carved wooden bowls which preceded pottery. The midday meal would soon commence joyously throughout the cavern.

Suddenly there was a commotion in the narrow passageway which communicated with the entrance, a reiterated cry of sharp alarm, an irruption of dwellers in the other caves along that ravine. A tall breathlessly excited hunter burst into the hall, shouted one compositely agglutinative terrible word: "The people-who-move-upon-the-water!"

The cry was reëchoed in a sudden wild clamor of voices, shot with the unnerving shrillness of women's screams, as everyone in that cavern leaped to his feet. "The people-who-move-upon-the-water!" There was none there who did not know the full significance of that word. Terrible, indeed, were those strange wild men, fiercely warlike, short-statured barbarians of a culture grossly inferior to their own, who came from no man knew where and who possessed the hitherto unheard-of magic of traveling in long canoes upon the sea. Azilian-Tardenoisian, the anthropologists of fifteen thousand years hence would call them, for lack of their undiscoverable true name, and would identify in them the first of European mariners. To the hunter folk whom they harried, whose women they stole, and among whom here and there they had already established settlements, they were, in a mingled hate and semisuperstitious fear, the people-who-move-upon-the-water. It was a word with which exasperated mothers scared their

(Continued on Page 152)

A START IN LIFE

"Now!" Said Sam, Rising With the Carvers. "I Want Everybody to Eat! Eat!" He Repeated. "Never Mind the Bouquets! Just Eat!"

By Frederick Irving Anderson

ILLUSTRATED BY GRANT REYNARD

THE man who was to be known as Nate was examining through the bleared leaden panes of the kitchen window, with the delight of fresh discovery, the frost shadows that still lay on the grass where the sun had not yet struck. The broken gable of the old wing, the peak of the barn where the hay beam stuck out like a finger of doom, the round-shouldered cock of a stack and even the gaunt maples, all cast these rime wraiths that fearfully withdrew into themselves, melted away as the sun crept forward in its vast enveloping movement.

The kettle was steaming on the stove, the fire crackled, and the open ash door showed a grinning row of fiery teeth. An iron pot, simmering, gave forth a faint fragrance of savories. A man in a checkered apron tied above his middle, giving him an odd matronly look, was washing dishes at the sink. This man was to be spoken of and to as Jake. In the next room, the public room of the old days when this place was a tavern, four men, dressed *pour le sport*, as we say this winter, were yawning and stretching luxuriously about an open fire. It was the after-breakfast rite of the tobacco pipe. The huge person in the Windsor chair, with a fat face as guileless as a child's, had acquired the label of Sam for all purposes of the rendezvous—a name many sizes too small for him. His companions, seated, reading from right to left were, first, the dapper little fellow with the large head and torpedo beard and the spindle-shank calves—Horace. He wasn't a man of tweeds at all; he should have been habited in black to match the ribbon of his eyeglasses, with which he constantly gesticulated; second, a very bald man obviously Scotch in a complete glossy-eyed way—Scotty; and the last, a plump squat person who suggested a weakness for facial massage—Frank. Standing at the window, shaving before a handy mirror with cross-eyed intensity, was Pink.

The precise little man with the spindle shanks cast a look of admiration. He was filling his pipe—by Sandhill, London.

He said "That is blatant stoicism—shaving in ice water."

The elephantine Sam craned in an effort to behold the stoic, and turned himself to the fire again, feeling of his own stubble.

"Why, dam it!" he muttered lazily, "Pink hasn't enough beard to dull the back of a razor."

Outside in the kitchen, the dishes tinkled, clinked and rattled pleasantly.

"Glassware and silver first," cautioned the dishwasher, dipping his hands gingerly into the red-hot suds. "Isn't that what your mother told you, Nate?"

Nate picked up a tumbler; he dried it with one whisk of his cup towel, polished it with a second and held it up to the light for lint; he set it in its row on a shelf decorated with scalloped white oilcloth, turned and reached for another one.

"Funny how it all comes back," he said. He had a curious trick of lifting his head and closing his eyes when he began to speak; then he would open his eyes again and stare at the man he was addressing. When he looked at you, you saw he was much younger than the first impression had led you to believe. He was the baby of this rendezvous.

"I was chopping wood this morning, Mister—ah—Jake," he corrected himself hastily.

"Chopping?" inquired the dishwasher.

"Splitting," substituted the helper with a smile. "It was a beech chunk. It fell open like a book!" He had a moment of pleasant egotism. He nodded toward the open door. "Birke—that is, Sam—Sam said, 'Dam it! Let me do that!'" He imitated the baby voice of the big man perfectly. "He took one swing—an awful wallop." He shook his head, laughing silently. "All he got was a dull thud. Sam said, 'Dam it, how'd you do it?' I didn't know. I give you my word, I didn't know. I tried it again. My fingers remembered the minute they gripped the ax helve. There was that final twist, like cutting a tennis ball. I'd learned it as a boy." He polished off another tumbler and held it up. "Fitzsimmons used that same twist of the wrist in his punches. He could knock out a man and his whole family with a six-inch hook." He passed an arm slowly through the air, illustrating.

"You were in that game, weren't you?" asked the dishwasher

"Yes. I was welter champion."

"Why did you get out of it?"

"Pretty rough game," said Nate, shaking his head.

"Any rougher than this?" inquired the dishwasher. He dried his red hands on his apron and refilled his pipe. His companion did not answer the question, if indeed it was a question.

Instead he said "This is a good towel, Jake."

Jake drew a few puffs, tenderly nursing a spark.

"Our Illyria Division turns out a centrifugal dryer for the East Coast Chain," he said, turning to his dish pan. "It's all right for the hotels. But it isn't what grandmother used to use. It's hard to improve on linen. Better take a fresh towel, hadn't you?" He reached up and took down a towel from a rack. "Hello, some fool ironed this towel!"

"Why shouldn't some fool iron a towel?" inquired his helper.

"No reason at all," agreed Jake. "But it wasn't done in our family." He turned a momentary look, piercing in its intensity, on his companion. "When my mother was a girl," he said, "she worked out in a Swede family. They made her iron the dish towels. It came to be a sort of symbol of useless drudgery to her, and she never let our dish towels be ironed."

"Your mother worked out?" repeated Nate in a colorless tone. He stared at his companion's bent back. That would be worth a page in a Sunday newspaper.

"Yes. Why not?"

"I thought you were of the blood royal."

"No. I've been through the mill."

"You are New England," stated Nate.

' No. Illinois, Center Prairie. Hub-deep in mud. Our barn was thatched, and our house wasn't sealed. Grand in winter! This was when I was a boy."

Nate was plainly puzzled.

"I thought this was your ancestral place," he said oddly.

"No."

"But you own it."

"Oh, yes." He turned out the dish pan and wrung out the cloth with a double twist. "You New Englanders have something on us," he said. "I don't know just what it is. I bought this place to find out. I never have found out," he added with a queer smile. "Everybody calls me Jake up here. They think I'm a carpenter in New York. I shingled the barn. Quite a roof," he said proudly, nodding at the window, bright with morning. "Forty squares."

He brushed off the top of the stove with a turkey wing; peered into the pot of simmering meat stock that perfumed the air so deliciously; he swept up a thimbleful of dust from the floor, and asked "Who's the cook tonight?"

"Why, I am," murmured a voice from the interior. "You know that without asking. Are you trying to start something? Why, you miserable half-baked whelp of a left-handed prairie schooner, I was a cook before you were a bellhop."

Various comments, mostly of a ribald nature, were fired at the cook. The complacent Sam met and defeated them all in detail with startling personal allusions.

"Pink, you through shaving?" he demanded.

"Yeah." Pink was putting his things away.

"Pull off my boots for me, like a good fellow." Sam stretched out his legs, wincing. "I walked too far yesterday."

Pink knelt down and unlaced the high hunting boots and drew them off. Sam groaned contentedly, stretching his stockinged feet before the fire.

"Say, Pink, my shoes are upstairs in my room."

"Get them yourself, you fool," said Pink cheerfully.

"I'll get them," said the spindle-shanked little gentleman with the torpedo beard.

Nate paused in the act of picking up a stack of dishes and looked significantly at Jake. The quick steps of the little man on the stairs suggested that he had worn patent-leather shoes from boyhood. He was back in a moment; he fell on his knees before the grateful Sam, drew on his shoes for him and tied them carefully. The big man stretched one foot to test it.

"You clumsy ass! You've twisted the tongue in that one," he said. Horace, contrite, made haste to repair the fault.

Jake had hung up his apron. He started out, and Nate made haste to follow. As they fell in step the arctic chill caused both of them to turn up their collars.

"I don't get this at all," said Nate with a baffled air. "I got your wire and I came—hotfoot. That's all I've been told. It's your party, isn't it?" He looked keenly at the older man. Jake shook his head.

"No," he said.

They walked on across the road to the water mill, where Jake had a little hydroelectric unit as a plaything.

"Then I can say something?" asked Nate. The older man smiled.

"I'll say it for you," he said. "This bunch have come sneaking in here singly, like crows to pick a dead horse. There wasn't a man at the table last night at dinner that Sam hadn't dealt a cold deck to at one time or another. And we were as happy as lambs! That's what you want to say, isn't it?"

Nate nodded, a red glint in his eye.

"He cold-decked our outfit in the Atcheson Extension Plan," he said. His jaws shut with a snap. "I've always said I'd get him, and I will. I'd never met him. I almost fell dead when I dropped in on you all last night and found him there damming everything. I've heard that his wife calls him Dam-it, for a pet name."

Jake chuckled. They were in the little generating room, and he inspected the telltales with the casualness of a switchboard attendant. He inspected the commutator, gave a turn to the belt tightener and adjusted the rheostat. Nate followed him with a curious smile.

"Queer job for you to do yourself," he said. "You've got fifty-thousand-a-year men to do this sort of thing."

"No," said Jake. "It takes ten thousand kilowatts to start them. This is ten. I do it myself and I get a lot of fun out of it. And it rather helps along the impression around here that I am a tinker, one of those cheerful idiots that knows something about everything and not much about anything."

"They don't know who you are?"

"No. And it's rather a pleasant sensation, if you get what I mean."

Nate nodded. He got it. He smiled grimly. He knew that this quiet, settled person who shingled his own barn and knew the technic of dishwashing had been shot at now and then by anarchists purely on the ground of abstract theory. And there was a chain of newspapers that opposed everything he did, as a policy.

"I don't like sitting down at the same table with him," said Nate, "but I'll do what you say, Jake." He had an unpleasant scowl. "What do you want me to do?"

"Get him, by all means," said the profound Jake. "Most of us have, one time or another. Life's a game of freeze out for Sam. I've seen him borrow chips to get back into the game. "Only"—he laid his hand on Nate's arm—"delay the execution. This is a truce. We're here to talk of upper brackets, not to even up old scores. Didn't you see the sena——" He disguised the slip with a cough. "Didn't you see Horace go fetch his shoes for him, like a pet dog?"

Nate assented savagely.

"Well, if Horace can afford to do it we can," Jake said.

Nate said suddenly, in a low tone, "The bee's bitten him, hasn't it? I'd heard so."

Jake nodded.

"Yes—name's coming before the convention. Well, we all have our dreams. Just remember," advised Jake, "that Sam has never been out of his own front yard before without his Jap. He's crooked, yes. But he knows more about tax-exempt bonds than any other man on earth; that's what he deals from the bottom of the deck," he said dryly. "We had to have Sam, so we'll have to pull off his boots for him while he is here. Horace's one ambition is to write a perfect tax bill. And it is his party! Now do you get the drift?

"From the start," Jake explained, "we agreed we had to be alone. No servants. A clever flunky could sell us out for a million. I ask you, what would the national committee pay for a snapshot of this bunch planning a tax bill?"

"Wall Street sharks!"

"It's got to be good! It's got to be a bill that will elect a president. But it is eternally damned if we are known as the authors."

A wagon wheel creaked frostily on the early morning air. It stopped abruptly. Jake looked out.

"Hello, Orlo!" he cried, coming out.

"'Lo, Jake," said Orlo. It was Orlo Sage, the local constable. He reclined with the easy grace of a woodsman

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Sam Began to Tell Her What He Wanted, in Pidgin. And With Pidgin He Must Help Out With Gestures

A DEFENSE OF BOOSTERS

By ELMER T. PETERSON

The Boosters and Their Train

FIVE thousand people crowded the Boosterburg Convention Hall. A little girl of sixteen occupied the huge stage alone, except for an accompanist. It was homecoming night for her. She had been studying for two years in Europe under a great prima donna who had discovered the girl in the same town two years before, conning algebra and Latin in high school and sometimes singing in a church choir. So well had she done in her music that the great singer and teacher, Calvé, had lent her for the occasion the gown in which she herself had made her début as Marguerite in Faust forty years before.

The girl sang the Jewel Song dressed in this gown, and the people, her neighbors, smiled and called her back again and again. Then she sang a rollicking French chanson with a Spanish tang, La Fille de Cadix, snapping her fingers and living the part of the warm-blooded South European. She sang the big aria from Louise, and Handel's Largo. She sang and sang, and the people set up a storm of applause that was almost continuous. And then, tired with many encores, she ended with Home, Sweet Home for the neighbors that used to come in and listen to her church solos, and the schoolmates that were still studying algebra and Latin and history.

In the boxes and orchestra seats some gray men were musing. As the girl's fresh voice soared and was caught again in silky legato or mounted in flutelike roulade, their eyes, a little misty, saw a growing verity in the little figure on the huge stage, as full of meaning as a skyscraper or bridge or bank.

Not long afterward the Boosterburg Rotary Club discussed the matter, and without much effort put up $5000 to make it possible for her to go back to Europe and resume her studies, for they believe she will be a grand-opera star some day. If she wants another $5000 for a second year, she can get that too.

The Dread of Orthodoxy

MORE than four-fifths of the members wrote down their names to the guaranty, and the principal proponents of the project were a doctor, a wholesale grain dealer, a hotel manager, a lamp manufacturer, a miller, an ice manufacturer, a department-store owner, a building contractor and a dealer in wholesale dental supplies.

A few weeks ago the Rotary Club received a letter from the celebrated teacher in France, and it contained this passage:

"It is only in America that men like you are so willing to promote talent, and I thank you in behalf of my pupil."

And that is a part of the answer to the complaint of the intelligentzia. The complaint is that civic clubs, chambers of commerce, lodges, go-getters, boosters, churches, the Y. M. C. A. and other evidences of the incurable American habit of organizing are drab bourgeoisie, yokels, enemies of beauty.

Whence originates all the cynical and world-weary clamor?

The word "intelligentzia" is a little too general, so the complainants should be identified as people who lament the standardization of American life and have periods of depression and hallucination at the mention of anything which, as an American institution, is firmly established. They view with alarm the passing of the wild and fuzzy days when there was no God west of Dodge City and only a feeble representation at St. Joseph, when murder was only an incidental chore in the day's task. They nervously deplore the coming of two-story brick blocks, flivver agencies, community singing, pep talks, overshoes, and the like, and let these things worry them to distraction. They would have the hating of prunes and hokum constitute a mark of distinction. They point with pride to the South Sea and Soviet Russia.

I live in Boosterburg, a city of about 100,000, almost in the exact middle of the Middle West, belong to the Rotary Club, another club or two, the Methodist church, a couple of lodges and the chamber of commerce. I was born and reared on a farm near a small Main Street town in what the supermen tenderly call the hinterland. I brazenly like Boosterburg and the corn-and-wheat country. And so I must be the very embodiment of all that is undesirable from the standpoint of the burgher-biting element of the intelligentzia. As a member of the Boosterburg community I should like to know the meaning of the new phobia which would resurrect the ancient idea of a chosen city surrounded by walls.

It has become so that many respectable, taxpaying, debt-paying, well-informed, law-abiding citizens—men who are faithful husbands and wise fathers—blanch and cringe when accused of belonging to a chamber of commerce, and writhe as with a tortured conscience in the presence of a burgher-biter when suspected of harboring suspenders or of joining in the closing song at luncheon meetings. In almost every community are springing up select groups of nihilists who avidly read the Down-With-America magazines and echo every little sneer of the supermen. So far has the phobia spread.

The regrettable thing about it is that the nonconformists themselves are as standardized as flivvers or horn-rimmed glasses. They all take their cue from the same top sergeants, and stand ready, marking time, with eyes right, for the next assault. To belong to the cult one should denounce boosters, despise small towns, ridicule the churches, admire all iconoclasts, think all farmers are ignorant, insist that the truth about Russia has never been told, sneer at what are usually called the old-fashioned moralities, raise eyebrows at the A. E. F. and America's part in the World War, assume that everything Victorian or pre-Victorian is impossible.

Those who are possessed of the ambition to become liberal, under the superman specifications, wince when accused of being orthodox or of failing to comply with the ready-made regulations of the cult; and so they straightway quit thinking for themselves and blush at the imputation of boosterism. They dare not express an opinion on any new subject without first consulting their style sheet. And in this manner many an original, quick-decision business man has been transformed into a hesitant, craven follower. And since the new philosophy is mostly negative and destructive, he flounders and backtracks and gives evidence of mental peonage.

It is this standardization which seems to me the most unfortunate thing about the synthetic anarchists, and the reason is not remote.

Henry J. Haskell, in his contribution to the book, The Taming of the Frontier, points out that the booster of today is of the same stuff as the pioneer who loaded his goods and his plow into a covered wagon in the '40's and '50's and trekked out over the unregenerate plains. A little analysis shows the correctness of his logic.

The booster of today is a farmer; or he is a banker or laboring man or doctor or artist, imaginative writer, merchant, carpenter, decorator, mechanic, railroader, teacher, preacher, broker, druggist, architect, lawyer, contractor and a lot of other things.

More Builders and Fewer Wreckers

IT TAKES a hundred different operations by specialists to build a modern business structure. The builders differ widely in their points of view. They are far from being standardized.

On the other hand, there is only one standardized technic for tearing down and that method was specified and laid out hundreds of years ago. It takes only one kind of labor to destroy a building. It may take cleverness, but it requires no imagination. The brilliant advances in all fields that are now in evidence have been the result of imagination, of dreaming, of constructive effort. That is why the boosters are diverse and the ferninsters are so old-fashioned and so much alike. They do detest so many things in the same way. Building wreckers, of course, are essential in the scheme of things. Often it is necessary to tear down an ugly old building to make room for a better one. But there is a field for only a few wreckers and strafers. When they get too numerous they become tiresome in their sameness.

As a Boosterburger, I will agree that there are too many organizations. The human welfare urge is overorganized, sometimes to provide executive secretaries with jobs. Will Rogers says that one citizen never meets another on the street but what he produces a gavel and calls the other one to order. But, of course, this does not prove that all associations, clubs, societies, bunds, guilds, committees, boards, commissions, conventions and congregations should be abolished. How about this American passion for calling a meeting about something? Is a citizen all right so long as he remains an individual, but all wrong when he subjects himself to a constitution and by-laws, and becomes a collective animal?

It is an interesting American picture—this vast parliament of parliaments—so much of which is meaningless and inane to the one who refuses to examine the yeasty productive mass under the froth.

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Chadwick & Shute, Gob Printers

By HENRY A. SHUTE

ILLUSTRATED BY LESLIE TURNER

TUESDAY, Dec. 9, 186 — Last nite (brite and fair today) Lily Head come up to our house and read her peaces beautifull snow and curse you shall not ring tonite. both of them is splendid. father he sed their wont be a dry ey in the audiense Lily when you get throug. father and mother and Aunt Sarah and Keene and Cele and Georgie and Annie and Frankie miss her most as mutch as i do Beany and Pewt and Neddy wood if he was old enuf. we all think she is the plesentest girl we ever saw in our lifes.

went down to see Pewt and Beany today. a feller whitch wirks as hard as i do has got to have sum recreasion. so I got Beany and we went up and got Pewt and we pluged sum moar hard snowballs at old Hobbses horse on the vane, we gnocked off a nuther hine leg. Pewt sed old Hobbs had came over and asted him about the time befoar when we gnocked so mutch of the horse off the vane and when Pewt told him he dident do it and dident know ennything about it old Hobbs sed he thougt he wood have a little piece in the naborhood when that rascally Shute boy moved away but he gessed there was sum others most as bad and for his part he shood set on foot a investigasion and see if a peicable man had enny rites at all under the law and if he found out who had done it he shood persecute him to the xtent of the law.

Wensday Dec. 10, 186— a big snow storm today. i got up erly and shoveled snow. old Joe Hilliard got a letter from Miss Hilary today telling the naimes of the peaces she is going to sing. Sally in our alley and another english song. so we are printing it on the programme. Charley Gerrish is going to play the Carneval of Venus and Cele is going to play the piano for him. he come down to the house tonite to practise it. he says Cele is always in time and can change from one kee to anuther better then ennyone.

after he and Cele got throug there peace Keene and Cele sung there duetts and Charley sed it beat the devil how they cood sing so good.

Thursday Dec. 11, 186 — we got the programmes finished today. tomorrow and Saturday afternoon we are going to put them into bundles and then 4 peeple 2 men and 2 ladies will be jest inside the town hall door to hand them to the peeple coming in befoar they taik there seets. it is going to be very swel.

Saterday Dec. 13, 186 — i dident wright ennything yestuday. i was two bizzy. me and Pozzy have been wirking evry minit we cood get. we have printed about a buchel of programmes and put them in bundles of 25 eech. it was a auful gob and if old Smith Hall and Clark had printed them it wood have cost 9.75 while we only get 2 tickets free.

but it is a grate onor and we will get sum biziness. i am glad tonite is saturday nite and that the gob is finished. it is a very fine peace of wirk. we told old Joe Hilliard we had got them done and asted him if he wanted to see one and he sed that for certain reesons he perferred to see them ferst on the nite of the concirt and he was prepaired to be verry mutch sirprised at the xcelence of our wirk. we told him we had done our verry best and he sed the best is as mutch as ennyone cood do.

nex Tuesday evening is the concirt at quarter of eigt oh clock in the town hall.

December 14, 186 — Sunday again. we all went to chirch today, all but mother and father and Aunt Sarah and Annie and Frankie and the baby.

December 15, 186— Monday. it snowed this morning about 4 inches. old Joe Hilliard told me today that they had desided not to give out the programmes until the peeple had taken there seets and then ushers wood pass up and down the iles and give them to the peeple. he thougt it wood be better that way

December 16, 186— Tuesday. cold as time but the sun come out. it is good slaying whitch is good for the concirt. this is the programme:

Programme

of concirt for the benefit of the Spring Street Grammer school of Exeter and the perchase of a singing book the niteingail.

Tuesday December 16 186 -

doors open at 7 P. m. oh' clock
concirt begins at quarter of eigt p. m. oh' clock
Town Hall of Exeter, N. H

Programme

No. 1. piano peace andanty and walce — Edward Piper

No. 2. 4 part glee fli like the yuthful Hart and Rowe
musters Francis Hobbs Clapp and Fonce

Nota Beany
the mister Rowe menshioned is one of a verry distinkuished farmmily in a naboring town about whitch another song was rote whitch we have all herd

Rowe Brothers Rowe the streem runs fast the rapids is neer and the boat is smashed.

No 3. violin peace carneval of Venus by Charlie Gerrish

No 4. duett for 2 voices trebble and alto
Alla campagna damiano
Misses Cornelia and Celia Shute

nota beany
Miss Celia Shute will play the piano in this peace insted of Mister Edward Piper

No. 5. reading beautifull Snow by Miss Lily Head

nota beany
this beautifull poim points a morral to those earring peeple whitch have fell from grace. readers go thou and do likewize.

No. 6. song the land of O'Neil by Miss Sarah Hibberd
there's nae sorrow there Jean
there's neether cauld nor care Jean
the day is aye fair Jean
in the land of O'Neil

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When the Doors to the Hall Was Opened Peeple Gnocked Old Mister Walter Kimball the Ganiter Down and Trod All Over Him

THE RULES OF THE GAME

By Kennett Harris

ILLUSTRATED BY J. CLINTON SHEPHERD

THERE had been what the stock tender called a right smart fall of the beautiful; enough to cover the landscape at Box Elder to a depth of at least four or five inches and to afford the swains of the camps and towns a rare opportunity to take their chosen ones for a sleigh ride. Jordan Liffy, the more or less popular young hardware merchant of Blueblanket, was of the fortunate, owning at once a girl and a cutter, and he had just driven both of them away from the stage station, where he had stopped to thaw out and reheat the soapstone.

"A thing I'd have blushed to do when I was young," remarked Tip Yoakum, the Hat Creek granger, as the musical jingle of the bells died away in the distance. "If a wolfskin coat, a couple of bearskin robes and a plump, rosy-cheeked girl like little Julia snuggling up alongside wouldn't keep my blood a-circulating at a comf'table temp'rature, I wouldn't stick my blasted blue nose outside the store door from October to April. Trouble with Jordan is he's spoiled, having things too easy. How cold is it, anyway, Hank?"

"Not more'n twenty below last time I looked," replied the stock tender. "How do you mean—having things too easy?"

"Raised a pet, wasn't he?" demanded Tip. "Always got what he wanted right when he wanted it, ain't he? Good business, no competition and doing as well as if he'd worked for his start 'stid of having it handed to him, smoking hot, on a sterling-silver platter. Finally he gets the girl he picked, just for the asking, or less, and that's what claps the smilax! Here's Julia, and, excusing her poor taste, she's about as smart and good-looking as they're apt to come in this section. Half a dozen or more young bucks hanging around and only needing proper handling, and here comes Jordan and takes a look at her.

"'I reckon I can use you,' says he, after he'd rubbed his chin a while. 'I'm thinking of getting married and settling down. This thing of single life and boarding out ain't what it's cracked up to be, so if you've no objections—and I reckon you ain't—I'll take you to have and to hold and to darn my socks and so forth and so on.'

"And what does Julia do? Does she tell him politely to go to grass? Does she devil him around and hold off and on and make him lose flesh? Does she let on she can't quite make up her mind whether Ray Holbrook or Bill Timmy or Wayne Adams or Dick Spofford wouldn't maybe suit her better? Not any! She bobs him a curtsy and says, 'Thank you most to pieces for honoring me with this here dazzling offer, which I humbly and gratefully accept, and I'll do my levelest best to halfway deserve you, knowing full well that it couldn't be more'n halfway, if I was ever so.' Words to that effect.

"I don't claim that I had my ear to the keyhole when Jordan declared himself, but actions speaks louder than words. Now I ain't one of these here persons that is consumed and et with envy of the prosperous, but I sure do hate to see a superfluous young squirt like Jordan Liffy so everlastingly soused and soaked in luck and taking it all for granted. I claim that a man had ought to eat dirt and sweat blood for quite a spell to get him a right good girl, and appreciate her after he's got her."

Sam Stegg, the old bullwhacker, removed his pipestem from the tangled upper fringe of his patriarchal whiskers to observe that there was some truth in that, witness Jacob of old, who worked for Old Man Laban seven years to get the girl he wanted, and then, what with one and another —— Well, best not go into that.

"'Where's the Knife?' I Says. 'I've Got to Have a Knife or an Ax or Something to Do a Good Job on This Here Bird'"

"Still and all," continued Mr. Stegg, "there's a plenty of cases similar to Jordan's in respects of fast work and smooth going, s' far's the girl is concerned. The real rocks, ruts and mudholes in the course of true love is most generally the parents, like in the case of Jacob aforementioned. What surprises me is that Julia's folks give her up so free and quick and willing."

"Why wouldn't they?" the stock tender wanted to know. "She might have done a heap worse. Jordan's a good boy, for all you old knockers, and tol'able well heeled."

"Even so, there's rules and regulations and statutes and ordinances made and provided that has to be observed," argued the old bullwhacker. "Like Wellington Snape told Edmund Holsapple. And is observed, too, the idee being that when you've got offspring you make a bluff at disliking to see 'em spring off. Whether you feel thataway or not, that's your play with girls. They're the bright sunshine of your happy home, if they ain't nothing else worth speaking of, and no simpering son of a gun with a red necktie is a-going to rob you of your sunshine without your registering some sort of a kick. 'Course, sometimes the parents is honest about wanting to keep daughter to home—like Sadie Meekin's folks was. They was one kind and Joseph W. Snape was another kind, from what Edmund Holsapple told me. Yes, it's the parents that make most of the trouble."

The stock tender complained that he was getting all snarled up with these here Holsapples and Meekins and Snapes, whereupon Mr. Stegg smiled forbearingly and allowed that he would have to explain.

First off, as to Holsapple: Edmund Holsapple lived with his folks up on Witch Creek in my unregen'rate days of cow-punching on that range. They had two proved-up claims, homestead and preëmption, and a timber claim within two years of the patent. Tol'able well fixed, they was, and Edmund was all the boy they'd got. When he was along about eighteen or so he seen a girl name of Sadie Meekin, who lived with her folks on the south fork of Beaver, about eight miles from Holsapple's as a crow would fly if he was at one place and had pressing business at the other. Almost simultaneous, Edmund took to washing his neck and around behind his ears, spontaneous and voluntary and without reminders, and showed other sintoms which his mother may or may not have been too busy to take notice of. If I've made this here quite clear, I'll pass on to the time I met up with Edmund in Doc Pierce's barber shop.

When I walked in, I seen the barber chair was occupied by somebody disguised in a thick coat of lather and the half of a sheet tucked in around his neck. I didn't reckernize his pants, being they was spick-and-span new, nor yet his boots, which was also new—only they looked like they had been made by Shoemaker Smith, who never cut into a calfskin for less than twenty dollars. Doc winked at me as he told me to set down.

"I won't be more'n half an hour or so longer," says he. "I've got the worst of it done now; but you take it when a person has let his face go the way Edmund here has, not laying steel to it for the best part of twenty years—why, it's some considerable job removing the accumulation."

"Now don't you get gay with me," Edmund pipes up, and as Doc took a long swipe of his razor, laying bare the most of one side of his customer's countenance, I seen that it was young Holsapple.

"Be careful of that there lather, Doc," I says. "Don't let any of it get where a person might step on it and run a bristle into his foot."

"And don't you get gay with me either," says Edmund, frowning real ferocious. "Funny a man can't come in and get a shave without a passel of pop-eyed pelicans getting gay with him."

"You're too high strung and sensitive, Mr. Holsapple," I told him. "Light-hearted I may be and prob'ly am, but

I wouldn't say nothing to hurt your feelings, not for untold gold. I think too much of you. But it's a fact that you can get lockjaw stepping on rusty nails."

"A pity you can't step on one," he says, and I let it go at that, seeing that he was getting annoyed. Beyond remarking that Doc's razor acted like it pulled and needed more stropping, and offering to strop two or three spares so's to relay them for Doc as the edges pulled against the stubble, I said little more until Doc gave the boy the last dab of talcum and whisked the sheet off. Well, sir, the kid sure looked pretty slick in the gaudy new suit he had on, and his new boots and all. Kind of a slim-Jim, but promising to fill out to a husky man's size when he got his upward growth stopped; and right then, as he blushed and frowned at Doc and me under his black eyebrows, you couldn't help liking him.

"You grinning apes!" he says, and then, haughty and careless like, he looks at himself in the mirror.

"If she ain't satisfied with that, nothing ain't going to satisfy her," says Doc.

"Do I look as if I was a-going to see a girl?" asks Edmund.

"You sure do," Doc replies.

"Do you think so?" the kid asks me.

"You have all of the indications and earmarks of such," I told him.

"Well, that's the way I want to look, by jings!" says Edmund, firm and emphatical, and he paid Doc for the shave and swaggered out.

I studied on that there remark of Edmund's at odd times when I happened to think of him. He hadn't said it like he just wanted to say something sort of blustery. It was quite a while later on that I heard about Sadie, and that was a kind of a joke to me. She wasn't no older, if as old as Edmund, and while some girls is women at that age, she didn't seem to be that kind. Not much snap to her, seemed to me. About the av'rage for looks, as I rickollect, but her image never burned itself on my memory indelible to carry to my grave. I seen Edmund once in a while, but I never thought to speak of the girl on them occasions, and it was maybe a couple of years after we had met up in the barber shop that he unbosomed himself to me regarding of her.

Seemed like before and ever since then he had been a-riding them eight miles out to Meekins' twice a week regular. He'd took Sadie and her mother to a circus once in that time and to two Fourth of July celebrations and a picnic, and once he had took her—and her mother—out buggy riding. One of the nicest, kindest, motherliest and fattest ladies you ever seen, Sadie's mother was, and I told Edmund I didn't like to hear him talk about her thataway and in them terms.

"Dad blame it, then why doesn't she ever give me and Sadie a chance to be alone together for a couple of minutes or so? What for does the darned old sand bur stick around the whole enduring time, tagging the poor girl like the little lamb done after Mary when the milk bottle was a-sticking out of Mary's pocket? You tell me that!"

"It's easy enough to explain," I told him. "You're a handsome young devil and she's afraid that you'll whisper 'mid the flowers words so sweet Sadie ne'er has known, just to while away the hours till her heart is all your own, a day, a day, a day, as the song says, with results according. If you was a mother with a treasure like Sadie to guard, you'd understand."

"I don't b'lieve she thinks that," says Edmund. "And it ain't only her. That old blatting billy goat, her old man, is just as bad, and maybe worse in some respecks."

Here again I had to chide the boy for unbecoming language. Meekin was as clever and good-hearted and well-meaning a man as you'd find anywheres outside of an asylum for the feeble-minded. A right sociable old duck, too, and had views on most any subject you could mention that he'd just as lief express as not; but he didn't blat. More like one of these here babbling brooks on its way to join the brimming river. Sort of soothing. Many's the pleasant and refreshing little nap I've took listening to him talk on the tariff or fertilizer or the doctrine of free will, shading my eyes with my hand and waking up now and then to give a nod when he paused for a reply. A right nice old man, and hospitable. I reckon he was the first in the territory to set out an apple orchard, and when his trees got to bearing he shipped in a cider press.

"You Men! You Always Hang Together, Don't You?"

"I ain't denying all that," says Edmund. "Right from the start he's give me glad welcome. Couldn't have been more so. 'Why, how are you, Edmund? Well, this here is a surprise! Light right down and put your horse in the barn and I'll go tell ma. She'll be tickled to death. This means a chicken supper, I reckon. As I tell ma, I'm glad when comp'ny comes and we can get something fitten for a man to eat. That's jest my joke, though. I say it to plague her. Well, you tend to your horse and we'll tend to you.'

"And off he'll toddle to the house, and by the time I get there, here's ma, dog-gone her picture, bless her soul, a-standing in the doorway and a-showing all her store

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"I Want to Hear the Rest of This, if You Can Quit Playing Injun. I Presume This is Good News You're a-Trying to Tell Me"

HER WEIGHT IN GOLD

By Maude Parker Child

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LASSELL

HE LOOKED down at the bundle of lace and pink ribbons in the midst of which lay his new daughter. "She's worth her weight in gold!" he declared.

But the scales so far had only registered seven and a quarter pounds.

After a moment the baby's day nurse transferred the bundle with casual deftness to her own starched arms.

"Your first child!" she said. "Isn't she a beauty?"

Mr. Jondough gazed at the infinitesimal features of his daughter's red-hued little face. Her hair was black and almost too plentiful; yet something seemed to be lacking

"She has no eyebrows!" he exclaimed.

"They never have," nurse reassured him. "But you should see her when she wakes up. Her eyes are blue."

"Blue?" he said. "My wife's eyes are brown. But all my family have blue eyes."

"She's going to look like you."

At this the baby warily opened one eye; then, as if this one had made a survey of its surroundings and reported favorably, the other opened. Two red knuckles found their way to a very small mouth.

"She's hungry!" said nurse proudly.

About the Time She Stopped Using the Words "Picturesque" and "Atmosphere" in Her Letters Home and Got Down to Work, Both Her Father and Mother Began to Feel Inordinately Proud of Her

Priceless

MR. JONDOUGH extended his forefinger, which suddenly seemed the size and consistency of a giant's, in the direction of his daughter's fist. Four soft little fingers gripped with prehensile strength. In the fullness of his heart, Mr. Jondough could not speak.

"She knows you already!" said the nurse.

Around a corner of the corridor a young interne in a coat as white as the plastered walls hurried in the direction of a low cry. A door closed; a rubber-wheeled stretcher guided by two nurses approached over the noiseless floor. The smell of ether floated up even through the antiseptic odors of the private delivery room. Mr. Jondough remembered suddenly the existence of time. He drew out his watch

"Lord! I forgot a board of directors' meeting. Twenty-two minutes late already. If anything comes up, call the office, ask for my secretary, Miss Bendel—she knows everything ——"

He rang for the elevator, putting on his overcoat and feeling for his memorandum book at the same time.

The message he scribbled on the way to his motor was afterward deciphered by the perfect secretary: "Send wife's two nurses checks hundred dollars each. Same baby's night nurse. Send baby's day nurse check five hundred."

Miss Bendel took out of the desk drawer a brand-new check book. She did not foresee that her dark pompadour was destined to grow gray and even eventually to be shingled into a boyish bob while she was engaged in this endless occupation of demolishing the pristine freshness of successive new check books, whose miles of stubs were to be annotated "To the account of Patricia Jondough."

The very name Patricia had been chosen because the brown-eyed Mrs. Jondough said their daughter must not be called by a common name, such as Mary or Helen. Their daughter, she insisted, especially as Mr. Jondough's company had just declared an extra dividend, should be stamped by distinction from the very start.

Mr. Jondough's share of the extra dividend had been ten thousand dollars. In 1905 this seemed, as he called it, a nice little nest egg for the daughter. He invested it at 7 per cent in the name of Patricia Jondough.

"Then, if anything happened to me," he said to his wife, "what with my insurance and my equity in the business and this little nest egg for Patricia, you'd be able to get along."

"Nothing's going to happen to you," said Mrs. Jondough. "But how much insurance do you carry now?"

"I must make a note to have Miss Bendel take out a new policy for me. Can't afford to take any more risks."

The baby and her mother had been at home now for several weeks. The nurse who had accompanied them from the hospital had departed and in her stead reigned a hospital-trained baby's nurse

On the first morning of the new month, when the bills began to arrive at Mr. Jondough's office, the perfect secretary cleared out a large pigeonhole. The receipted bills for which she had debited Patricia, aged two months, were to date:

Alteration of top floors of house for nursery; building extra maid's room; installation new bathroom; making stairway fireproof. Layette, bassinet, linen sheets, down blankets, silk comfortables and tiny pillows covered with real lace Dresses, coats, bonnets, shawls, as well as the other expensive though unbeautiful necessities.

When these receipts had been filed Miss Bendel totaled them. To their sum she added the new lot: Obstetrician, fifteen hundred dollars; assistant who administered anæsthetic, one hundred dollars; hospital rooms for three weeks, baby specialist to see Patricia, day nurses, night nurses, extra meals, nurse at home. Note, new wages for extra maid, extra laundress, baby's nurse. Contrary to her custom, Miss Bendel uttered a thought out loud.

"Well," she said, "they certainly come high."

Mr. Jondough looked up from his mahogany desk.

"H'm," he said. "That depends. Read this!"

He handed over for her perusal a letter he had just received from his brother. It bore the address of a law firm in a small town in North Carolina.

"Ours is Barbara. Feelings the same but prices different. Our family doctor—who, by the way, was a classmate of your famous specialist—says we owe him fifty dollars, but there's no hurry about paying it. The trained nurse gave the anæsthetic and took care of both mother and child. We didn't need her after two weeks, because Sadie's crazy about little Bee and has adopted her. You remember Sadie? —her mother was our grandmother's slave. She's coal-black and proud of it; also a wonderful cook. When you get ready to leave the wilds of New York and come back to civilization and America, her beaten biscuits will keep you here."

Living Up to Patricia's Name

WHEN Mr. Jondough read his brother's letter aloud at the dinner table that evening he noticed that the same smile of superiority which it had produced on the unhumorous lips of Miss Bendel was now visible on the face of Patricia's mother.

"Well, really, my dear," was her only direct comment.

But when he saw the list of guests she had prepared to be invited to Patricia's christening, he realized that she was only strengthened in her determination that their first-born should live up to her name.

"In America," he heard her saying one day to the inevitable visiting foreigner, "one can't allow oneself the

same laxness in social matters which you can afford in a country of established aristocracy."

Several names which had been on her usual lists were now scratched off. She managed to procure two titled guests; a fashionable bishop presided, and the champagne consumed afterward cost to a dollar, so Miss Bendel noted, the amount of Patricia's yards and yards of christening robe.

"I read about your party in the paper," wrote Brother Ben from his provincial law office in North Carolina. "Glad to know Patricia's religious training has begun so early. Her godparents sound equal to anything."

This letter was not taken home to be read aloud. Patricia's brown-eyed mother had already declared that she never wanted to hear another word about the christening as long as she lived. Moreover, about this time she began to speak of her brother-in-law as poor Ben.

Cultivating the Correct Background

BEFORE Patricia's first birthday her name had been entered for the day school then the most fashionable in New York.

"After that I shall send her to Europe," said Mrs. Jondough. "Girls educated abroad have that indefinable something we simply can't get in America."

Mr. Jondough once declared years afterward that perhaps the most costly part of Patricia's education had been the peg it furnished her mother upon which to hang her own social ambitions.

"Don't think I'd do this for myself!" she would protest if he demurred against an engagement with people he called boring and she termed important. "You know I'm the least snobbish person in the world. But I do want our daughter to have the best of everything, particularly background. There's nothing like background for a girl."

Mr. Jondough had grown up believing that his family in North Carolina were not only respectable but were even unusually nice people. After his marriage, however, he was disabused of that illusion as well as of many others.

"For heaven's sake, don't be a professional Southerner!" his wife would say. "That simply won't go down any more."

Mrs. Jondough had grown up in a New Jersey suburb, but had all the proud provincialism of a native New Yorker.

By the time Patricia had celebrated her birthday with four pink candles, Mrs. Jondough had made a mental tabulation of ten eligible sons-in-law. This presupposed, of course, ten mothers of impeccable position and secure fortunes for Mrs. Jondough to cultivate. Incidentally, by the time Patricia was eighteen, only two of these ten families were considered important enough to be invited by Mrs. Jondough to her daughter's coming-out ball. It was not only that her ambitions had soared ahead of her experience, but in three cases divorce had separated the families, death and mischance on the Stock Exchange had eliminated an equal number, and two of the most promising had by this time married other girls.

The price of Patricia's physical well-being was a source of mystery even to Miss Bendel. "She's a perfect little specimen," the great baby specialist of that day would declare, after tapping and listening and having the office nurse compare her weight with the impressive charts upon his office wall. For this pronunciamiento the bill would be staggering. Yet one could see the justification for it. The thing which puzzled the perfect secretary was that he always added, whether it was autumn, winter or spring, "The climate at this time of year is a little trying. A change of air would do her good—and wouldn't hurt her mother either." So off they would go to some expensive and fashionable place, Mrs. Jondough, Fräulein and an Irish maid, all in anxious attendance upon the perfect little specimen, Patricia.

Upon one of these occasions Mr. Jondough joined them; the maid was left behind, and traveling simply, only with Fräulein, they went down to North Carolina to visit poor Brother Ben.

There were a good many disconcerting phases of this visit. It was not that little Bee was more pink-cheeked or blue-eyed than little Pat, whom she surprisingly resembled. Patricia even weighed a pound or two more than her cousin; on the physical side the city child was healthier. But to the bewilderment of Pat's father and mother, the manners of little Bee were incomparably more charming. Patricia rarely failed to curtsy to older people; she stood attentively by their side when they talked to her and asked her those impertinent adult questions. None of these things did Bee. It was she who said first, in the sweetest of voices, "How old are you?" or "What a pretty dress!" And with her head tilted just a little on one side and her wide blue eyes fixed upon her auditor, she gave the irresistible impression of being wholly absorbed in the person to whom she happened to be talking. People always said of Patricia, "What a nicely brought-up little girl." But of Bee they exclaimed, "She's an angel!"

Even Patricia's mother saw the abyss between these two judgments. Moreover, Mrs. Jondough found in the household of poor Brother Ben other qualities which irritated her because she was unable to catalogue them. She had been prepared for a good deal of conversation about ancestors and first families and of-course-we-lost-everything-during-the-war. She had determined to don a polite but aloof manner toward all this, but she could find no appropriate opportunity to attire herself in this protective armor. The past was perhaps the only thing which Ben and Alice did not discuss. Their vivid interest was in the future. They foresaw the gradual building up of the South; they had moments of intense zeal when they yearned to be a part of this new pioneer movement. But these moments were counteracted by good digestions, plenty of exercise in the open air and the rare ability to live on less money than Ben's law practice brought in.

A Visit to Poor Brother Ben

PATRICIA'S father in his turn was disconcerted to learn that poor Brother Ben was investing a larger proportion of his income than he was able to do. In spite of this discovery he suggested that from time to time when he had sure tips on the market he would be glad to buy for Ben on margin.

Ben laughed. "I'm ashamed to tell you why I won't let you. I know just the motives which prompt you to suggest it and I'm deeply appreciative. But—I guess I'm vain. I've earned my money through my own efforts, and although I don't mind gambling with part of it, I prefer to back the

(Continued on Page 125)

The Coming-Out Ball for Which Mrs. Jondough Had Planned Eighteen Years Before Was Given for Patricia's Cousin Barbara

THE WILDERNESS WOMAN

Burkett Could Find No Reason for Her Absurd Self-Assurance as Her Quick But Cool Glance Moved From Figure to Figure

By Arthur Stringer

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

IX

JUNEAU'S memory of her one and only night at Perriot's was neither so pleasant nor so clearly defined as she had expected it to be. Her pulse quickened a little when she passed in through the opened plush ropes, but in the face of Alan Burkett's gratuitous warning, she found the company there assembled much less menacing than she had anticipated. She saw sedate-appearing couples eating at sedately shaded tables and other couples dancing decorously enough to the music of an orchestra no louder than those she had already heard in restaurants. Some of the costumes, it is true, impressed her as extremely décolleté, and many of the men seemed old enough to be the fathers of the bob-haired girls with whom they were dancing. But the place bore none of the outer aspects of viciousness. A perverse air of opulence, indeed, hung over the room, with its stippling of pink bald heads bent over oysters resting on cracked ice, with its expository white shirt fronts and serried bare shoulders as soft as gulls' wings, with its competitive flash of diamonds and emeralds and its commingling odors of cut flowers and cigarette smoke.

It was only with her own party, in fact, that Juneau remained vaguely yet obdurately disappointed. For the Prince de Vaucouleur proved to be the possessor of several chins and a soiled waistcoat; the reputed ladies of the screen talked huskily and slangily of matters which they concealed behind the smoke screen of their own argot; and the rotund gentleman who was introduced to Juneau as a Wall Street magnate soon ventured out on overthin ice, and actually broke through as he loudly proclaimed the girl from Skookum Slope to be the gamest little Indian who ever wore a feather when she quietly and unquestioningly drank her second innocent-looking pink mixture crowned with a sprig of mint leaves. Colonel Krebbs, she noticed, gave his unremitting attention to her morose-eyed and monosyllabic father, who seemed to find the heat of the room oppressive and the attention of his oversedulous waiter embarrassing. He seemed relieved, the watchful-eyed Juneau discerned, when a uniformed page brought a message to the colonel, and the latter, returning with a suppressed air of triumph from the telephone booth, announced that Judge Britten had just arrived from Ottawa and could give him an hour at his hotel before going on to Palm Beach. Juneau had no knowledge of Judge Britten or the mysterious business which prompted Colonel Krebbs and her father to confer so earnestly together, but she detected a new solemnity in Kadiak's manner as he came to her side and placed a sinewy hand on her shoulder.

"Junie, d' yuh s'pose yuh kin take care of yourself while the colonel an' me cut down to a city hotel for an hour or so?" he solemnly inquired.

"I can take care of myself here, dad, or anywhere else," asserted the girl with the slumberous light in her eyes, her hand closing over the gnarled fingers on her shoulder. "The more important thing is, can you?"

"I've done it consider'ble longer 'n yuh have, kid," was Kadiak's answer as he passed an estimative eye over the assembled company. "So yuh sit tight here until I hurry back in an hour or so."

"Sit tight!" laughed young Lowell Krebbs at Juneau's side. "Did you get that good advice your own father just handed you? Why, baby, I don't believe you were ever tight in your life!"

"What do you know about me or my life?" challenged Juneau, her eye following Kadiak and the colonel as they disappeared through the crowd.

"About one-quarter of what I'd like to know," asserted the unquenched cavalier at her side. But the girl's relenting smile was an abstracted one. The zest had in some way gone out of her venture. Some earlier sense of danger, of audacity in facing what she had been so solemnly warned against, had already evaporated. She could even laugh at young Krebbs' low-voiced intimacies and his repeated complaint that she wasn't warming up with the rest of the party.

Juneau found its tempo somewhat quickened, however, when they moved on in a body to what appeared to be the inner sanctum of the initiate, known as the Byzantium Room, where two aquiline-eyed captains guarded the double doors and a negro jazz band pounded out more ecstatic music. Here, notwithstanding the higher key in which both sound and movement seemed pitched, Juneau still felt so much mistress of herself that she joined the others in sipping warming fluids from the chilly depths of much chopped ice. She even found a little of her earlier intolerance of that company slipping away from her; and when she discovered that the prince had been repeatedly and ceremoniously proposing her health, she laughingly joined young Krebbs in an unremembered toast which she drank in an amber-tinted liquid that bubbled like a spring in the long-stemmed glass and made her nose prickle after she had partaken of it.

She had no intention of repeating that indiscretion until, as she put down her glass, she caught sight of Alan Burkett sitting at one of the smaller side tables. She promptly resented his presence there, just as she resented the monitorial eye which he had fixed upon her. She resented his solemn and watchful face, but most of all she resented the obvious motive that had brought him that night to Perriot's; and she proclaimed her indifference to his gratuitous guardianship by quietly asking for another drink of the amber-tinted liquid.

When, after her repeated complaint about the heat of the room, Lowell Krebbs suggested that they go out and sit in his car where it was cooler and quieter, Juneau welcomed that suggestion as a rather timely escape from tension which she could not quite understand. She clung to her partner's arm as they threaded their devious way out through the singing and dancing crowd, where the voices and laughter of a sudden seemed very far away. She was glad of the cool night air and the silence of the star-hung courtyard, where the triple rows of parked cars stood shimmering in the moonlight.

"One moment, please!" a steel-cold voice suddenly said out of the semidarkness; and looking up, Juneau saw a mysteriously wavering and white-faced Alan Burkett confronting them.

"What do you want?" she asked, with a quick hardening of her voice. For the shock of that challenge had already driven a little of the mistiness out of Juneau's vision.

"Where are you going?" demanded Burkett without moving.

"What business is that of yours?" cried young Krebbs as he insinuated his shoulder between the two staring figures.

"Take your hands off that girl," said Burkett with an intensity that was entirely lost on the man so appropriately clutching at Juneau's wrist. "And you," he said to the girl still so intently studying his face, "come with me!"

But Juneau stood without moving.

"I have no intention of going with you," she slowly and quietly intoned.

"You're coming, just the same," was Burkett's prompt ultimatum.

But for the second time the indignant Lowell Krebbs interposed.

"Do you want me to crown this blighter?" he valorously inquired of his companion.

"Can you?" asked Juneau with a quaver in her voice.

"Watch me!" proclaimed the light-headed cavalier at her side

But Krebbs, for some reason, did not succeed in crowning the other man. It may have been that he moved too slowly, or that he thought too slowly; but for causes which he could not at the moment determine, a new constellation of stars flashed in the midnight sky and he experienced a vague longing to lie and rest where he lay, between the car wheels

"I'm sorry," said Burkett as he wiped his knuckles on a handkerchief that fluttered white in the moonlight. "But the sooner you get out of this hole the better."

He took her by the arm and led her toward a car at the end of the outer row. But she stopped short, twisting to free herself from that overpossessive clasp.

"I prefer staying here," she said with a gasp of anger.

"You're not going to stay here," he countered.

"Who'll stop me?" she demanded, letting her gaze lock with his

"I will," he averred.

"That way?" she challenged, with a contemptuous gesture toward the man on the ground.

"You're going home to the Bellmore, where you belong," was his impassioned answer, "and I'm going to see that you get there."

"Do you think I'm such a fool I can't take care of myself?" she asked. That repeated gust of anger seemed to blow the last of the cobwebs from her brain.

"You've just been proving that you can't," he contended. "And that's why I'm doing it for you."

"Who asked you to worry about me?"

He stopped short at that, peering down into her upturned face.

"I don't care whether you hate me for it or not," was his grimly quiet response, "I'm going to take you home."

She stood silent a moment.

"I think that is the privilege of the friends who brought me here," she said with a new and more dangerous calmness.

"Friends!" cried Burkett. "You're about as safe with that bunch of blacklegs as you'd be with a bunch of rattlesnakes! And if you don't understand that, I can't even waste time arguing about it."

"Kindly let go of my wrist," was her only retort.

"Not until I know you're coming," persisted Burkett

"Let go of my wrist!" repeated the girl, with a perceptible hardening of her voice.

"Not until I know you've no intention of pulling your usual wildcat stuff," he replied, and that reply came to her as startling as a blow on the face. She wilted under it perceptibly, with a small and shuddering intake of the breath that was oddly like a sob.

"You think I'm common!" was her apparently inconsequential cry as she half turned away from him.

"On the contrary," he retorted, "it's because you're so uncommon that I'm compelled to think of you. Otherwise, you may be sure, you'd stay here and fry in your own juices!"

"Then it's not kindness; it's " she began, and broke off again.

"Are you coming?" demanded Burkett as the man beside the car wheel moaned and made an effort to get up from the ground.

It was this movement apparently that decided the still-hesitating girl.

"I'm coming," she quietly announced; and without further resistance, she went side by side with Burkett to where his car stood awaiting them.

They drove a good half mile through the light-spangled darkness before either spoke again. But from beneath the tangled tides of feeling that coursed through Juneau's cooling body emerged one mistily triumphant current of satisfaction—satisfaction at the thought that the man beside her had been ruthless enough to defy her will and strong enough to fight for a safety that stood much less threatened than he imagined.

"Where's your father?" Burkett abruptly asked; and when Juneau explained that he had been at Perriot's during the earlier part of the evening but had gone on to the city with Colonel Krebbs, her companion, with an equal abruptness, added, "It's about time I was stepping into this mix-up!"

"What mix-up?" inquired Juneau as her body lurched against his while they were taking a road turn at a sudden increase in speed.

Burkett was silent a moment. What he had to say, when he spoke, obviously cost him an effort

"I've had this man Krebbs investigated," he explained, "and after a good deal of trouble in getting on the right trail, we've found he's worked as a confidence man under half a dozen different aliases; and when he's not a confidence man, he's a wildcatter."

Juneau winced at that final word, but made no open reference to it.

"What do you mean a confidence man?" she bridged the silence by asking

"I mean a crook, a criminal, an outlaw, and gambler who lives by his wits. Sometimes he works the old wire-tapping game, and when he can't work that or sell a fake mine, he tries one of his newfangled blackmailing schemes."

Burkett could feel the small movement of bewilderment in the body beside him

"But my father's with that man at this very moment," complained Juneau.

"That's why I say it's about time something was done," repeated her new-found friend. "What would you suggest?"

Still again she sat silent a moment.

"I'm such a greenhorn," she said in a new and unabashed humility. "What can be done?"

Instead of answering that question, Burkett asked one of his own

"Did Krebbs or your father say what hotel they were going to?"

"No," explained Juneau; "all he told me was that they were called away and that he would be back at Perriot's in an hour or so."

"Was he carrying much money with him?"

That question, from Burkett, sent an unpleasant chill through her body

"He always carries around more than he ought to," she explained. "He says he forgets he owns it unless he can feel it in his fist. And I know he went to the bank this morning and drew out a good deal more. It must have been a good deal, for when I asked him how much it really was, he declined to tell me."

But Burkett apparently wasn't giving any too close attention to what she was saying.

"The thing for us to do is to telephone from the Bellmore and make sure your father hasn't gone back to Perriot's. If he's not there, we'll do our best to find out where he went from there; and if we can't get any trace of him in a reasonable length of time, I'm afraid we'll have to go right over to a police captain I happen to know."

He was surprised to hear a quiet laugh from the girl at his side.

"I guess you don't know my old dad," she said with a valiantly unruffled confidence. "He cut his eyeteeth in the

(Continued on Page 46

"Where are You Going?" Demanded Burkett, Without Moving

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED A: D: 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U. S. A.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

Five Cents the Copy From All Newsdealers. By Subscription: To the United States and Possessions, Argentina Bolivia Brazil Chile Colombia, Costa Rica Cuba Dominican Republic Ecuador, Guatemala, Isle of Pines, Mexico, Nicaragua Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Republic of Honduras, Salvador, Spain and Uruguay, $2.00 the Year. Remit by U. S. Money Order Express Money Order, Check or by Draft, payable in U. S. Funds.

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PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY 30, 1926

Good News Suppressed

THE science of medicine, whether because of or in spite of its abundant store of Greek and Latin jawbreakers, is, as far as laymen are concerned, the most tongue-tied of all the learned professions. Clergymen can deliver their messages in words of one syllable to high and low alike. Lawyers, by skill of word and clarity of expression, can make juries of the most limited education comprehend the essentials of highly intricate cases. The doctors alone are the bondslaves of a vocabulary drawn from the dead languages.

Our physicians, surgeons and health officers are fairly boiling over with important information which they desire to communicate to the general public; but somehow they lack the simple, racy English in which to get it over or the sense of form and accent which would make it interesting and attractive. This inability to write plain understandable English, so readable in form and so accurate in statement that it is easy to make it accessible to large bodies of readers, is costing thousands upon thousands of American lives every year. Attention is called to this condition not as a matter of literary criticism, not as a reproach to the profession because it has produced so few Oliver Wendell Holmeses, S. Weir Mitchells and Sir William Oslers to enrich our general literature, but because it has a message to Garcia which it is not delivering.

The tragedy of medicine and surgery today is the appalling amount of suffering, affliction and mortality which is definitely avoidable. The economic toll exacted by needless death and disability runs into the billions. Some of the life-insurance companies are making powerful and enlightened efforts toward mass education in the essentials of maintaining the body in health and vigor. The physicians, however, despite the best of intentions, are contributing far less effectually than they might to the cause of preventive medicine. Their zeal for scientific advancement knows no bounds, but they forget that much of their newly acquired knowledge must remain barren until it has become common property and its significance has been grasped and realized. Even the commonplaces of modern medicine have not been universally taught. Coughs are still neglected; eyes, ears, noses, throats and teeth which are obviously defective are allowed to go for years without proper inspection; lumpy formations are ignored in the vain hope that they will disappear; adenoid growths are tolerated and millions upon millions of us, for lack of expert advice, continue habitual diets which are little better than slow poisons. Indigestion, for the most part avoidable, has become our national disease.

The brutalities which we unwittingly inflict upon our hearts, our kidneys, our lungs and our nervous systems only physicians fully realize. Periodical medical examinations are still the exception rather than the rule. The average man's living body is the bulk of his estate, and yet more often than not he allows it to go to rack and ruin until pain or disability which interferes with his work drives him to a doctor. As a result of all these conditions, fully twenty-five million of us are permanently sick; and so accustomed are we to being sick that we think ourselves well, and let it go at that until the day of reckoning arrives.

Popular medical education cannot be achieved in a day, nor can it be accomplished by scattered outbursts of even the best-framed publicity in many days. The population of the country is too numerous and too widespread and the handicaps are too formidable to warrant any hope of the sort. Not the least of these handicaps is the attitude of the medical profession toward the lay press. For centuries physicians and surgeons have considered the lay press as common and unclean. There was a day when the aloofness of the profession was justifiable; but it was at a time when it was a matter of small moment, for the excellent reason that the doctor had very little to tell his patients which they or their grandmothers did not already know.

Today all that has changed. The enlightened physician has a great body of news of the highest importance to communicate to nonmedical readers. He is fully alive to the educative powers of the newspaper and periodical press, but he does not know how to use the mighty engine he has so long despised. He is unable to frame his warnings with such skill that he can have them printed; or having had them published, he cannot lure people into reading, digesting and heeding them. His love of long, accurate Greek and Latin words is his besetting sin, and his punishment is in witnessing the affliction which might have been avoided if he had been able to deliver his message interestingly in simple vernacular English.

When the medical profession becomes more fully awake to its responsibilities in this field, it is to be hoped that it will perceive the gravity and importance of its problem and attack it in force over a nation-wide front. Some national body, such as the American Medical Association, which has made such a good start along these lines, ought to take up the matter in a big way and work out a comprehensive program which would unify the efforts of the agencies already in the field, and by coöperating with state and local boards of health, hospital clinics, community centers and county medical societies cover the lay press of the whole country. Local organizations should cultivate their own home papers and see that they are supplied with simply and attractively written reports of all transactions in which the public is immediately concerned. They should spare no pains to make them as readable as the effusions of the sporting editor, who has perhaps reported their meetings in the past, and as much more accurate as their technical knowledge will permit. Eminent specialists should be induced to continue and multiply the excellent health talks which have been broadcast by radio.

The old-time prejudice against medical men writing on medical matters for the lay press should give way to a more enlightened code, and young physicians should be encouraged to take pen in hand with a view to bringing about a closer understanding between doctors and patients. The good which would follow would outweigh the evil.

Any adequate nation-wide program of popular medical education such as is here contemplated would involve heavy outlays both of brains and of money; but its importance and its benefits, both social and economic, would be so stupendous that there is small reason to doubt that if the doctors would supply the brains the business world would find the money, and the newspaper publishers would furnish the white paper. There is no novelty in the basic idea. Many leaders of the medical profession have long had it in the back of their minds, but while it simmers there it does no good to suffering humanity. The time has come to convert good intentions into action.

Underpaid Federal Judges

THE inadequate pay allowed our Federal judges has long been a standing reproach. It has reflected small credit upon the richest nation in the world either for liberality where liberality is due or for sound public policy. The inevitable result is already being felt, and more than one valuable and valued public servant has been compelled to retire to private practice in order to do justice to the financial needs of his family.

Two attempts were made during the last Congress to remedy this state of affairs, and bills were introduced in both houses providing for substantial but by no means excessive increases of pay. One of these bills was reported favorably, but both went by the board in the press of other legislation. We are glad to note that Representative George S. Graham, of the Second Pennsylvania District, sponsor of one of these measures, has introduced during the present session a new bill with the same end in view. This bill provides for the following increases of judicial salaries:

	PRESENT SALARY	PROPOSED SALARY
Chief Justice of the United States	$15,000	$20,000
Associate Justices of the Supreme Court	14,500	20,000
Circuit judges	8,500	15,000
District Court judges	7,500	12,500

The passage of this bill would go a long way toward the proper relief of our underpaid Federal judges, and would make it possible for able men of moderate means to accept appointment to the Federal bench; but it would by no means put them on a financial parity with the jurists of other English-speaking lands. The Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States would still receive less than half the equivalent of the £10,000 paid to the Lord High Chancellor of England, and our district judges would be only half as highly compensated as the corresponding justices of the King's Bench Division. Not only England but Scotland, Ireland, India, Australia and South Africa are committed to a policy more liberal than our own. The comparison is no more flattering to our national vanity than it is to our conception of the dignity and importance of high judicial office.

Representative Graham's bill deserves early and favorable consideration. The American Bar Association is in solid alignment behind this movement. More than once it has adopted strong resolutions urging such measures. The Graham Bill should have a clear field and should be passed during the present session of Congress. Already our judges have too long been kept waiting for the relief that is their just due.

Rubber Reprisals

MUCH ill-considered legislation has at one time and another been originated under the golden dome of the statehouse which sits on Beacon Hill in Boston. A current example is a bill introduced into the Massachusetts Senate requiring the commissioner of insurance to furnish a list of the British insurance companies doing business in that state and the amount of premiums paid to them during the past five years. The avowed purpose of the bill is to induce Massachusetts people to cancel their business with these companies as an act of reprisal for the high prices which are being exacted from us by the British rubber monopoly.

A movement to discriminate against British-owned insurance companies in favor of American-owned concerns might conceivably have merit; but any program which contemplates a general trade war as an offset to our failure to build up and control our own sources of raw materials is the height of folly. Secretary Hoover has gone so far as to say that such a policy would mean utter destruction of the economic structure of the world. He speaks with wisdom when he says: "It is our job systematically to build up sources of supply in all these raw materials which are now under monopolies. We must have adequate supplies to free us from these things in the future. The American people can help themselves. They don't have to ask anybody for help."

ON POLITICIANS—By Jay E. House

A THEATRICAL man not unknown in the producing end of the business was in my office not long ago. Somehow the talk shifted from gossip of the current theater to politics. My caller was highly indignant. He didn't say what he was indignant about; probably he didn't know. But I gathered he had been reading an editorial in some newspaper inimical to the National Administration. Anyhow, he burst out with "Why do we let the sneaking, thieving politicians run this country? Why don't we elect honest high-class men to office?"

Now I am frankly impatient with that view of politics and politicians. I think it is wholly superficial and largely fallacious. An acerbic retort sprang to my lips, but I let it die there. "What's the use?" I thought to myself. "I couldn't change his opinion in a thousand years, and it wouldn't make any difference if I could. Let him rave." For it was borne upon me, as it had been borne many times previously, that he had expressed a viewpoint of politics and politicians so firmly embedded in the popular mind that no human agency can dislodge it. To the lay mind "politics" is a term of derision. To call a man a politician is to achieve pretty nearly the ultimate in invective.

There is a vast amount of ignorance in the world and I acknowledge my fair proportion of it. But I know of no human process so incredibly misunderstood and misinterpreted as the functioning of government through the medium of political endeavor. To the lay mind, politics is a dark and mysterious incantation primarily designed and intended to thwart the popular will. The politician is a low, disreputable person, with the ethics of the highbinder, whose sole concern is the feathering of his own nest. As a matter of fact, politics is a very simple process. It is, in large degree, a mere capacity for taking pains. It is organized effort supplemented, wherever possible, by the personal touch. The personal touch is the most effective agency in political effort. The propaganda of politics—the speeches, the literature, the writing in the newspapers—is all subsidiary to it.

I preface what I shall set down here and hereafter by a clearing of my own skirts. This is no special pleading. I am not in politics and I have only a layman's interest in political matters. Perhaps it were better to say I have only a layman's prejudices in political matters. I have never been a politician, except so far as a man may or may not be born with the gift for politics. I am almost wholly lacking in the peculiar qualities—the something akin to genius—which make a man adept in the field of political endeavor, and I never sought a practice in the profession. But for twenty years I knew the politics of a state as I knew my own back yard. I watched a hundred political careers rise and fall and I knew why they rose or fell. I saw movement after movement, accredited to the plain people, form against the background of events to overcast the political skies; and I saw them all blow themselves out in fitful gusts.

I knew all the politicians of my time, most of them intimately and well. I knew the progressives and the standpatters, the Democrats of both the hard-shell and half-shell varieties, the congenital third-party men, the idealists, the reformers and the crossbreeds. Most of them were and are my friends. Because I had regard for the ethics of social contacts and the reputation of being tight-lipped, they played their various games without much attempt to conceal from me the identity of the shell under which the little round ball was secluded. I came to know the strategy of campaigns and the moving forces behind it. I got so I could scent a political movement in behalf of the plain people anywhere from six months to two years before the plain people got wind of it. I could identify it the moment the politicians started it. And I was in fair position to approximate the rewards of politics—whatever they are.

Some of the men I knew in politics I hated with a fierceness which puts to shame the febrile emotions of the intelligentzia. Up to the limit of my capacity to do so, I fought them bitterly. Others I liked unreservedly and

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THE MURDER TRIAL

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Old-Timers Fifty Years Ago — *Half-Timers Today*

"By John Higgins"

JOHN HIGGINS was a lazy boy; his teachers pessimistic
Endeavored to awaken him with warnings realistic,
But John remained a laggard lad, resisting all tuition.
The thing he hated chiefly was to "write a composition."

Roy Dinkle was the opposite of John in this particular.
In habit he was studious, his brow was perpendicular.
And being kind by nature, when John Higgins would implore him,
He'd write, and do it willingly, John's compositions for him.

Of course, the truth came out at last—deception can't be hidden—
And John and Roy confessed the facts when they were sternly bidden.
But Roy's rebuke was mild compared with that which John had handed him;
"A hopeless failure all through life," the dismal prophets branded him.

Some twenty years elapse, as years have playful way of doing;
Roy Dinkle is a busy man, a snug career pursuing.
He's prosperous, at least no wolf is camping in his foyer.
He is a writing man by trade; John Higgins, his employer.

John Higgins is a millionaire; on Boards he sits, directing 'em.
His interests take him here and there; his time is filled inspecting 'em.
To Chambers and Rotarians he talks with understanding;
Financial forecasts, too, he makes in style concise, commanding.
Unknown to fame is Dinkle's name as stars that vaguely twinkle,
Yet everything you see by John is really done by Dinkle.
Remembering their boyhood days, from poverty John tore him,
And hired high-brow Roy to write his compositions for him.

Arthur H. Folwell.

What's Wrong With Education?

SOMETHING, it seems, should be done about education, if we may judge by a symposium in the Tompkins City Sunday Democrat and Republican.

A. B. Croop, president of the Tutti-Frutti Lipstick Corporation, wrote: "The trouble with present-day education is that it is not practical. The pupils waste their time learning Greek and Latin, nature study and music, and such folderols and foolishness. Such studies will never bring in a penny to the average boy; what he needs is practical work in commercial arithmetic, commercial geography and commercial citizenship. Of course I believe in the cultural side, too; a boy ought to learn enough good English to write a selling letter with a wallop, and I favor reading selections from the Bible that will inculcate business ideals. Enough faddism, I say; let's get back to the good old three R's—Reading, Writing and Spelling."

Geoffrey Hardcastle, Harvard '87, our leading surgeon, said in part: "I deplore the present trade-school tendency in education. Our schools are turned into business-training institutes; they neglect the sound classical training in Greek and Latin, with excursions into such cultural subjects as music and nature study, which build character and comprehension of the world we live in. Let us have done with faddism, and return to that thorough basic training which has formed the America of today."

"Education is out of key with present-day existence," said Adrian Spinelli, inventor of the vacuum garment and sink brush. "Our educators look backward, not forward; they make no use of the discoveries of our age. The old curriculum should be abolished, and pupils should be taught according to the latest findings of educational psychology. Instruction should be given by means of motion pictures; all pupils should be psychoanalyzed twice yearly; psychological tests should take the place of formal content examinations; punishments should be done away with, and our universities turned into play schools."

"Our educators have gone crazy," is the indictment of E. MacNeill MacNicoll, professional of the golf club. "We should look backward to the experience of the past, not forward to the follies of the future. Away with this so-called pedagogy; all there is to education is plenty of switching with a good old birch."

"The trouble with education is the teachers," said Julius Highbinder, of the Highbinder Stores. "When I was in school I studied a lot of Greek and Latin. But now I cannot read a word of Greek or Latin. It seems to me that such inefficient teaching should not be tolerated."

"The trouble with education is the pupils," was another testimony. "Modern youths have no interest in anything but amusement. They have not the keen intellectual interest which signalizes the heads of our great businesses today."

Other causes assigned for the deplorable state of education were the driving and forcing of students; slackness

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Mr. and Mrs. Beans

"Beans! This is a Fine Time to be Getting Home. Where Were You All Last Night?"

"Why, Vi Dear, My Friend and I Were Watching a Rat Hole and Didn't Realise How the Time Was Flying——

"And it Took Me an Hour This Morning to Square it With His Wife

"I Told Him You'd be Much More Reasonable and That He'd Have No Such Trouble Squaring it for Me"

The soup which many serve as a main dish!
Here's a soup that is so hearty it always satisfies—so delicious it always tempts!
Often you want the soup to be the principal dish of the luncheon or supper. But how seldom you want to go to all the bother and expense of making it!
Let Campbell's French chefs do it for you in the great spotless Campbell kitchens. Let their life-long training and their expert touch delight your appetite and save your footsteps.
Just think of it! For this one soup we select thirty-two different ingredients of finest quality and blend and season them to "the king's taste"!
Enjoy it today and discover a new favorite!
21 kinds
12 cents a can
Campbell's
CONDENSED
VEGETABLE
SOUP
CAMPBELL SOUP COMPANY

MAN ALONE

By George Agnew Chamberlain

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

They Had Been in Time to Drag the Two Combatants to a Place of Safety, But Had Come Too Late to Save the Remnant of the Old Works From Going Up in Flames

XX

AT NOONTIME on the next day but one, Ralph Damon, having finished his lunch, was reading the local paper.

"Well, I'll be hanged!" he gasped.

"Why?" asked his mother.

"The Strayton girl is engaged to that Peach Blossom fellow."

"You mean Mr. Polperro?"

"Peaches, Polperro, or Poll Parrot—take your choice."

"You seem to be annoyed about it."

"Have you ever seen her?" asked Ralph, as if he expected an answer.

"Only from a distance. And you?"

"Mother, do you mind telling me why you never called there?"

Mrs. Damon laid down her book.

"No," she said, "I don't. It was because that sort of thing was specifically excluded in the price Mr. Strayton paid for our house and furniture. You can scarcely remember it, but he bought everything we had except our strictly personal effects and self-respect."

"You knew if you didn't call, no one else would, didn't you?"

"Yes; I suppose I did."

"Well, now I'll answer the question you asked me. I've seen the girl and I think it's a dirty shame."

"I won't reprove you for your language, because it's so direct and to the point, but I can't resist reminding you the girl wasn't born at the time."

"But her mother was, wasn't she?"

"Her mother had been my nursemaid, but that wasn't why I didn't call on her. It was on account of something else."

"What?"

"You're sure you want to know?"

"Of course."

"It was because I was afraid I would fall in love—really in love—with Torquay Strayton."

"Merciful cats!" cried Ralph.

"Sometimes the only way to pay back an impertinent question," murmured his mother, "is to answer it. What particular interest have you in the Strayton girl?"

"Mother, you're clever—genuinely clever. You deserve your piece of cake. Except in the far distance, I have seen Miss Janie Strayton only twice, once when I soaked her with the apple and once when one good look at her made me fall off the roof."

"With fright?"

"No," said Ralph thoughtfully; "the other thing." There was a pause; Mrs. Damon picked up her book. "Torquay Strayton," he continued, musing aloud. "Well, I'm not so surprised as my cry of pain may have led you to think. He's a man all over. Twenty years ago I can imagine even you falling for him. Today he's a sort of wandering giant and he's lost his way."

"What do you mean?"

"You've heard him yelling, haven't you?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Damon, her mind leaping to other memories. "Is that all?"

"No. Any man who would give his daughter to that soap ad, that pink-cheeked bladder ——"

"Ralph!"

"I beg your pardon, but those are a couple of the names I've heard him call his future son-in-law."

"Then you're betraying a professional confidence."

"Mother, do you believe Torque Strayton is mad?"

"No."

XXI

IF JANIE had consented to marry Albert with the unspoken hope of winning some demonstration of her father's love, she was quickly disillusioned. It is true that Albert grew into more of a man day by day, sometimes not quite along the lines she would have chosen. But the more he assumed the prerogatives of a dominant male, the more strangely did Torquay react. Though she could not know it, he was going through a hell of his own making. He had hung himself on tenterhooks above a fire and the one thing that kept him from treating Albert as Albert had treated his broom was the obsession that in Albert lay his only chance of keeping Janie within the range of his eyes. The sight of her tormented him; but her absence would drive him mad, to Miss Ball's complete vindication.

"Torquemada of Lion Hill!"

The name made him laugh sourly. It had caught on and he could feel its influence undermining the reputation it had taken so many years to build. No; that wasn't fair. He had never tried to build anything except the Pine Tree Glassworks, and that stood as solid as a flourishing oak. His reputation had grown on him as naturally as the bark on a tree, and if there were any who wished to hack at it with their puny axes, let them hack and be damned.

Instead of swerving to the storm, he drove straight along the way upon which he had set his feet. He would make no more false moves that might give Janie an excuse to dodge her marriage.

By day he sat in his office and from time to time passed unexpectedly through the plant. Never were his subordinates kept more constantly on their toes, and wherever a Pine Tree workman happened to pass his idle hours there was one defender to jeer at the gossip that Torque Strayton was getting a bit touched in his old age. Sixty-one was not really old, and with Torquay it merely represented the stormy equinox of dampening fires which comes to most men much earlier in life. He was sound in wind, bone and body and he proved it by spending half of every night in his workshop. The older hands, from among whom he always picked his night crew, would have grumbled if they had not been ashamed to let him best them.

Ralph Damon, the sole accepted volunteer from the younger set, had proved a deserter. He tended to his job in the main plant more assiduously than ever, but the shadow of the lone tree by the oyster-shell mound had not fallen on him since the hour he had read of Janie's engagement. He was well aware that his disaffection might be misread by all and sundry if they had the wit to link up one event with the other, but there were two people who would

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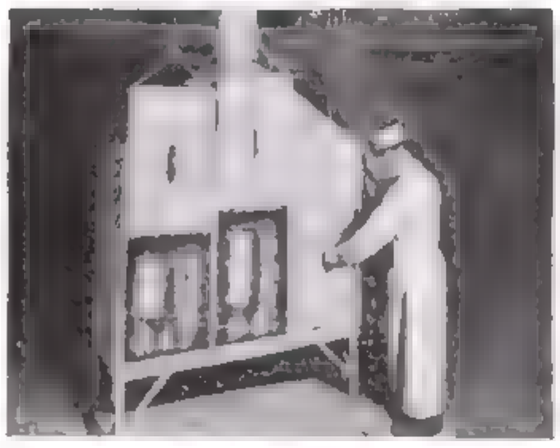
SWIFT

—a food service

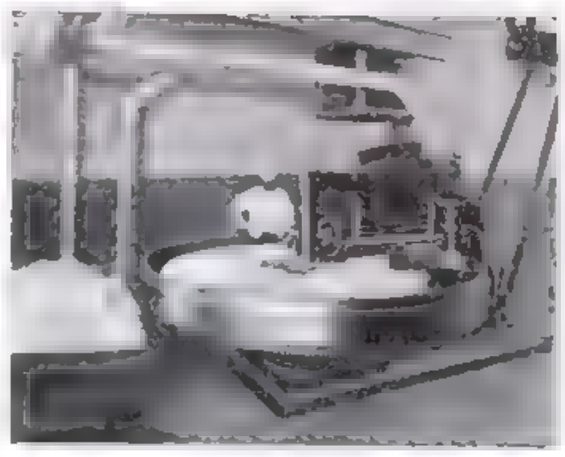
TO see Swift's Premium Oleomargarine made is to gain a new understanding of the attainment of modern science in the creation of wholesome, pure, and economical food products.

1 Fresh milk, received daily, is used in making Premium Oleomargarine. Milk cans and all other equipment are sterilized with live steam to insure absolute cleanliness.



2 The fine, delicate flavor of Premium Oleomargarine is secured by combining fresh milk with other pure and wholesome materials, oleo oil, neutral and vegetable oils.

3 Premium Oleomargarine is hardened in ice water; it is then passed to kneading machines where salt is worked in, and moisture is worked out.



4 Always protected from every harmful contact, Premium Oleomargarine is moulded into "prints" in a room cooled by refrigeration.

5 The "prints" are wrapped in parchment paper, and put into waxed cartons. Premium Oleomargarine is shipped in refrigerator cars to all parts of the country.

© S & Co

THROUGH more than half a century of public service the name Swift has been a guaranty of highest quality and purity in foods.

On oleomargarine the name brings a new significance and a new interest to an important food product.

In the group of Swift products, oleomargarine has its own separate identity. It is not manufactured as a substitute. It is not sold as a substitute. It does not carry the substitute's imputation of inferiority.

Science and craftsmanship joined under the Swift standard of quality have created in Swift's Premium Oleomargarine a pure, wholesome, and economical food.

The Swift brand is the symbol of pure ingredients combined with scrupulous care into wholesome food products. It is your assurance of a quality that has been safeguarded in every step of its journey to your table.

Swift & Company

Founded 1868

Owned by more than 47,000 shareholders

Which man is most successful?

The income of one of these men is more than the combined salaries of the other two. One of these men is mounting rapidly up the ladder of success because he keeps physically fit. His mind is always alert; never logy. He has learned that what he eats has much to do with how he feels.

* * *

THOUSANDS of men are seriously handicapped in the race for success by sheer carelessness in their eating. Due to over-indulgence at the lunch hour and lack of balance in their diet, they are only half well because of faulty elimination.

The indiscriminate taking of drug laxatives is dangerous. They bring only temporary relief and often cause a habit difficult to break.

Faulty elimination can be prevented by right eating. The proper place to correct this condition is in the diet.

One of the chief causes of constipation is lack of "roughage" or "bulk" food in the daily menu. The intestine needs a bulk food like bran if it is to function normally.

Post's Bran Flakes is a genuine health food, a food that is so good to eat that you will look forward to it every day. If eaten regularly, normal eliminative habits are usually restored and the need for drug laxatives abolished.

In addition to "bulk" Post's Bran Flakes also supplies valuable food elements to the body. It is rich in phosphorus and iron and furnishes proteins, carbohydrates and vitamin-B.

Start eating Post's Bran Flakes tomorrow morning. Eat it every day for a week thereafter and see how much better you feel.

Send for "An Ounce of Prevention"—a free trial package of Post's Bran Flakes and our booklet showing different ways of serving Bran.

Postum Cereal Company, Inc., Dept. SEP-5-T-126, Battle Creek, Michigan. Makers of Post Health Products: Grape-Nuts, Post's Bran Flakes, Post Toasties (*Double-Thick Corn Flakes*), Postum Cereal, Instant Postum and Post's Bran Chocolate. Canadian address, Canadian Postum Cereal Company, Ltd., 45 Front St E., Toronto 2, Ontario.

everybody every day *eat* POST'S BRAN FLAKES *as an ounce of prevention*

"Now you'll like bran"

© 1926, P. C. Co.

(Continued from Page 28)

make no mistake as to his motives and the rest could go hang. One of these two was himself, the other was Torquay Strayton.

Two months was the maximum of grace that Janie could wrest from Torquay, Miss Ball and Albert for preparation for her marriage; but there was no limit to what she might spend on clothes. Torquay raised Albert's pay and advanced the money for such an engagement ring as had never before been sent to Hopetown. He shrewdly attended to the buying of it himself, having long since taken Albert's measure in matters of finance. Miss Ball dictated letters which brought sketches, models and implorations that Miss Strayton might appear in person for the selection of her trousseau. Torquay took her to New York.

It seemed to Janie that whatever the troubles life was holding in store for her, that journey would pay for them all. True enough, Torquay left her to sit in lonely state on the train while he retired to the smoker with the pipe which had become his inseparable companion; but once in New York, he chartered one of the few taxicabs then running and stood by her through every ordeal of a thrilling day. To sit beside him in the intimacy of a cab was joy enough, but to follow him across the broad sidewalks and into smart shops where the weightiest purse was apt to get light-headed was a revelation and a bulwark to her pride. He was as unconcerned as a rolling bowlder. Everybody looked at him with a sort of gasp of the eyes; he looked at nobody. When passers-by saw Janie they looked again, but she was too bewildered to realize her share in his triumphal progress.

To Torquay shops were only stores and floor ladies were only store hands. As for the customers who looked up startled at so much bulk, he was attending to his business and he left it to them to attend to theirs. Where Janie planted him during her enforced disappearances, he came to rest on his two feet and took no more credit for patience than a rock. She would come out in glory from a cubicle and stand before him.

"Father, do you like this?"

His eyes would wrap her around for an instant and then look away.

"Do you like it, Janie?"

"Oh, I think it's lovely."

"We'll take that," he would say with a side nod to the saleswoman.

Janie was left alone for a moment with a parading model. The girl passed closer and closer until she was within easy speaking distance.

"Forgive me for telling you, lady," she murmured, "but you've got some father."

"Yes!" gasped Janie.

"This country ought to adopt him and have a live one for a change. He's big enough."

Janie laughed aloud. The saleswoman hurried to her.

"Excuse me, but did the model speak to you?" she asked.

"Yes," said Janie, giving her a level look. "She said something that made me like the dress. I wasn't going to take it, but I will now."

On the way to the station the thought struck her that she was having her last moments alone with her father. A thickness came into her throat and her eyes began to smart. She half put out her hand to lay it on his arm, but he shrank into his corner.

"Oh, father," she gulped, "I've just got to tell you! You've been wonderful!"

"Wonderful?" said Torquay. "We came to get the things and we got 'em, didn't we?"

"Yes," said Janie, and turned her head to look out of the window through eyes that saw nothing.

She was happy again long before they got back to Hopetown and all went well until the night she told Torquay she wished to give a reception. It was no sudden whim. As her wedding day approached, a cold terror seized her. A film was slowly lifting from her eyes. For the first time in her life she conceived of the great house as a prison guarded by grim jailers. Mega, still the dark inscrutable woman. Miss Ball, half dead and yet pervasively alive. Her father, watching her with a look that did not seem to see her. Albert, gradually growing into a sinister threat. She had never felt she was caged before, but now even her wings were going to be clipped.

"A reception!" rumbled Torquay, his heavy brows drawn into a black frown. "What for?"

"The people who come we could invite to the wedding," explained Janie.

"Who do you think would come?" asked Torquay roughly. "All the folks that have called on us, eh?"

"I've thought about it a lot," persisted Janie. "I think a great many people wouldn't dare not come."

"Have you made out a list?" demanded Torquay sharply to hide his growing nervousness.

"No; just the usual social notice in the paper. That would be enough."

He started to say he would see her further first, but he caught his tongue and a cunning light came into his eyes. She was right. There were a lot of men and their wives who wouldn't dare stay away from such a summons. There were other women who would jump at the chance to repair an error of long years' standing. They'd break down the wall. They'd sweep in on her and float her out into the camp where she belonged. It would be as bad as if Ralph Damon had married her. Janie was watching him gravely. Her lip trembled.

"Will you put the notice in the paper?"

"Yes," said Torquay, never suspecting how near the word carried him to damning his immortal soul.

Janie had a free hand as to the arrangements for her reception, which had to take place at once or not at all. Mega followed her instructions with unusual meekness and slanted eyes. The maid did the extra work willingly but without enthusiasm. There was no time for any but local caterers and their resources were heavily drawn upon. Jim was sent on a tour of all the local hothouses. On the eve of the appointed day Janie was waiting for her father when he came up from the works for a hurried supper.

"The notice wasn't in the paper," she said. "You—you promised."

"It will be tomorrow," answered Torquay shortly.

"People won't know until almost noon," murmured Janie.

"Well, what of it? You said they wouldn't dare not come. It won't take 'em four hours to get here, will it?"

The next morning all Hopetown was having a laugh at the Straytons' expense. By lunchtime Ralph Damon was telephoning and sending wires broadcast to locate his mother, who was away on a round of visits. Down in the town the habitués of Striker's were assembled in full force and Chet Griswold was saying, "Well, that's the tin hat! Any man dares say Torque ain't mad from now on is asking for a free ride over the hill to the bughouse."

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"Ralph, Something Pretty Terrible Has Happened at the Works. Better Get Down There at Once"

FORTY YEARS OF MELODY

By Charles K. Harris

David Belasco and David Warfield, From a Snapshot Taken in California

JAMES J. CORBETT, the celebrated prize fighter, was appearing in a play called The Naval Cadet. In the last scene of his play there was a prize ring, where Jim, as the hero, had a scrap with the villain, and naturally knocked him out. Jim employed about twenty-five supers at twenty-five cents a night to sit at the ringside to make it more natural, and to do the yelling, the same as at all prize fights.

Jim and I were great pals in those days. He thought he had a voice and could sing. He would make my office his headquarters and would pound away at my piano with one finger. He was infatuated with a song that I had just written, entitled Hearts. This song was one of the most difficult I had ever written; but he tackled it until he got the chorus down pretty well. He would stop every friend he met on a street corner, in a café or behind the stage and sing the chorus.

He said to me, "Some voice, hey, Charlie?"

I did not care to contradict him, because one punch in the jaw from Jim would have knocked me out for good. So I told him he had a wonderful voice; but it was a torture to me to have to listen to him daily.

One day he asked me to come to see him in his dressing room, as he said he grew lonesome between the acts, so I obliged him. When it came to the last act, where he had his prize-fight scene, he told me to come with him and join the bunch of supers sitting around the ring and join in the applause to help the game along. "No one will recognize you in that gang, so what's the difference, Charlie?" Just to show him I was a good sport, I told him I would. Jim went through his performance and knocked out the villain, as usual, and the gallery gods yelled their approval.

Suddenly he reached into the crowd and yanked me out by the collar into the middle of the ring and said, "Ladies and gentlemen, I take great pleasure in introducing to you the man who, together with the beer, made Milwaukee famous, Charles K. Harris, author of After the Ball."

I felt like dropping through the floor. All I could do was to stand there foolishly and bow. I heaved a sigh of relief when the curtain fell at last and relieved me of my embarrassment. This was my first and it was also my last appearance upon the stage.

I recall Terry McGovern, one of the greatest little fighters that ever pulled on a glove, who was then under the management of Sam Harris, now one of New York's biggest theatrical managers. Terry was a big money-maker at that time for Harris. He was training in Milwaukee for his big fight with Joe Gans, one of the greatest colored fighters this country has ever known. Naturally Terry had all the Milwaukee fight fans rooting for him.

Marks Calls the Turn

WHEN not exercising, Terry would come to my office and, like Jim Corbett, would try to play the piano with one finger. One day he showed me a lyric which he said he had written, and started in to sing it. I was afraid to laugh at him, as Terry was very sensitive; but I had a very hard time keeping a straight face, because in my opinion the lyric was a scream, also the music. He asked me to publish it for him, and I told him I would think it over. A few months later I was surprised to see a copy of Terry's song in one of the music-shop windows, published by a Chicago firm. That was about as far as it got, and as far as I know it was never heard of after that.

A new show was being advertised to open at the Davidson Theater, Milwaukee, which was quite an event at that time. I was still the correspondent of the New York Dramatic News and was eager to see the play. It was called The Butterflies, starring John Drew. The manager was Ted Marks, who was the manager of many international theatrical stars, a well-known Broadway character for many years. I met Marks before the show; and knowing that I was correspondent for a New York dramatic paper, he was anxious to get a good write-up for the new show before it entered New York. We walked over to the Schlitz Palm Garden and had some refreshments. Marks said this show was going to be the biggest hit that ever struck the town. Of course, I had heard that before from other advance men.

"Say, Harris," said Marks, "let me write this article myself and wire it in to your paper, signing your name to it. It will be a big feather in your cap, especially when they hear of its wonderful success and how you called the turn."

I felt pretty good by this time, as Marks insisted upon doing all the treating. After he had written the review I glanced over it and said, "But suppose this show is a frost. I will then lose my job."

But Marks insisted the show would be a big thing. I wired in the article just as he had written it, feeling deep down in my heart that this was the end of my days as a theatrical reporter. I went in to see the show. The young lady playing opposite John Drew created a sensation in one scene. She was supposed to be intoxicated. She acted this part so naturally that the house came down with applause. This little lady was Maude Adams.

The next morning all the critics with one accord proclaimed The Butterflies, with John Drew and Maude Adams, an unqualified success. The New York Dramatic News was the first paper to receive the news, which proved, of course, that their correspondent in Milwaukee was wide-awake and knew his business. I received a fine letter from Leander Richardson, the editor, congratulating me upon my foresight, though all the glory belonged to my friend Ted Marks, and many a laugh we had over it in the years that followed.

There was another young lady who was making good in Milwaukee with the Salisbury Stock Company, playing leads, opening in Sweet Lavender, all the papers predicting for her a great future. Her mother came often to my office, where she would read all the latest New York dramatic papers. Every manager or singer would make a bee line for my office, where I had a large table set out in a room, upon which all the dramatic papers and magazines could be found. This little girl, who was sixteen years of age at that time, was Eleanor Robson. Her mother told me that she had played in stock in the West and she hoped some day that Eleanor could be seen by some New York manager, as it was her ambition to see her daughter a star. I am glad to say that she saw that day, as a few years later she played in The Dawn of Tomorrow, a performance which many will remember.

An Early Photograph of John Drew

Stars on the Way Up

THERE also came to my office one day a friend from whom I often bought cigars, with his daughter—a little girl of about fifteen, very pretty. He was anxious for her to adopt the stage as a profession. He brought her for me to hear her sing. She had a very sweet and pleasing voice; all she lacked was stage experience. Charles Horwitz and Fred Bowers were laying off in Milwaukee at the time. I introduced her to Horwitz, who took her in hand and taught her several songs, also how to enter and make her exit from the stage, rehearsing her faithfully for nearly four weeks. She procured an engagement in vaudeville and was a hit immediately. This young lady was Miss Leila McIntyre, who a few years later married Johnny Hyams, and they have been on the stage together for more than twenty years, known as Hyams & McIntyre. They have a beautiful daughter, who I suppose will follow in her mother's footsteps.

I was pleased to see one day that the Rogers Brothers were to play my town. What names to conjure with in the early 80's! Gus and Max were German comedians and singers, and with Maude Raymond—Mrs. Gus Rogers—who was the ingénue, their company was a splendid one. Their names were household words throughout the West. Maurice Levi conducted their orchestra as well as composed all the songs for the show. We were together nightly and made a merry bunch.

I was anxious to get the publication rights to their compositions; but Gus, the head of the concern, said they were publishing their own music under the name of Rogers Brothers, but that if anything occurred so that they could not handle it, I would get the first call.

They played several seasons with great success, and Gus at last came to me and said, "I have decided to get out of the music business. I find that we cannot handle both ends properly. When I get back to New York I will turn over all the publication rights to you."

Naturally I was highly elated; but when Gus returned to New York he was taken suddenly ill and died. Max tried to go it alone under the management of Klaw & Erlanger; but there was something missing, as he was lost without his brother. Consequently the show closed and Max never again returned to the stage. Thus ended the career of two very popular German comedians. Maude Raymond also retired from the stage.

While I was on a visit to my Chicago office, a sweet young girl of about twelve years and a serious-looking woman came in to inquire whether we had any new songs that would suit the little girl. Max Hoffman, my pianist, husband of Gertrude Hoffman, played over several songs for her. After they had gone I asked him who they were. He said they were new ones as far as he was concerned, but that there were a great many amateur singers playing the hotel parlors and he supposed she was one of them.

I was stopping with my family at the Hotel Del Prado for the summer. After dinner it was the custom of the

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NEW SERIES HUPMOBILE EIGHT

Finer Eight Performance Is Not To Be Had

New Series Hupmobile Still Further Invades the Higher-Priced Field

The tremendous success of this Hupmobile Eight has a deeper significance than you might grasp at first thought.

It means in the fewest possible words that Hupmobile has invaded and conquered the highest possible fields of motor performance and overturned the high-priced precedents which have always governed that field.

Eight-in-line cars have always been the goal of those who wanted the utmost, because they provided a power flow and riding ease attainable in no other type.

Hupmobile—always conceded by the entire industry a master in engine and chassis design which are responsible for its world-wide reputation for soundness and satisfaction—evolved a year ago a straight eight which was a revelation to those who had always before paid the high-price penalty for superior eights.

In the hands of 15,000 owners it has sought out and surpassed in brilliancy of action, oily smoothness and economy, every straight eight it encountered.

The new series renders this comparison even more emphatically favorable to Hupmobile.

There is nothing the costliest eights can do that is not matched and surpassed in Hupmobile behavior.

It has precisely that complete blending of power impulses one into another, which has made the straight eight stand alone and apart from all other cars in velvety action.

The straight eight principle contains within itself the very highest possibilities in motoring — but straight eights, like sixes, or fours, can be brilliant, indifferent or commonplace in translating these principles into qualities of performance.

Hupmobile has translated that principle into the most brilliant possible performance.

There is not an eight power plant in existence more soundly engineered than this, nor a performance program which can surpass it.

Ordinary eights dwindle into insignificance in comparison—extraordinary eights can do no more if they can do as much, in every essential of get-away, softness, silence, sustained power and speed, and economy of operation.

The new series Hupmobile Eight comes to you as the closest approach to perfection the eight chassis has attained—designed, bodied, finished and trimmed with a richness appropriate to its mechanical excellence.

It comes to you likewise with a reassurance of first cost and a modesty of daily outlay on gas and oil which constitutes it the engineering triumph of the year.

Every enthusiastic anticipation these strong statements may arouse will be brilliantly borne out by any demonstration or comparison you wish to make.

New Series

HUPMOBILE EIGHT

Now on display by Hupmobile Dealers and at the Chicago Automobile Show

(Continued from Page 32)

guests to sit around in the large parlor to smoke and chat. This same woman and little girl walked into the lobby, and spying me came over to me.

The mother said, "Oh, Mr. Harris, will you kindly arrange with the manager of the hotel to allow my little daughter to sing a few numbers and give imitations?"

I did so. After the little girl had finished her act I passed the hat and collected quite a sum of money, which I turned over to her. This little girl was Elsie Janis, who today is one of the well-known stars of this country.

I recall that a few years later, when I had moved to New York, as I was sitting with Louis Werba, in Considine's Café, Broadway and Forty-Second Street, where the profession all congregated at that time, Miss Janis and her mother were seated at the next table. They were delighted to see me. She told me that Ziegfeld was going to allow her to do a few imitations the opening night of his Follies on the New York Roof, and she was so happy. After they had gone I made a bet with Louis Werba that if Elsie did go on she would be the hit of the bill. The opening night, between the first and second acts, Miss Janis was announced as an added attraction. True to my prediction, she was a sensation, and the next night her name appeared in electric lights as the feature of the Follies.

Two very popular actors who played Milwaukee in the Wizard of Oz company were Montgomery and Stone. We were inseparable companions for the week the show played. Later, when they went under the management of Charles B. Dillingham, I sent for Fred Stone and told him I had just published a new song, written by Bob Adams, entitled Christina Swanson, and asked him to sing and interpolate it in the new show. He did; and he sang the song the entire season, creating a great demand for it. They were a wonderful team and a great deal of sorrow was felt when Dave Montgomery passed away. Since then Fred Stone, his wife and daughter have made a great success in their new show, Stepping Stones. Fred is still the same big-hearted boy he was when we first met twenty-five years ago.

Two Bobs and Two Davids

BOB ADAMS and Bob Alden were two song pluggers at that time, employed in my Chicago office. They wrote several comedy-song hits which I published for them. They decided to write a sketch for themselves and get a vaudeville engagement; but somehow or other as a vaudeville team they were not successful. They came to New York just about the time I opened my New York office. I was pleased to see them. They tried to get an engagement, but to no avail. They had no reputation in vaudeville, consequently could not get an opening, and both were very much discouraged.

I told the boys the best thing for them to do would be to go to London. B. Feldman, one of the most enterprising publishers at that time over there, was a hustler and was known to all the managers of vaudeville throughout England. I gave them a letter to Mr. Feldman, and also wrote him personally and asked him to try to get them an engagement. I bought them their tickets, took them to the boat and wished them godspeed.

The result was as I predicted. Mr. Feldman procured them engagements in the halls in London. They were a big hit from the very opening performance—about the biggest hit in London of any American boys that ever played there. They were known as the Two Bobs and played two and three halls nightly. They both married English actresses and own homes over there.

One day Al Woods, who was then of the firm of Woods, Sullivan & Harris, producers of melodramas, such as Nellie the Beautiful Cloak Model and many others of the type, asked my permission to use one of my song titles which they wished to produce as a play. I handed him a list and told him to take his choice, with the exception of After the Ball. He chose Cast Aside. The play was opened and proved very successful. He followed it with two other plays written around my songs, which were Fallen by the Wayside and One Night in June, both of which made money for the firm.

Twenty-five years later I read in a theatrical paper that all Al Woods' melodramas were to be sold to a big picture-producing concern and would be made into moving pictures, among them being my three old songs. I wrote to Mr. Woods, explaining to him that I had been willing to allow him the use of my songs for plays, but I reserved the rights of my titles for moving pictures. He wrote me a letter saying that I was right, that the three titles belonged to me, and thanked me for calling his attention to the mistake.

I shall never forget the first time I met Dave Warfield He was playing with a company in Milwaukee, and I introduced him to the Tombstone Club. When watching his performance, although he had only a small part, I felt that he had it in him to become a star some day. He told me that he had been engaged by Weber & Fields for their music hall in New York, and this was going to be his first big chance. He made good as far as his part of the performance was concerned, but he was only one of many actors playing at that time with Weber & Fields. On a visit to New York I dropped in to see the Weber & Fields performance. After the show I met Dave, who was delighted to see me. He took my arm and we walked down Broadway to a well-known restaurant, at that time patronized by nearly all the profession playing Broadway – Martin's.

Warfield said confidentially, "Charles, I am in a quandary. My season closes here shortly with Weber & Fields and they want me to sign up for another season."

"Well," said I, "why don't you? Your money is safe and they are good boys. You are with a great cast and are getting a reputation."

"Yes," said he, "that may be true; but I have something else on my mind that I want to tell you. I received a letter from a very dear friend of mine in San Francisco who is coming to New York. He has a play called The Auctioneer and he wants to star me in the production. He is unknown here as yet, but you are going to hear from him some day. His name is David Belasco, and take it from me, he is some stage manager."

"Are you going to accept his proposition?" I asked.

"Well, that's a question. You see, it might be a failure, and then where would I get off?"

"But, Dave," said I, "you will then have been a star; and even though the play was a frost, the managers will not blame you. Once having been a star, you will be entitled to more money from other managers."

"There is something in that," said he. "I will think it over."

A few months later I read in our local papers that David Warfield was to appear at the Davidson Theater in a new play staged by David Belasco, entitled The Auctioneer. I occupied a box the opening night, with my father, mother and wife. What a performance he gave! There was not a dry eye in the house when the curtain fell on the last act. He received a wonderful ovation. I was proud of my friend, and was glad to see that he had accepted Mr. Belasco's proposition to star. I met him after the show and escorted him across the street to the Palm Garden.

When I introduced him to my family my mother kept looking at him rather strangely, then said, "But, Mr. Warfield, where is Rachel?"

Dave was taken aback for a moment. It seemed that Rachel was the name of Dave's wife in the play, and my mother was still dreaming of the play she had just witnessed, it all appeared so real to her.

"Why, Mrs. Harris," said he, "she is not my real wife. She is only my stage wife."

"Oh," said mother, "I forgot. It was all so natural that I thought you would surely walk in here with her."

We all had a good laugh, and Dave maintained that was the greatest compliment any artist could receive.

The Boys of Tin Pan Alley

DAVE followed that success with The Music Master, and everyone knows of that wonderful masterpiece, again staged by Mr. Belasco. Warfield is in the millionaire class today, but he deserves every dollar. I know how hard he worked for it, how he studied and how he saved. The height of his ambition was realized when he played his favorite character, Shylock, a season or two ago, which all the critics proclaimed his masterpiece.

In 1898 I visited my office in New York, located on Twenty-Eighth Street, and my memory will always cling around dear old Tin Pan Alley, and I often recall those soul-stirring times. It was only one block long, bounded on the east by Broadway and on the west by Sixth Avenue. What a lane of hilarious melody: tin-pan pianos working overtime, day and night, continuously, and I doubt if such a happy-go-lucky crowd of boys was ever congregated on one block in any street before.

One of the earliest of the popular-song publishers on this street was the firm of M. Witmark & Sons. At that time the head of the concern, Isadore, was about twenty years of age, his brother Julius was about eighteen and Frank about fifteen. Talk about hustlers! They certainly were wonderful boys. M. Witmark, the dad of them all, had formerly been a printer owning a small printing establishment. The first song they published was The Picture Turned Toward the Wall, followed by The Sunshine of Paradise Alley and many other popular songs of that time.

Just next door to this concern were two San Francisco boys who had opened up a publishing house and taken a chance in the big city. They were Broder & Schlam.

Sandwiched in between these two firms was the New York Clipper, which was the means of bringing thousands of professional singers and actors to Tin Pan Alley.

F. A. Mills, known as Kerry Mills, a writer and publisher, was directly opposite the New York Clipper. He published Rastus on Parade, Happy Days in Dixie, Whistling Rufus, and At a Georgia Camp Meeting.

Next door to Mills was another song writer—Charles B. Ward—who had just gone into the publishing business with a big song hit. There was a large canvas sign stretched across his building advertising the name of the song, And the Band Played On. Ward was very popular and a great many singers visited his office.

Opposite was the Harry Von Tilzer Music Publishing Company, announcing its big hit in large letters upon its windows, My Old New Hampshire Home.

The Leo Feist Music Publishing Company was also located on that block and was plugging Abe Holzman's new instrumental hit, Smoky Mokes. While, not to be outdone, next door was Joseph Stern & Co., advertising Sweet Rosie O'Grady and The Little Lost Child.

Howley, Haviland & Dresser were publishing all Paul Dresser's songs, among them On the Banks of the Wabash.

H. W. Petrie also was located in this block, publishing his own compositions, such as I Don't Want to Play in Your Yard.

Shapiro, Bernstein & Co. were hustling along, making a name for themselves.

Jerome Remick, the Detroit music publisher, also had an office located in Tin Pan Alley. Doty & Brill, two live young writers, were composing and publishing there.

My staff at that time consisted of Jules Ruby and Leo Wood as song pluggers; Al La Rue, arranger; Meyer Cohen, general manager and plugger.

Tin Pan Alley in those days always reminded me of Baxter Street, where the clothing men held out; and where, if a stranger happened to pass through the street, the

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Maude Raymond, the Wife of Gus Rogers, and Joubrette With the Rogers Brothers

These are the Benefits of BUICK LEADERSHIP

There are advantages for every Buick owner in the popularity and leadership which the Buick Motor Company enjoys.

Leadership has made Buick one of the strongest institutions in the country. Owners of Buicks have the assurance that their cars never will lose value by becoming "orphans."

Leadership has enabled Buick to perfect a nation-wide service organization. A Buick owner finds his car taken care of, in the same intelligent, courteous way, wherever he drives.

And leadership has enabled Buick to put an amazing amount of value into every car it builds. For leadership means volume. And volume means great savings accomplished in the manufacture of Buick motor cars.

Volume means that the finest materials cost less than inferior products purchased in smaller quantities. It has enabled Buick engineers to design Buick motor cars to the highest standards of quality and keep their selling price at the lowest possible level.

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TESSIE AND THE RED ARROWS

By Sewell Ford

ILLUSTRATED BY HARLEY ENNIS STIVERS

I EXPECT if it hadn't been for Mame I'd never thought of him twice; anyway, not serious. She'd be a beautiful dumb-bell, Mame would, if she was better looking. As it is, she's only a 50 per center that breathes hard on account of her adenoids and talks easy because it comes natural. But while there may not be much in her head, there's a lot of romance in her soul. I'll say so. She's just full of it, and this was only a sample.

"I bet you fall for him sooner or later, Tess," says she.

"Eh?" says I. "What him?"

"Ah, so's your aunt!" says Mame. "Who was it was just treatin' himself to a double eyeful of you? Mr. Shea, I mean."

"The new house detective?" says I. "Huh!"

"Oh, I don't know," she goes on. "He's a dandy-lookin' young feller, you can't deny that."

"Why should I?" says I. "But he might be Mr. Apollinaris himself and I could let him stroll by the counter without running a temperature; and as for falling for every ——"

"Yes, I gotta admit you're hard-boiled, Tess," says Mame; "but there always comes a time, as they say in the movies. And I notice your eyes ain't so frosty as usual when you give him the up-and-down."

"You'd be a heap more useful, Mame," says I, "if you watched to see what customers wanted and took less notice of my eyes."

"Ah, don't get grouchy, Tess," says she. "I'm only human, ain't I? And you know them eyes of yours ——"

"Check!" says I. "Say, I have to listen to that sort of stuff all day from old sports and young sports, until I have a notion to wear shell-rimmed cheaters with green glass in 'em. Lay off the lamps, will you? And forget Mr. Shea."

"All right," says Mame; "but he ain't gonna forgot 'em. He's good and gone on you, Mr. Shea is."

"Say, where did you collect all this scandal, Mame?" says I. "And where have I been all the while? He has hardly opened his head to me, so why should he get so confidential with you?"

"He don't hafta," says she. "I can tell by the way he looks at you—like you was sumpn in a stained-glass window. Yeah! He'll be tellin' you all about it one of these days when he gets his courage worked up, and my guess is you'll be stretchin' an ear. Ain't such a bad job he's got, and he's a fine big feller with ——"

"Ah, sign off, sign off, Mame!" says I, weary. "Don't you see somebody waiting at the magazine counter?"

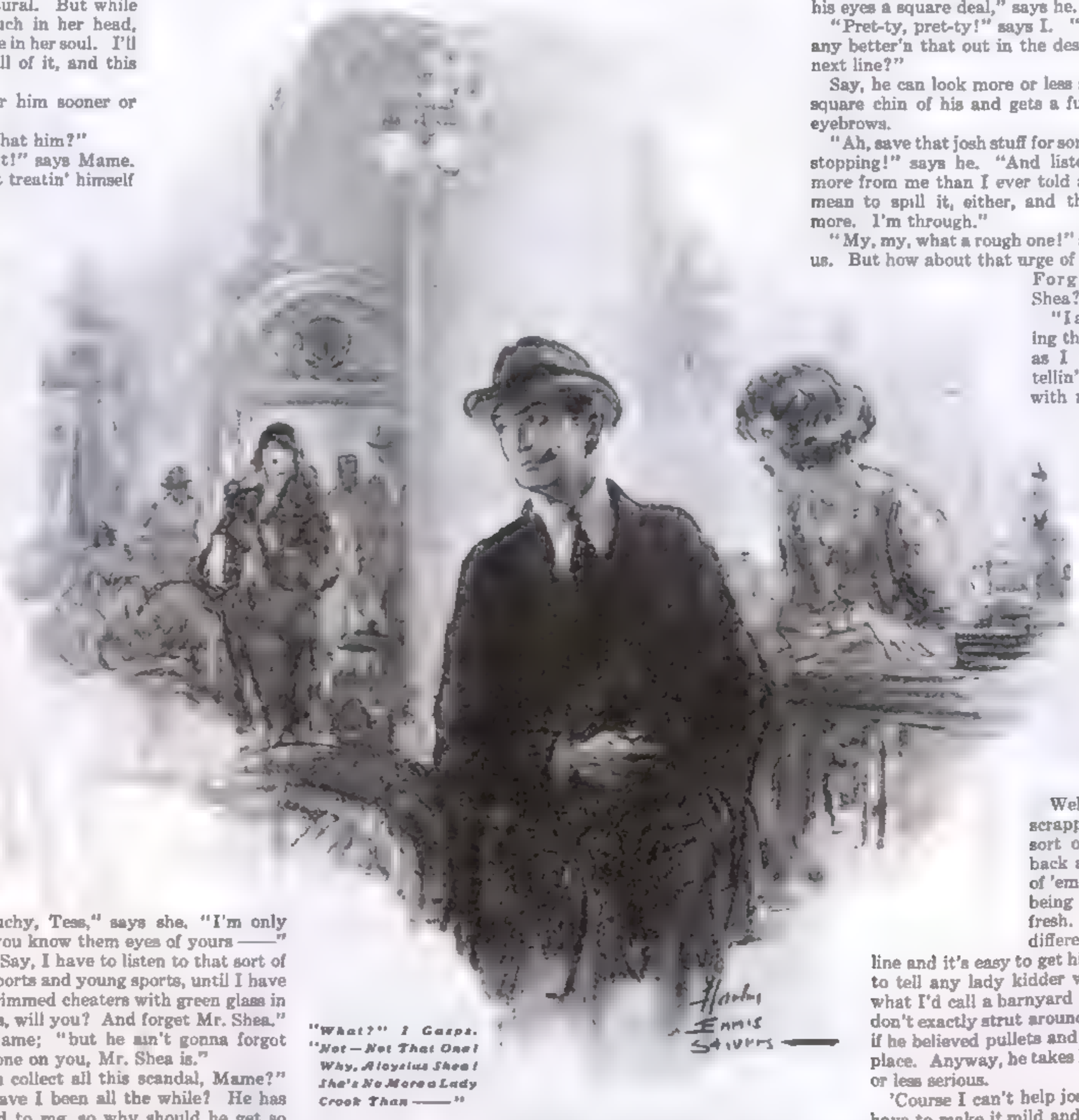
But with a hunch like that handed me, I couldn't help being some curious about this pink-cheeked sleuth with the wide-set blue eyes and the heavy black eyebrows. 'Course I had noticed him sizing me up as he drifts through the lobby; but when you've tended a news and candy counter as long as I have, one more male with the eye-rolling habit don't mean much. First off, I took him for a hick guest and it was a couple of weeks before I discovered he was on the staff.

"Where'd you dig up the new detecatiff?" I asks the assistant manager.

"Shea?" says he. "Oh, he was night watch in the kitchen and spotted those pantry helpers who were shipping out our silver in the garbage cans. Neat bit of work, that was, so I brought him up and put him on the main floor. Hasn't shown much yet, but I'm giving him a chance to make good. I believe he's clever."

"Maybe he is, at that," says I.

If he was, he concealed it well, for he acts to me like a bird who's stalling around at something he don't know much about; and when I hear he's been a rookie cop that got dropped, and that he won a knock-out purse at an amateur boxing night and then quit when a big manager offered to train him for some regular bouts, why, I wonders if he's as deep as he looks. You can't always tell about these quiet ones. Sometimes they know too much to talk, and then again it's because they haven't much to say.



"What?" I Gasps. "Not—Not That One! Why, Aloysius Shea! She's No More a Lady Crook Than ——"

So I starts stringing him along. Next time I catches him peering at me I gives him a twinkle; not full voltage, you understand, but just a half-power flicker. It registers though. I've hardly turned to arrange the periodicals before he has edged up to the stand.

"Yes, sir?" says I, shifting to the baby stare.

He shuffles his feet and tints up under the eyes, but he manages to say what's on his mind.

"I expect we'd better be gettin' acquainted, hadn't we, Miss Tessie?" he asks.

"I've stood it so far without," says I, "and I'm willing to keep up the struggle."

That gets a squirm out of him, but he keeps them wide-set eyes steady.

"You got a tart tongue in your head, young lady," says he.

"Maybe I don't need it with all these would-be sheiks wearing their elbows out on my counters," says I.

He takes his off prompt and shoves his hands in his pockets.

"If you're hatin' me in that class, you've got me wrong," says he.

"How distressing!" says I. "And here I been kidding myself you was giving me a look now and then. My mistake, eh?"

He's some fussed, but he comes out of it.

"Any guy who wouldn't look twice at you ain't givin' his eyes a square deal," says he.

"Pret-ty, pret-ty!" says I. "I guess they don't say it any better'n that out in the desert. Go on, what's your next line?"

Say, he can look more or less savage when he sets that square chin of his and gets a furrow between the bushy eyebrows.

"Ah, save that josh stuff for some lobby lizard that needs stopping!" says he. "And listen, sister; you've heard more from me than I ever told any other jane. I didn't mean to spill it, either, and there ain't gonna be any more. I'm through."

"My, my, what a rough one!" says I. "He simply hates us. But how about that urge of yours to get acquainted? Forgetting that, eh, Mr. Shea?"

"I am not," says he. "Knowing the force is part of my job, as I dope it, for there's no tellin' who I'll have to work with next—or on."

"Oh, I see!" says I. "In case there was a complaint about guests being short-changed here, you'd have an eye on me, would you?"

"Both eyes," says he. "I'd like a better excuse though."

"Then I'll have to think one up," says I. "Drop round again, Mr. Shea, and we'll have another strictly business chat."

"Thanks," says he. "Any time I get chesty I will. It ought to be a sure cure."

Well, that was kind of a scrappy start, but you know I sort of like having 'em come back at me that way. So few of 'em do. Mostly they go on being mushy, or else get too fresh. This big-boy sleuth is different. He hasn't much of a line and it's easy to get him fussed, but he's ready to tell any lady kidder where she gets off. Has what I'd call a barnyard disposition, and while he don't exactly strut around, roosterlike, he acts as if he believed pullets and hens should know their place. Anyway, he takes himself and his job more or less serious.

'Course I can't help joshing him some, but I do have to make it mild and know when to stop. So we both had each other guessing a bit, and maybe that's why we gradually got on such a friendly footing. He gets in the habit of stopping for a minute or so two or three times a day, and occasionally hanging up behind the marble pillar while he scouts around the lobby or watches the elevators. Within a fortnight I'm calling him Aloysius and he's calling me Tessie. Also he seems glad of any tips I can give him about suspicious chair warmers and tells me some of the things he's working on.

You'd be surprised, too, to know how much crooked stuff is pulled in a joint the size of the Gloriana; from bootlegging by the bellhops to suicides and shooting scrapes among the guests. Enough to keep a force of three detectives busy, or at least that's the bluff they throw. One day it will be a pastry chef who's caught running a fifty-gallon still in the boiler room, and the next they'll be discouraging a gang of fake oil-stock promoters operating in one of our best suites. And always there are lost jewels, lost babies, and sometimes mislaid hubbies to be traced.

"What beats me," I tells him, "is how you ever pick out the crooks from among so many regular people. What's the trick?"

"I don't know how the others work," says he, "but my way is to watch for restless hands and shifty eyes. You see, a party who's straight and goin' about his own business don't have to think what to do with his hands, and he ain't always rollin' his eyes here and there. If he does he's apt to be up to something."

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FISHER BODIES

On the one hand, a supreme achievement in the higher price field; on the other, a car built to give most economical transportation, and between the two, a whole range of style, value and performance leaders—all of them better cars for the surpassing value in their Bodies by Fisher

BODY by FISHER

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"Sounds reasonable," says I. "Still, there might be nervous ones, or folks who were worried about this or that, and you could easy make a mistake."

Aloysius looks wise and hunches his wide shoulders.

"You gotta use your bean all the time," says he.

"Think of that!" says I, admiring.

Somehow I'd never felt the same about the two other sleuths that I'd seen padding around ever since I've been here. But they were both sort of poddy, middle-aged ginks with grown-up families and a fondness for loafing in the head porter's office. I always thought they spent most of their time drifting around, swapping jokes with the room clerks and waiting to punch the clock.

But Aloysius seems different. In the first place he's young, and he is almost as good looking as Mame says. Has a wonderful build too. There's no doubt he could pack an awful wallop with either of those big fists of his, if he ever cut loose with 'em. More than that, though, is that sober, broody look he's worked up lately. Kind of mysterious, you know. Gets you wondering what he's thinking about and who he's trailing. I'd find myself looking after him and waiting for him to stop at the stand.

"Didn't I tell you?" says Mame. "You and Mr. Shea are gettin' mighty chummy."

"If you can get a thrill out of that, Mame, you're welcome," says I.

But I didn't tell her he'd taken me to a couple of shows and once to a cabaret dinner, nor what a rotten dancer I discovered he was. That muscle-bound fox-trot effort of his almost cured any weakness I might have for Aloysius; and I must admit that when he's gussied up for evening he isn't half so imposing as when he's strolling around the hotel in his neat business suit with his badge pinned to his right suspender. Nor is he much of a chatterbox.

As a sleuth, though, he's more or less fascinating, and I expect it was that line of his that got me. Oh, yes! First thing I knew I was falling for Aloysius. I found myself gazing into the clear blue eyes, noticing the way the color spread in his cheeks when he got telling me about some case, and remembering the clean curve of his chin. Also when he confides to me that he hopes to get a break soon that'll make him solid with the management, I cheers him up.

"It'll come," says I. "One of these days you'll pull something big. You're bound to."

"All I ask is a chance, believe me," says he.

And it wasn't two days later before he comes whispering husky about the mystery of the red arrows.

"Eh?" says I. "Red arrows? Where?"

"All along the south corridor on the tenth floor," says he.

"What kind of arrows?" I asks.

"Cut out of red paper and stuck on the walls," says he.

"What for?" says I.

Aloysius does the shoulder hunch and shakes his head.

"Nobody seems to know," says he. "First off it was reported by a scrub woman, two or three days ago. She says she washed 'em off, but next mornin' they was there again. Then a chambermaid got panicky about it and quit. Finally the housekeeper comes to the manager with the tale. They put Collins on it, but his idea is that some kid musta stuck 'em there. Next Meyers goes up and has a look. He thinks one of the bellhops is tryin' to have some fun with us. So they sent me."

"Well?" says I.

"Here's one of the arrows," says he, opening a pocketbook and producing it. "I pried it off with my knife. No, don't touch it, Tessie. Might spoil the finger print."

"Gosh!" says I. "That's so. What—what you going to do with it?"

"Put it under a glass first," says he. "It's what we call a clew. I gotta study it. Don't say a word, mind you."

"Not me," says I. "But I don't see what you can get out of a little thing like that."

He looks important and mysterious as he walks off, and I don't hear anything more until the middle of the next forenoon, when he sidles up to the stand, scouts around cautious and beckons me close.

"Know anything about them parties in Suite 1015?" he asks.

"Lemme see," says I, reaching for my standing-order list. "Oh, yes! Mr. and Mrs. Cheever Myles. They have one morning paper left, no evening editions, and there are three magazines charged up. I remember—travel magazines. He asked for 'em special. A sort of soft-spoken, mild-eyed bird, this Cheever Myles. Wears a close-trimmed mustache and a little goatee. Dresses sort of odd."

"How about her?" asks Aloysius.

"Don't know which she is," says I. "What they got to do with the red arrows?"

"I'd like to know," says he. "Them arrows end at their door."

"Well, of all things!" I gasps.

Not that this news meant anything special to me, but the way he says it sounds like this was the whole answer. If it was, I don't get it.

"You—you mean somebody's putting something up on the Myleses?" I asks.

He droops his eyelids and waggles his head.

"I don't mean anything of the kind," says he.

"Couldn't some youngster have done it?" I suggests.

"No kids on that floor since last week," says he. "And another thing - did you ever see any paper like that before? Blood red, ain't it? And it's shiny on one side and has stickum on the other. I took it to a wholesale place where they handle all kinds of paper and they told me it was never made on this side. Said it was Turkish glaze. So it's foreign."

"Then that lets the Myleses out, doesn't it?" says I. "He's American, all right. Asked me where he could get a Boston Transcript anyway."

"It don't let 'em out with me," says Aloysius. "They've been abroad, that pair. You ought to see the trunk they got stored in the basement—covered with outlandish labels—Cairo, Port Said, Jerusalem. And in one of them places they must have got the paper them arrows are cut from."

"Oh!" says I. "You think they stuck 'em around themselves?"

"Well, who else could?" says he. "Who could get that kind of paper?"

He had me stopped there, with my mouth open.

"But what's the idea?" says I. "What's the plot of the piece?"

"There's a plot, all right," says he. "Dirty work of some kind."

"Why," says I, "he looks less like a crook than anybody I ever saw. Almost ladylike, he is."

"Some of the worst ones are that kind," says Aloysius. "Smoother'n silk on the surface, but underneath harder'n nails—ready for anything."

(Continued on Page 82)

"Your Lady Friend Goes to a Hock Shop and Leaves Part of the Swag on a Ticket"

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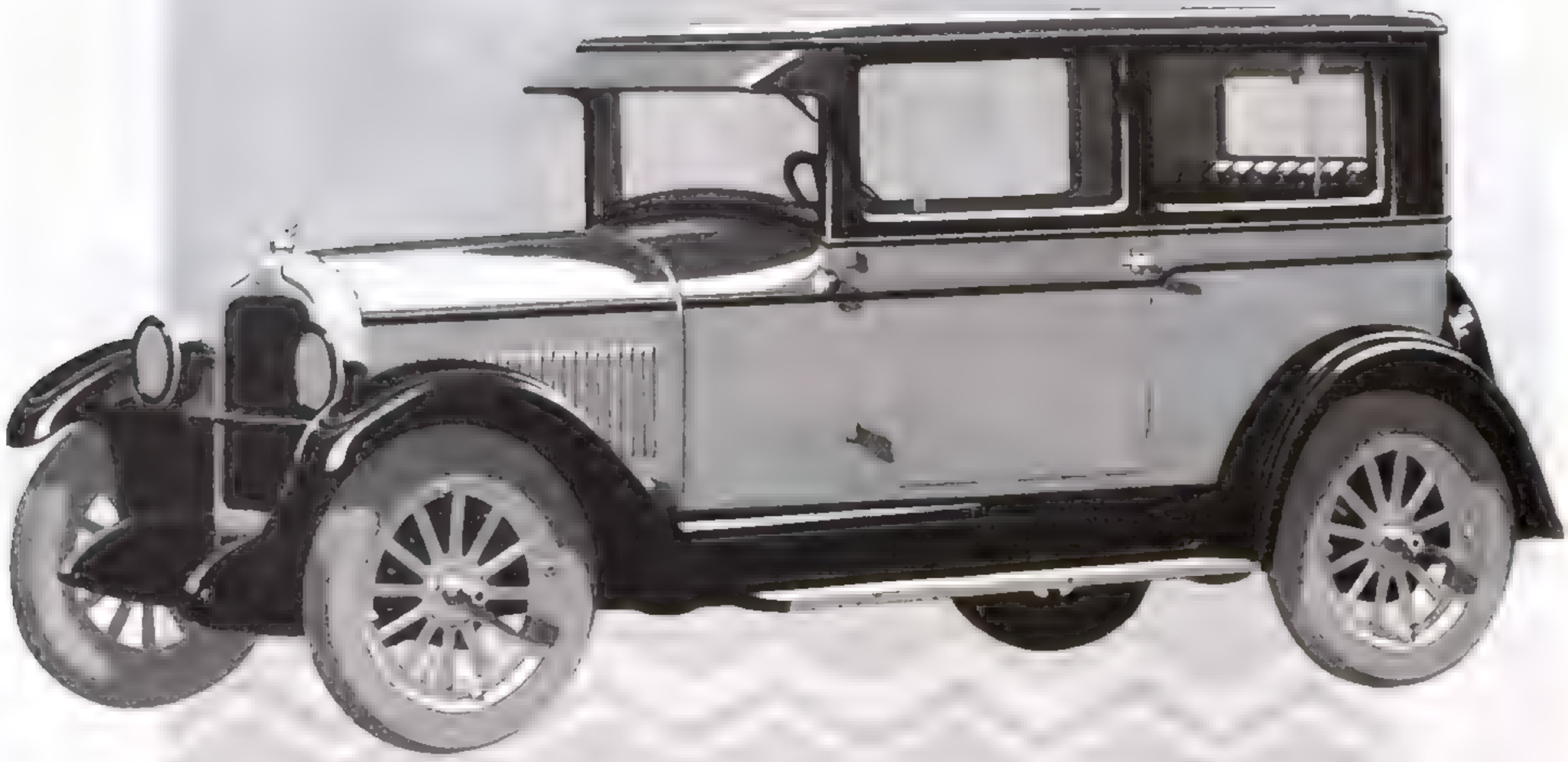

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THE GENIUS

By SOPHIE KERR

ILLUSTRATED BY GRANT REYNARD

"What—What's That You Say?" He Sat Up in Bed, His Eyes Gleaming With Amused Anger. "Let Me See That Letter"

BEFORE Edward was born Mrs. Carson prayed that her child might be a genius. She was not at all particular what sort of genius. A musical *wunderkind*, an infant prodigy playing with paints and pencils instead of marbles and baseball bats, a babe who would lisp in numbers, it mattered little to Mrs. Carson. Genius, after all, is genius, no matter how it is made manifest.

Always Mrs. Carson had yearned passionately and vainly for what she called the finer things of life. She really meant that she wanted to stand in such flickering limelight as plays on one who writes, or paints, or makes music. And she had no more talent for any of these things than her excellent negro cook.

When she knew that, as she said, "a little stranger was coming to bless our home," she gave up for herself and centered her hopes on the little stranger. She read a great deal during this time, books which she felt were strong and vital, and she went to concerts and to art galleries and museums so as not to miss a trick anywhere. And then she prayed. Funny, selfish, self-centered prayers, prayers that were nothing but a greedy gimme, sugared over with the forms and phrases of pious devotion.

When Edward was born, and as his infancy unfolded, Mrs. Carson was certain that her prayer had been answered. Edward was not as other babies. He was a quiet, healthy child, a little over-plump for beauty, and with an immense superior gravity upon him.

"Funny kid, he never laughs," said his father. Mr. Carson had a well-run shoe store and was himself given to jocundities which had no concern with the finer things of life. But what young Edward lacked in laughter he made up in tears. He could yell like an Indian when he wanted anything, bawl himself hoarse and purple if his bottle wasn't ready or if he wasn't taken up and walked when he fancied it.

Edward in David Copperfield suits, looking just too cute—though still bulgy and fattish—was very much like Edward in long dresses. He went to kindergarten and did very well there, though he was, his teacher thought, "antisocial," and showed a deplorable tendency to hang on to the games and toys and claim them wholly for himself. Also, in the games he sometimes did mean tricks, pinching or tripping up a child smaller than himself with malice aforethought. Sweet reasoning with him brought no reformation.

In the meantime Mrs. Carson was not neglecting the home culture of her son. She played Bach and Beethoven to him on the phonograph, she gave him picture books composed of reproductions of The World's Masterpieces in Art—with the nudes left out—and she read poetry to him by the yard. Toward music and masterpieces, however, Edward displayed only an impatient boredom. But poetry—ah, that was something else again, Mawruss. He was enchanted by the sound of singing words. He had an excellent memory, and before he was five could repeat most of Thanatopsis and The Psalm of Life. At six he could, and did, spout the Ode on the Intimations of Immortality, as well as Bryant's Forest Hymn, Whittier's Eternal Goodness, and the what-is-so-rare section of Lowell's Sir Launfal.

At school he was a solitary figure. His bullying kindergarten manners did not go among the hardy youngsters of his class, and if he could not have what he wanted, be first in everything and win all the games, Edward did not care to play.

His mother consoled him.

"They're just ordinary little boys who aren't half as clever as you are, and they'll never amount to anything when they grow up."

"You oughtn't to talk to him like that, Kate," Mr. Carson told his wife. "I like to see a kid get along with other kids."

"I only tell him what is the truth," said Mrs. Carson, retreating grandly to the heights. "The truth hurts no one. Edward is a genius, and he should recognize his difference from common children as soon as possible. It's the proper implanting of the thought seed from which great acts shall spring."

"Mr. Carson retreated to the shoe store, where he told his bookkeeper, Mr. Stack, that the wife was bent on ruining the boy, and there wasn't anything he could do about it short of sending the little fella away to school somewhere, and he was too young for that, let alone what a battle there'd be with the wife if he tried it.

"Don't start anything you can't finish," said Mr. Stack sapiently. "Maybe things aren't as bad as you imagine. Lotsa kids get funny streaks, but they grow out of 'em when they get in their teens."

In spite of Mr. Stack's optimism, Edward did not grow out of it. Instead he grew farther and farther into it. Undeniably his brain was good, and his omnivorous reading showed in all his school work, especially in his English classes. Every teacher of English that Edward had, from the third grade up, was pleased and astonished by his themes and compositions. One and all, they passed on their pleasure and astonishment to Mrs. Carson.

Mrs. Carson kept all the manuscripts of Edward's juvenile compositions—they would be handy in later years when his biography was being written. She had bought him books—whatever he wanted, and marveled happily at the titles he selected. He quickly outgrew her favorite Tennyson and Longfellow. He was hardly in his teens when he began to turn toward the sophisticates, the intelligentzia, the cognoscenti, and if he liked best those which were a bit overripe, his mother did not know it. It gave her a thrill to see his bookcases full of books she couldn't read, written by authors whose names she found difficulty in pronouncing. Nobody could have hired her to say Nietzsche, for example, in public. And she thought Casanova was one of those old Roman emperors. Her darling, however, lapped 'em all up and asked for more.

It was not until Edward was a freshman at college that he found any friends, and they were few enough. But in the noble university selected by Mrs. Carson as most worthy to be honored as Edward's alma mater, he discovered several other youngsters who had his own feeling for books, his own sublime conceit for the future. Some of them had read infinitely more than he, and this spurred him to catch up with them. He also began to study French feverishly and to dip into the less restrained portions of French literature. He started a library of erotica, in imitation of a junior whom he much admired.

With four or five kindred spirits he formed a little club, informal, but intended to be highly important. It was called, modestly, Talk. They discussed everything,

(Continued on Page 42)

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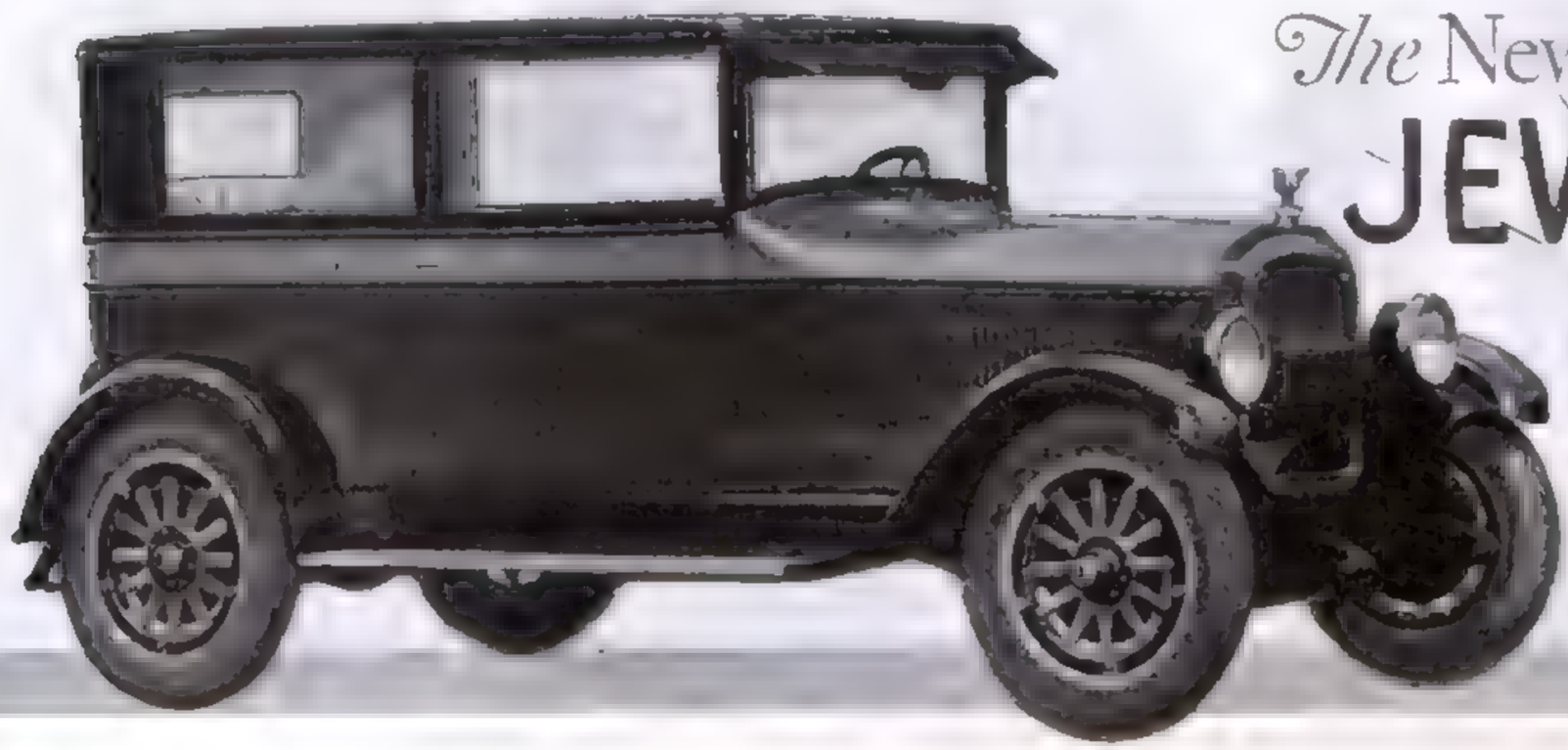

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(Continued from Page 40)

whether they knew anything about it or not, and mostly they didn't. They made phrases. They planned futures. James Faris intended to become the editor of a literary magazine—a literary magazine which would be, oh, so different. They would shatter all the old fellows, they would build up the new, the very newest. They would advance the world's thought by leaps and bounds.

Then there was Rodney Graham. He was going to write plays—plays of such savage naturalism that O'Neill and Elmer Rice and Lawson would retire to the infant class Rodney confessed that he himself was often terrified by the tragic power of his potential dramas.

John Raines, the oldest of the group, was a poet—no going-to-be about it. He had already had two poems published in a magazine so far advanced that it paid nothing for contributions. One was called Mad Episode in a Bagnio; the other, Tortured Dahlias.

The fifth and last member of Talk, Oley Dirk, destined himself as a novelist, and intended to lose no chance of going down to the depths of human experience to gain material for his books, and the deeper he had to go, so much the better. Nothing was too low for Oley.

These various selections and adoptions didn't leave much for Edward except criticism, so he decided that he would become the world's best literary critic, the one to whom struggling authors would bring their works in fear and trembling and abject abasement. He also felt he would like to edge in on John Raines' poetical sphere, but he didn't say much about that because John was jealous of his, as he called it, established reputation.

In the various sessions of Talk, the entire group was very severe on form. Form had to be abolished absolutely. No paragraphs, no sentences, no capital letters, no punctuation marks, no stipulated length of line, or arrangement of accent. As for spelling—that should be done according to their own individual ideas of beauty. Should any word look more beautiful with a change in its conventional spelling, that change should be made. Receive, for instance, might seem more beautiful to John spelled "receeve," or to Oley "reseve," or to Edward "recieve"—in which case each was free to spell as he listed. Freedom—freedom in all things was the watchword of Talk.

Though their main business was, of course, to develop a philosophy of life based on utter freedom, the members of Talk sometimes strayed into lighter themes. Girls—types of girls; blond girls, red-haired girls, dusky dashing girls; their physical, mental and moral attributes; their inferiority to man; their place in the world as mistress and wife and servant and mother

Oley Dirk burst out laughing at this. "I wish my cousin Hilda could hear us," he said. "She's a big husky Valkyrie, with a temper. Anybody told her she was an inferior she'd push him in the face." He looked round at the assembled members of Talk. Weedy and flabby they undoubtedly were. "Why, she could lick the whole bunch of us with one hand tied behind her."

Talk looked coldly at Oley, for they had all suspected that he was not wholly sincere in his condemnation of the writers whom they, in Kreymborg's words, called "the cheap, noisy chorus of happy-enders, optimists, uplifters, prettifiers and puritans," nor did they feel sure that his novels were going to be as free and low as he prophesied. This tactless comment on the athleticism, or lack of it, of his friends put him definitely beyond the pale.

"As if muscles mattered," said John Raines indignantly. "A coarse hunk of raw meat—compared with the delicate nerve ganglions of the brain ——" he paused. "By Jupiter—there's an idea for a corking verse in that."

Edward thought so, too, but did not say so. Instead, in perfect secrecy, he wrote a sonnet, called it The Amazon, and sent it to a magazine.

It had a delicate flavor of decadence, and as he elected to submit it to an editor whose tastes ran toward mauve and violet literature, it was accepted and paid for—one dollar a line—fourteen dollars! Edward's delight at this recognition was intense, but he concealed the emotion as bourgeois. Art for art's sake had been so often exulted in at the sessions of Talk, he could not seem to be pleased by art for fourteen dollars' sake.

Edward, of all his friends, cultivated James Faris only because he knew that if James kept on wanting to be an editor, his people were wealthy enough to buy him a magazine and start one for his plaything. Besides, James had been to Paris. More and more Edward was coming to see that life in America was impossible—there were too many utterly common people absorbed in utterly common lives. Moreover, he knew that his father and mother were among the very most utterly of the common. To go home for vacations irked him frightfully, and now that he had had a poem published, his mother's extravagant elation, her adoring praise, her constant parrot-like affirmation that he was a genius and she had always known it, bored him to excess.

His father had been impressed also, but in a different way. "How much did you say you got for it?" he asked, after reading The Amazon's fourteen lines, which neatly filled out a page.

"I got fourteen dollars."

Mr. Carson reread the verse. Then he delivered his opinion from a full heart. "The editor's a damn fool," he said

In his last year at college Edward wrote several more specimens of verse and sold one of them. He also followed a very usual scheme to make his name known to the few successful if somewhat precious older writers to whose school he felt he would eventually belong. He wrote each of them a letter over which he slaved, a letter in which he discussed the older man's work or some part of it, touched in his admiration with a bit of criticism, and pointed the whole thing so neatly between respect and ironic question that all of those addressed replied. One, more ingenuous than the others, invited him for a visit, so that they might thresh out his implied dissents. Edward accepted and did very well in the rôle of a would-be disciple.

This visit, and the correspondence he opened with the other writers would give him a start, he knew, when he came out of college. He was going to need it. He had won no honors; most of his classmates sheered off from him, instinctively disliking his cold and selfish egotism. Talk had disbanded in his junior year, for John Raines had been graduated the year before, and Rodney Graham was expelled with a very black mark attached to his name.

Only James Faris and Edward were left, and James' family was bringing pressure to bear on him to get at the business of earning his own living. This dished Edward's faint hope that James might be set up as a magazine editor and thus provide an open pathway toward his own brilliant future.

But even James' possible defection into a brokerage house did not really alarm Edward. He felt absolutely certain that he was destined to become America's man of letters. To do him justice, he had worked hard and acquired certain excellent things—an easy knowledge of French and of Italian, a smattering of German, a fair acquaintance with the literature of these three countries, and a better one of English and American literature, and better than these was a detachment and perspective in this knowledge, along with that sort of sophisticated taste which is called Continental, and a quite genuine enthusiasm and flair for words in themselves, and words arranged in phrases of elegance. (Continued on Page 60)

The Hours Passed Easily Away in Company With Those Whose Only Real Activity Was With the Jawbone

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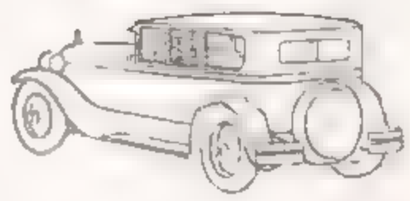

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GETTING ON IN THE WORLD

The Modern Opportunity

I AM asked to discuss, briefly, the matter of getting on in the world. The subject appeals not only to young people who are facing life but to many mature persons who stop midway to take account of their course. And they all are under the delusion that someone else can tell them how to succeed. However, the best that anyone can do for another is to assure him that if he will pay the price his destined measure of success is certain. The next best thing one can do for others is to provide, if possible, opportunities for them to realize their destinies. And the third best thing, perhaps, is to talk the matter over in departments like this, with the thought that in the cross-fertilization of minds some light may arise.

In the end success is to learn the meaning of experience. The chief value and the best thing we get out of life is experience. That seems to be the reason we are here. Some are born with more wisdom than others—which may be the result of experience in previous lives—but the function of this present life is the same in all—namely, to give us more experience and through that to teach us the meaning of life. In this sense undoubtedly everyone is a success.

Pick the Winner

But such views do not satisfy young men who are facing practical life. They want counsel and opinion. They wonder about such questions as—Does industrial standardization throttle initiative? Should a young man go to college? Is a man better off on a job or in business for himself? Should people marry young?

The idea that modern industry narrows a man's chance to show what is in him never arose in the mind of anyone engaged in industry. It comes from bookmen and theorists and reformers and others who read and write, but do not observe and know. Industry itself knows that it can live only by the free contribution of the best initiative of those engaged in it. What is modern industry itself but the fruit of free initiative? The main question answers itself. When you have determined whether there are more men or fewer in industry, whether there are more responsible positions or fewer, whether the call is for more and better men all the time or for fewer and incompetent men, you have answered the question. As compared with the period when the mature business men of today started life, there are now within the reach even of the laboring man a thousand opportunities, literally a thousand, where then there was but one.

Employer or Employe?

THERE is one kind of standardization that deserves special comment, however, and that is the kind that hinders progress. Its source is not industrial, but financial. Standardization in industry means the application of the best we know to the thing we are doing. If a better method appears tomorrow, today's method is scrapped and tomorrow's standardization shows an improvement. This is how true industrialists and engineers proceed. Standardization does not mean freezing all thought into a fixed form so that tomorrow's mind shall be fettered by the outworn methods of yesterday.

This progressive form of standardization is the only kind that satisfies the engineering conscience. But where an industry is under financial instead of engineering control, standardization too often means holding on to old methods and resisting new methods by every possible means. Four years ago, let us say, we built furnaces that, in the modern day, are outclassed. What are we to do? If the control of the business is financial and the principal product of the business is dividends, we probably shall go on with the old furnaces until they are forced out. But if the control is in the hands of engineers, who regard the capital of the business as money furnished by the public that the industry might have the best and cheapest methods for the production of the best quality at the lowest cost to the public, then undoubtedly the old furnaces will go and the new ones will be installed. Where dividends rule and operations are standardized on old and second-rate methods there is danger that standardization really will throttle initiative.

Industrial plants become obsolete more rapidly today than ever before, because discoveries are numerous and improvements come fast. Plants that financiers would gobble up as good things the modern engineer would not touch; he knows how far they fall short of the best.

But even this backward kind of standardization defeats itself; it does not in the end actually throttle initiative. The industrial road is now so wide that young men can pass the slow coaches. That probably is the main reason for the control of business ceasing to be financial and becoming industrial. Under financial control mechanical progress lags; under industrial control it goes forward. All the going concerns show industrial management; most of the ailing ones show financial management. Therein, in that fact, lies the modern young man's hope.

As to whether he is better off in taking a job or in going into business for himself, the young man will be guided by his own instincts and inclinations, and not by what anyone says about it. If he wants to go into business he will find it more easily possible than it ever was. The cry that industry has closed the avenues of independent business is a very conspicuous example of error. In proportion to the population there are more private business enterprises today than ever before. A glance down any business street, comparing it with twenty-five or fifty years ago, will make this clear. Big industry is always the mother of a host of smaller enterprises. Consider, for instance, how many thousands of concerns have been made possible by the automobile. It is the supreme fallacy of thoughtless minds on this subject that any kind of economic success can be monopolistic; no man can make money for himself without making many times more money for people he never saw. So if a young man wants to go into business for himself, the way is easy almost too easy—and the avenues become more and more numerous.

But he ought not to enter any business that he has not learned down to the last detail. If ever he is to succeed in directing others to do it, he must be able to do the thing himself. A young man who imagines that being in business for himself simply means keeping the books and taking in the money and being boss, while others contribute the experience and practical knowledge, that young man soon will learn why so many business enterprises fail.

I make these statements because the inquiry about taking a job or going into business so often assumes that industry has closed the avenues to independent action. It has not. But this is what has occurred: Employment as a career has come into competition with private business as a career. In other days the only way out of the rut was to go into business. Today there is a wider choice. The way out may lie in the direction of employment. The success of employed men runs to larger dimensions in power, usefulness and reward than, as a rule, in private business. Point for point, there are more places and higher places open in employment than in private business. A young man taking employment with the right people has at hand a great organization, a universal tool, that will enable him to show anything that is in him and, with reasonable certainty and speed, allow him to reach his level. If more young men go into employment, with the avenues to private business so numerous and inviting, it must be that the young men see greater opportunity and more security in employment than in the other line.

The Better Half of Success

AS TO college education, it is a subject that does not require so much courage to discuss as it did before college presidents themselves began to tell the truth about it. When a few years ago one said that college was not for everyone it was a dreadful heresy, but now the college authorities themselves say so. My observation has been that with or without college, a wide-awake boy of good type will attain a disciplined mind and a useful career. But here again we find that if a boy wants college there never was a time when it was easier to get—almost too easy. The ease of getting it has decreased its benefits. Boys planning a professional career need college. But with the colleges themselves now discouraging applicants, a layman feels that he may leave the entire matter safely with them.

Should a young man marry? I certainly think he should. Women are so far ahead of men in intuition that a young man cannot be said to have acquired his complete mental equipment until he gets a wife. It is in supplying the woman part of the mind that the wife becomes her husband's helpmeet. There is in every man's wife the very help he needs, but it is his part to find it and use it. Without any mystical or religious implications, I thoroughly believe that husband and wife make a divine combination that nothing can defeat—divine because it conforms to the law of life. Something guides young people to their predestined life companions—when they are the right sort of people to be guided. The young man ought to begin early to acquire a home and a wife. A successful marriage is life's chiefest success. I have observed that people who wait long and wed calculatingly seldom choose as wisely as do young people.

Success is not rare; it is common. Very few miss a measure of it. It is not a matter of luck or of fighting—for certainly no success can come from preventing the success of another. It is a matter of adjusting one's efforts to obstacles and one's abilities to a service needed by others. There is no other possible success. But most people think of it in terms of getting; success, however, begins in terms of giving.

HENRY FORD.

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* * *

Success waits on the man who keeps in line with his thinking that first friend of an active brain,

EVERSHARP

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THE WILDERNESS WOMAN

(Continued from Page 23)

roughest camps in Alaska and he's bucked against trouble ever since he was knee-high to a duck. He's been in a good many tight places without having a police captain to help him out. And all I can say is, I feel mighty sorry for any tinhorn gambler who tries to squeeze dad too hard!"

Burkett felt wordlessly sorry for her, she seemed so valorous and yet so defenseless in a world that she never would and never could understand. They were now in the narrow and crowded tideways of the city, with a thousand commingling noises assailing their ears and a thousand bewildering lights flashing over their heads. She seemed as lost in that tumult as he had been a few months before among the moraines and jack pines of her native mountains.

"Well, we'll find him or know the reason why," proclaimed Burkett as they drew up under the shadow of the Bellmore.

"Of course we'll find him," averred Juneau. And her smile, if coerced, was also courageous. For, strange to relate, this quiet-voiced man at her side, this white-handed but self-reliant man whom she had once called a poodle pup, was making her feel much less friendless and less alone in that multitudinous midnight life which pulsed so incomprehensibly about her. Yet the thing that puzzled her was how and when she was ever going to explain to him that she no longer regarded him as a poodle pup.

"It's mighty generous of you," she said instead, "to go to all this trouble for us."

He laughed almost curtly as he looked at her under the revealing door lights of the Bellmore.

"On the contrary," he contended, "it's one of the most selfish things I've done since I knew you."

"Why is it selfish?"

"Because our company is having trouble in refluming that Skookum Slope property and I think the only man to finish the job is Kadiak MacLean," was Burkett's deliberately matter-of-fact explanation. "Candidly, we're going to need your father out there."

"But suppose he declines to go back?"

"Do you feel he ought to stay here in the city?" demanded Burkett.

"No, I don't think he'll ever be happy here," agreed the girl with the clouded eyes. "And if it wasn't for me I guess he'd go back on the jump."

"Wouldn't you go back?" interrogated Burkett.

"Never!" said Juneau with unexpected vigor. But a moment later she saw fit to modify that ultimatum. "Not unless dad needed me and wanted me."

"But supposing somebody else needed you?" suggested her companion, out of a clear sky.

Juneau's eyes of timber-line clarity studied his defensively smiling face.

"There doesn't happen to be such a person," she gravely explained. "And I think we ought to find that father of mine as soon as we can."

"Of course," agreed Burkett, with an even more defensive parade of briskness. But he stopped for a moment to ask her, "Did you ever hear of a baked Alaska?"

"No," said the perplexed girl. "Why?"

"Because there are times when you rather remind me of one," was his altogether unsatisfactory reply.

x

KADIAK MACLEAN, after being mysteriously conducted to what was described to him as the Hotel Shotwell, on Third Avenue, found a number of things to touch him with vague perplexity. He was perplexed by the self-congratulatory air of the still-fluttered Colonel Krebbs, who on the third occasion soulfully assured his companion that it was the chance of a lifetime. He was perplexed by the modesty of the quarters in which a man of high finance had even temporarily housed himself. And he was perplexed by the enigmatic Judge Britten himself, who turned out to be a large and gorilla-like man with a hand like a ham and a voice like a saxophone.

Kadiak declined to partake of the "real stuff" which the judge boasted of having brought down from Canada. He was, in fact, morose and restless and secretly impatient to get back to Juneau. And as he reluctantly lighted one of the judge's long cigars and scattered ashes across his new Tuxedo vest, his deep-set eyes became less and less ruminative. He was not incredulous of the judge's detailed and dramatic story of how the Rosita Gold Mine—the richest mine in the newer Des Quinze territory—had been so suddenly thrown on the market. And in Colonel Krebbs he sensed an alert and acquisitive disposition which would naturally respond to a chance for easy money. But Kadiak was cautious by nature and slow-moving by instinct. He smoked on so unmoved as the judge produced charts and plots and seal-laden documents that the gorilla-framed man finally swung about to the momentarily quiescent colonel.

"The point is, has your friend got ready money, or hasn't he?" half angrily demanded the man beside the paper-strewn table.

Kadiak could afford to chuckle at that.

"Yuh needn't lose flesh over me an' my roll, pardner," protested the man from Skookum Slope. "I've got a little over thirty-five thousand in my jeans, an' I kin wave six times that much tomorrow mornin' by ten o'clock if it's needed."

"You've got thirty-five thousand dollars in cash?" interrogated the judge, with a perceptible hardening of his jade-green eyes.

"Somewhere about that," casually admitted Kadiak, belatedly tasting a sense of power that belongs only to the moneyed. If he observed the glance that went back and forth between his two companions it made no impression on him.

"Then the question is," pursued the judge, "am I wasting my time on a piker or am I talking to a business man of perception? Briefly, sir, do you want to buy a property worth a quarter of a million, and buy it for a trifle under forty thousand dollars in cash, or do you want to see somebody with a clearer head snap it up?"

"I guess I'm as keen as the next man for a bargain," admitted Kadiak, as he relighted his cigar, "but when I buy I want to know what I'm buyin'."

"Well, here it is as clear as figures can make it," protested the judge. "Here's the whole layout, the legal description and the attested government valuation. On top of that I've shown you the official reports of two mining experts, the duly recorded title of the property in question and the specifications for the spring development work. What more do you want?"

"They're a good-lookin' lot o' documents," acknowledged Kadiak. "But I ain't buyin' documents. I'm buyin' a mine, and I ain't seen that mine."

The judge's gesture was one of exasperation.

"Were you expecting us to bring it down here in a little nickel-plated hand bag?"

"No, pardner, no," placated Kadiak. "But I'm natur'ly a slow mover, an' this here bean-fed mind o' mine keeps groundin' on the undue haste o' this enterprise. There's an ol' sayin', yuh'll recollect, about swappin' pigs in a poke."

"Then I'm wasting your time and mine," averred the judge, as his great fist smote the table. "And now I'm through!"

"Just a moment, gentlemen," interposed the softer-voiced Colonel Krebbs. "I'm responsible for this conference and I don't want any hard feeling over it. So, judge, we'll just leave my old friend Mr. MacLean out of the matter. We'll leave him entirely out of it. I'll buy your mine, and I'll buy it with my own money. I happen to know that property and I know what it will bring in. The only thing is, thirty-odd thousand dollars in cold cash is a lot of money."

"Have you got it?" demanded the judge, fixing him with an opaque eye.

"I can most assuredly have it," averred the other, "when my bank opens in the morning."

The worthy Judge Britten's laugh was a scornful one.

"And by the time your bank's open tomorrow morning I'll be rolling south toward Florida, where I'm swinging a deal that'll make this look like a horse trade. I don't want to argue, gentlemen; and I didn't come here to dicker. You said a man with money was looking for a sound investment. I took your word for it and stayed over. But I've made my offer, and you can take it or leave it."

"I'll take it," promptly asserted the colonel, "if you can give me another hour to round up the cash—unless my friend here sees fit to take my note for a few hours."

But Kadiak unfortunately betrayed no enthusiasm about taking any such note, just as he made no substantial effort to discourage the colonel from appropriating a prize that might so easily have been his own. It was the colonel himself, however, who broke the painfully prolonging silence.

"Just let me slip down to the office and do a little personal phoning," he suggested. "Then in ten minutes I can tell you if we're able to round up that cash or not."

Judge Britten frowningly consulted his watch.

"Then make it snappy," he said, as he started a methodic assembling of the papers scattered about the desk. And unconcerned as he strove to make that movement, there was an obituarial air about the process that prompted the narrow-eyed onlooker to think of a faro dealer gathering up his deck at the end of a profitless game.

But Kadiak waited, silent and patient and slightly perplexed, until the blithe-faced colonel returned to the room.

"It's all right," he announced, with a washing movement of the hands. "I got old Abbott out of bed and he'll have my thirty-eight thousand waiting for me as soon as we can taxi over for it."

Before Kadiak could see his way to accompany the colonel on that unexpected relief expedition, however, the old miner insisted that his companion stop once more at the telephone booth and there call up Perriot's and ask for his daughter. When he was eventually informed that his daughter was no longer at Perriot's, Kadiak, after a moment's thought, instructed his spokesman to call up the Bellmore. From there the agitated Miss Ranck reported that Juneau had not yet returned. But this message did not greatly disturb Kadiak.

"This is sure no place for a girl to go skylarkin' around," he said, as the colonel waited with the receiver in his hand. "But I guess Junie kin take care of herself on the east coast as comprehensive as she's done on the west. She's probably headin' home right now. So yuh tell that book wrangler at the other end o' the wire that I'm at this here Hotel Shotwell an' that I aim to reach the Bellmore in about a half hour's time."

The colonel, for reasons of his own, seemed reluctant to send this message over the wire.

"Tell her," commanded Kadiak, and the colonel saw that it was expedient to do as he was instructed.

Two minutes later they were in a taxicab slithering through unknown streets wrapped in the silence of the city's dogwatch.

"Here's our house," announced the colonel, as they drew up before a none too savory looking brownstone front in a none too savory looking side street. "Come on!"

"I'll jus' set here until yuh step back," averred Kadiak, belatedly swayed by some ghostly hand of caution he could not define.

"But I counted on you coming with me," demurred the colonel.

"I'll wait," asserted Kadiak, and there was a quiet stubbornness in his voice that caused his companion to sit for a moment or two deep in thought.

"All right," he said, in a note of relinquishment as he stepped to the curb. His movements were once more brisk as he mounted the worn stone treads, where, oddly enough, the gloomy-looking door swung back before even a knocker was sounded or a bell was rung. But Kadiak, at the moment, was busy searching for his pipe.

The colonel reëmerged five minutes later and was able to laugh with mingled relief and triumph as he climbed briskly back into the taxicab.

"I've got it!" he proclaimed before they were once more under way. "I've got it right here! And that's the little wad of yellow backs that's going to let me put Hollinger in the piker class."

Kadiak looked down in the uncertain light at a plump roll of bills held together by a rubber band.

"An' yuh're a-goin' t' buy that mine?" he interrogated as he watched his companion insert his roll in a white envelope and seal it up.

"I am," asserted the colonel. "And what's more, I want you to oblige me by witnessing the signatures." He stopped short, as though arrested by a sudden thought. "By the way, do you happen to carry a gun?"

"My Junie made me promise not t' tote that shootin' iron around these parts the same time she made me swear t' cut out the hard stuff," he explained. "But why're yuh worryin' about a gun?"

"New York is New York," was his companion's axiomatic reply. "And I never did like being loaded down with loose money. In fact," the colonel added after a seemingly meditative silence, "I'm going to ask you to carry this for me until those papers are signed and we're ready to pass it over to the judge."

He pressed the plump envelope into Kadiak's slightly reluctant fingers.

"Yuh're the first buckaroo," asseverated the old prospector, as he tucked the envelope down in his pocket, "who's ever trusted me with ready money in this burg."

"I know an honest man when I see one," asserted the colonel, as they returned once more to the room in the Shotwell. "But I still feel I'm hogging this deal, when I ought to be halving it with you. And I still affirm, if you're disposed to make it a fifty-fifty proposition, that I'm willing to let you in on a half interest!"

But Kadiak had no intention of interfering with manifest destiny. He even waved aside a last chance as the scowling judge sat with pen poised, sorrowfully ready to sign away a fortune.

"All right, colonel, the Rosita is yours," the arrested bird of passage finally proclaimed, with a flourish of the pen. "And just where," he pursued as he wrote, "is your thirty-eight thousand?"

Colonel Krebbs, who was standing several paces away from the table, indulged in an indifferent motion toward Kadiak.

"Give it to him," he said with a head nod toward the waiting judge. And slowly and deliberately Kadiak produced the sealed white envelope and placed it on the table before the gorilla-like man with the jade-green eyes.

"What's this?" the latter sharply inquired as he took up the envelope.

"That's your money," explained Kadiak, casually watching the judge as his thick forefinger tore open the envelope.

"What's the point to this joke, anyway?" suddenly demanded the man at the table, for the contents of the opened envelope had revealed themselves as a neatly rolled wad of brown paper.

(Continued on Page 51)

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Kadiak's flaccid lips slowly fell apart. Colonel Krebbs, at the same moment, swung sharply about, inspected the paper wad with obviously startled eyes and turned even more sharply back to the bewildered old prospector.

"Where's my money?" he said, with a husky sort of intentness that added nothing to Kadiak's peace of mind. "Where's my money?" he menacingly repeated, as he clamped an angry hand on the other's ash-strewn coat lapel.

"I'm blessed if I know," acknowledged Kadiak, still blinking with bewilderment.

"This man," proclaimed the grim-jawed colonel, as he tightened his clutch on Kadiak's coat, "has thirty-eight thousand dollars of mine. He's got it, and he knows he's got it, and inside of twenty seconds I want that money back."

The judge had risen from his chair and ponderously rounded the table end. He stopped, however, to swing open a drawer as he perceived the vigor with which the old miner pushed the sallow-faced colonel to one side.

"Keep your hands offn me!" cried Kadiak, awakening to both the unjustness of the accusation with which he was being confronted and the violence to which his person was being subjected. "Git your hand offn me or I'll sure forgit myself an' start messin' up this purty hotel room!"

"I want that money!" repeated the man with the ominously narrowed eye.

"Then git it!" challenged the suddenly indignant Kadiak, as he squared his long and sinewy arms for action.

But it was the judge who interposed at this point. He interposed with a flat-bodied automatic pistol in his hand as he shouldered closer in beside the embattled miner.

"Put your hands up!" he curtly and authoritatively commanded. "Get 'em up quick! You can't pull that Wild-Western stuff in this town, you mule-hearted old horse thief!"

But Kadiak betrayed no intention of putting up his hands. The fires that burned in his indignant old body would not permit of any such passive surrender. Instead of obeying that command, he broke into unexpected action. He flung himself on the judge, seizing the blunt pistol barrel in the sinewy fingers of his left hand as he struck at the mocking square face with his clenched right hand. But before he could strike a second time the colonel had seized him from behind, pinioning his crooked elbows close in against his ribs and holding the writhing figure almost clear of the floor as the judge turned to the bed and jerked free its two linen sheets. With these, promptly twisted into a rope, he bound and trussed the still twitching arms and securely tied the grotesquely flailing legs.

"You make a holler, you old hard-shell, and I'll tap you on the bean with this!" proclaimed the gorilla-like man as he flourished his automatic before the wrinkle-webbed face that was oddly blue-white over the cheek bones. "Now, colonel, take back your money while I've got him covered."

Kadiak could feel the quick, exploring hand going through his pockets, and as he watched, comprehension slowly came to him.

"Git it all," he mocked with a venomous sort of quietness.

"I intend to," retorted the quick-fingered man going through the capacious pockets.

"Ain't this rougher stuff than yuh usually pull on your friends from the sticks?" inquired the coal-eyed Kadiak. "Ain't it consider'bly cruder than crooked poker games an' wildcattin' an' sellin' gold bricks to the rubes?"

"Shut up!" said the man called the judge. He was watching the man known as Colonel Krebbs while the latter hurriedly thumbed through a plump roll of bills taken from Kadiak's wallet.

"Ain't yuh overlookin' a hundred or so in my back pants pocket?" taunted Kadiak, still uselessly tugging at his twisted sheets. But that question remained unanswered.

"Let's beat it," curtly muttered the unjudicial-speaking judge as he pocketed the spoils of an overprolonged campaign, "before this old sidewinder starts to spill his squeal."

XI

BURKETT, after the heavy-eyed Miss Ranck had duly explained that Kadiak MacLean might be found at the Hotel Shotwell, did his utmost to persuade Juneau to go to bed and get the rest she needed. But Juneau had no intention of going to bed. Instead, as Burkett stood waiting, hat in hand, she quietly proceeded to the second drawer of the chifforobe in her father's room, where she knew he kept his discarded old Alaska shooting iron hidden beneath an opulent layer of new plaited-front shirts. She looked the blue-metal revolver over with a casual eye, made sure it was loaded, and dropped it into the side pocket of her fur coat. She was even able to smile as she rejoined Burkett and they hurried to the elevator.

"It will soon be morning," he said, as he piloted her through the empty foyer. "Do you mind going about with me like this?"

"I mind keeping you up all night," she said, waiting beside him as he stopped to obtain the address of the Shotwell from a telephone book. "But I like being with you."

"I like having you," he acknowledged, as they stepped into his waiting car again. "But I can't help wishing you'd let the police do this instead of—of us."

"Are you nervous about it?" she inquired.

"I'm nervous about you," was the most he would admit.

"Well, you needn't be," she assured him, as they sat so companionably shoulder to shoulder in the swaying car. "That's almost as foolish as worrying about my poor old pop. He's been a mighty level-headed man all his life. But I'm beginning to realize how different it is here and how terrible this city life has been for him. He's had nothing to do and nothing to think about. He was just a lonely old man, aching to get back into life in some way; and when this impossible colonel showed a little friendliness toward him, dad just shut his eyes to everything else. But he'll open them again, you'll see, if they crowd him a little too close."

"Let's hope he's got them open in time," proclaimed Burkett. "And also that he's already on his way home. This sort of thing isn't a woman's work. It's a man's place to protect women from scenes of violence."

"But I may be different," she protested, "from the women you've known."

"You are," he averred. "But I'm beginning to suspect it doesn't go so deep as I thought. You haven't a craving for this sort of thing, have you?"

"What sort of thing?" she asked.

"Violence."

She seemed to be thinking this over for a moment or two.

"No, I believe I hate violence," she finally acknowledged, "though I've seen enough of it in my time. But I think I've changed in my feelings during the last few months. I guess I'm getting civilized."

"I know you've changed," he admitted.

"Perhaps not so much as you imagine," she warned him. "There's certain things I've learned, of course, but there's so many other things always just a little beyond my understanding, and it's hard to fit the two sides together. I've found it's not good form to eat butter for dinner, for instance, but I can't understand why if I like a person it isn't proper to tell him so."

"Would you tell me if you liked me?" he interrogated, and he tried to make the question a casual one.

"I didn't hesitate when I was feeling the other way, did I?" she demanded.

"But we didn't know each other then," he condoned.

"Do you think we ever know each other?" she questioned.

"I'd like tremendously to know you," he found the courage to proclaim.

"I'm afraid you've found out a good deal too much about me tonight," she said, with her defensive small laugh. "I shouldn't have gone to that Perriot place. I know it now. And I shouldn't have gone with those impossible people. But I didn't have much choice. I think I had a sort of hunger to make up for lost time and see life, all kinds of life, but especially some new kind; and when there was nobody to show me the right side of it, I was reckless enough to have a try at the other side."

He suspected, for a moment, there was some hidden reproof in that confession.

"But I tried to tell you it was the wrong kind," he reminded her.

"I'm a woman," was her elliptical reply to that.

"Well," he said, as they drew up in front of the Shotwell, "we'll have to work out a better plan for the future, and the sooner we start the better."

Her questioning eye followed him as he stepped out of the car. She was in search, apparently, of some trace of his earlier mockery, the mockery of which she stood so persistently afraid. But his face was serious enough as he glanced up and down the sordid street and then studied the reticent red-brick building confronting them.

"I don't like the look of this place," he said, as he turned back to the car. "Would you mind waiting here for a moment or two?"

"I'd rather go with you," she protested.

"In the face of what we were just saying?" he demanded as he looked back into her eyes, the eyes that made him think of a wind-ruffled pool. She was still studying his face, studying it with a childlike intentness that did not add to his comfort.

"I'll wait," she said, with a deeper breath that was almost a sigh.

Burkett left her there and stepped into the musty-odored hotel office, where a sleepy mulatto youth lounged behind the desk with a pink-tinted sporting paper over his knees. This vacuous youth, after racking his memory, recalled that a rawboned old stranger from the big sticks had been escorted to Judge Britten's room on the third floor, and he understood it was for a poker party.

"Well, I want to join that party," Burkett casually explained, as he slipped a bill into the mulatto's languid fingers. And the latter, having balanced a half-smoked cigarette on a radiator pipe, left his office cage and shufflingly ushered the newcomer into an iron-grilled elevator that mounted slowly to the floor desired.

Burkett waited until the elevator as slowly descended. Then he moved quietly along the hall until he reached the door from behind which came the sound of muffled voices. He stood there, leaning close to the soiled and faded panels. But he listened only for a moment. For what he heard prompted him to reach for the knob beside him and quietly turn it. When he saw that the door was locked he backed quickly away from its abraded frame and charged against it with a force that made him think of his earlier football days. There was a splintering of wood and he went shouldering into the room where two sullenly startled faces stared at him across the smoke-misted air. Behind them he saw the gaunt figure of Kadiak MacLean, backed against the wall, trussed and grim and silent, oddly like a totem pole in his diagonal swathings of twisted sheet ropes. But before Burkett could recover himself, the larger of the two men beside the desk had swung sharply around. As he did so he trained his blunt-barreled automatic directly on the newcomer's white shirt front.

"Back up against that wall," was his curt command; and whatever Burkett's original impulse may have been, a second glance at the barrel end so uncomfortably close to his ribs prompted him to back slowly away until he stood beside the saturninely smiling Kadiak.

"Who's this bird, anyway?" demanded the man with the pistol, as his confederate stooped to catch up the hand bag so abruptly dropped by the other. Instead of opening that bag, however, he merely jerked loose the two broad leather straps encircling it.

"I don't know who he is," was the indifferently venomous answer, "and I don't much care. But if he makes a move before I get these straps on him, shoot a hole through his hide, and do it quick."

A white rage of indignation flowed through Burkett's body as he felt the straps buckled tight about his wrists and ankles.

"You'll pay for this," he said, pallid with impotent anger.

"Cut out that whining," commanded the man with the automatic; and he remained so indifferent to any such purposeless threat from his captive that he crossed to the worn plush chair where his hat and overcoat lay.

"Nice quiet li'l' camp, this city o' yours!" was Kadiak's sardonic mutter to his companion in misery.

"It'll be quieter when these two criminals are put where they belong," was Burkett's futilely savage retort.

"Who'll put us there?" taunted his enemy, as he struggled into his overcoat.

"Yes, who'll put us there?" repeated the smaller of the two men, as he backed guardedly toward the door; and the answer to that question was so unexpected that Burkett could feel a tingle of nerves go eddying up and down his body.

"I will!" announced a singularly cool and self-possessed young voice.

The startled Burkett looked up and beheld, where the lockless door had swung open, the figure of the fur-clad woman whom he had left waiting in his car. She stood under the shadowing lintel with her eyes half closed, the slight forward tilt of her torso giving an odd air of intensity to her pose. Burkett could find no reason for her absurd self-assurance, as her quick but cool glance moved from figure to figure, until his bewildered eye fell on the preposterous long-barreled revolver which she held poised in her right hand. But it was more than ludicrous; it was malignant. It looked black and menacing and overheavy for the hand that held it. But he could see no wavering in that projecting line of metal. He noticed, however, that it slued suddenly to one side as the larger gorilla-bodied man on her right broke the statuelike immobility of the group by lowering a cautiously groping hand to his coat pocket.

"Stop it!" she said in her husky contralto, taking three quick steps that brought her so close to him that she was able to press the dark barrel end against his slightly protuberant stomach. "Stick up those hands! Stick 'em up quick! Now, keep 'em there, or I'll put a slug of lead through your pot-bellied carcass quicker than hell could scorch a feather!"

Her intent eyes remained on his cheese-colored face as she reached out to his side pocket and drew forth the automatic which he had dropped there. Not once did she look down at it and not once did she remove the menacing barrel end of her own revolver from his vest front. But as she explored the strange weapon, explored it with interrogative and abstracted fingers, she observed out of the tail of her eye a stealthy movement from the man called the colonel. The discovery of that sent her backing away toward the open door. She moved quietly but determinedly, with her eyes still studiously half narrowed. She stopped only when her back was against the soiled frame. From that position, obviously, she could command a better view of the room.

"Try another trick like that," she promptly warned him, "and you'll be carried out of here feet first."

It was then that Burkett found silence no longer bearable. There was a limit to such things, and that limit had been reached. It was absurd and unfair and everything that a woman should avoid, should be shielded from.

"Keep out of this!" he cried out to her, as he struggled with the strap buckle cutting his wrist. "You've simply got to keep out of this!"

(Continued on Page 53)

TASTE the better flavor that ripeness adds

and you'll always want the ripeness that makes bananas so easy to digest

YOU like bananas—and no wonder. They have an appetizing, satisfying flavor that is like nothing else in the world. Yet you should taste the sweet deliciousness of this all-food fruit when it is fully ripe. Then the banana is at its best, in flavor and in wholesomeness.

The mellow ripeness that adds better flavor makes bananas easy to digest. Soft boiled eggs are one of the most easily digested foods. Yet they require about three and one-half hours for digestion, while ripe bananas are digested in about half that time.

That is why bananas are so good for children. They are easy to digest, and are full of the nourishing carbohydrates that replenish energy exhausted in busy days of play.

Be sure of ripeness. Buy bananas by the dozen—or by the "hand"—and let them ripen at home. Don't put them in the ice chest, for cold interferes with the ripening process. Room temperature that is comfortable for you is right for bananas. Keep them out in a bowl or dish. When all green is gone from the tip and the golden skin is flecked with brown, bananas are fully ripe and at their best.

Partially Ripe Banana — Yellow with green tip . . . In this state bananas are best used for cooking as a vegetable.

Yellow Ripe Banana without trace of green . At this stage the fruit has a delicious flavor and is readily digested.

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(Continued from Page 51)

"Not on your life!" proclaimed the girl with the outlandish-looking firearm clutched in her fingers. "I've been souring for this. I've kept out of things so long I've got to get a little action out of my system or blow up; and as for you two human buzzards," she cried with ever-mounting atavistic anger, as she swung about on her sullen-eyed captives, "as for you two night-prowling coyotes, I'm going to show you a little real shootin'! You've pulled your rough stuff on my poor old pop, and because I've come out of the wilderness you've thought you could work your yokel-yanker game on me along with that maltreated old man over there; and while we were treating you like a white man and trusting you like a sky pilot, you were so rotten with deceit you weren't fit to sell wooden nutmegs to a reservation Siwash. You've sure had your innings, you human puff adder from the hills of Kentucky, and now I'm going to have mine. And d' you know what I'm going to do with you?" she demanded with an ever-increasing tension of rage in her rising voice. "I'm going to show you what we do to your breed of polecat out in the tall timber where we haven't any police captains in brass buttons to keep the catamounts out of our bacon box. I'm going to take the law in my own hands and I'm going to put daylight into ——"

"You can't do that!" cried Burkett, as he writhed free of the straps that held him and ran half stumbling toward her.

"Watch me!" she cried, with the old-time slumberous light once more flaming in her eyes.

"You're crazy!" shouted Burkett, as he threw himself in front of her. "You can't kill a man!"

"Can't I?" she stormed, trying to edge about his blockading body.

"I won't have that against you!" he cried, as he flung his arms about her. "I won't have a thing like that hanging over you!" he shouted, as he tightened his clasp and pinned her fur-clad elbows close to her sides. She did not struggle against him. Instead, she lifted her colorless face and looked searchingly into his, equally colorless. And something fell away from her as she stared at him, like sleep falling away from a person roughly awakened. The squared underlip relaxed; the frown faded from the cloudy brow; the embattled look went out of the thunderstorm eyes with the animal-like glow still at their center. And Burkett, watching that transition, mistily thought of a pounded piano with the soft-pedal suddenly pushed down.

"Watch your man there, Junie!"

It was Kadiak's cry of warning as he looked up from his struggle with the twisted sheets encompassing his body. He even tried to spring forward, when he saw that his warning was coming too late. But as he fell lurching across the disordered bed, with his feet still hobbled, a second and more violent movement flung Burkett and the woman he held roughly aside. The gorilla-like man and his companion, realizing their chance, had bolted for the open door, had reached that door and vanished.

"Yuh let 'em git away!" cackled the indignant Kadiak, as he extended a long and accusatory finger toward the man still clinging to his daughter. "Yuh let 'em git away with a good thirty thousand dollars o' mine!"

"Give me that pistol!" cried Burkett, reaching for the firearm in Juneau's suddenly withdrawn hand.

"What will you do with it?" she demanded, still studying his face.

"I'll get after them!" he shouted, fighting for the revolver, which she held beyond his reach.

"I won't let you!" she proclaimed, holding him back as he struggled foolishly toward the door.

"Why?" he challenged.

"They might kill you," was her faintly tremulous reply.

"I'll take a chance on that!" he cried, as he succeeded in freeing himself from her clasp. But she followed him as he ran down the hall and found it empty. She stood behind him, with her heavy weapon at half arm, as he peered about corners and explored the stairway that circled the iron-grilled elevator shaft.

"They've gone," he admitted, as he leaned against the sulphur-colored wall and mopped his forehead.

"And took thirty-odd thousand in cold cash along with 'em," asseverated the palsied Kadiak, as he appeared in the doorway with the end of a twisted sheet in his lanky fingers. "Junie, why in Sam Hill didn't yuh plug that pie-eatin' city crook when yuh sure had the chance?"

There were violet shadows of weariness under Juneau's eyes as she stood thinking this over.

"It's not being done in the East, dad," she said, with the bitterness of a twofold frustration in her voice. "And I guess they're civilizing the fighting blood out of my system. I'm getting tamed."

Kadiak failed to see the look that passed between Burkett and the girl with the violet shadows under her eyes.

"They'll sure eat cold lead when I clap eyes on 'em ag'in," proclaimed the old miner as he took the hat and coat that the silent Burkett was holding out for him. "And it ain't so much the money I resent, though I've seen the day I'd face a den o' grizzlies for a third o' that figger. It's bein' manhandled and hog-tied by a pair o' tinhorn bunko steerers that pizens my blood. And when I encounter 'em ag'in, as I sure will, there's goin' to be some fusilladin' in this fair city of the East."

"Will we ever see them again?" asked Juneau as, without protest, she let Burkett take the revolver from her tired hand.

"I'm afraid not," said Burkett. "They've made their haul and they'll show a clean pair of heels."

Juneau's shadowy eyes were on her father, who was struggling slowly into his coat.

"I guess we've got enough to be thankful for, dad, remembering we're still alive and kicking."

"Enough t' be thankful for!" cried Kadiak. "Why ——"

But that was as far as he got, for a near-by door opened and a frowzy head appeared in the uncertain light.

"Say, if you night birds don't want to sleep," proclaimed an indignant guttural voice, "you'd better go and hire a hall to do your shouting in."

"Let's get out of here," said Burkett, in a reaction of wearied listlessness that left everything about him squalid and sinister and self-frustrating; and his face remained morose as they filed silently down the narrow stairway that circled the elevator shaft.

His silence seemed to trouble the shadowy-eyed woman at his side as they stepped out to the street, where the first gray light of morning was showing thinly above the housetops.

"About everything I did was wrong, wasn't it?" she questioned, as her unhappy eyes met his.

"No; I was wrong, or we wouldn't have needed to wade through all this violence."

"You hate me for it?" she ventured.

He laughed at that, quietly and without bitterness.

"No, I don't hate you," he said. "But I hate myself for not being man enough to help you when you must have needed help."

"You have helped me," she protested in her husky contralto. She felt singularly alone and trivial and overlooked in the uncomprehended and uncomprehending city that was awakening about her. She felt homesick, homesick for something she could not define, and the thought that he was leaving her did not add to her happiness. "Yes, you've helped," she said, as she stared down the pallid cañon of the street, where a milk wagon rumbled and an early sweeper whistled.

"That's not a patch on what I'm going to do in the future," proclaimed Burkett, as he looked into her troubled eyes, where for all her valor some inverted ensign of helplessness mutely called for help.

But, a moment later, it was Burkett's turn to look troubled.

"I'm afraid we'll have to call a taxi," he somewhat gloomily explained, "for I find the colonel and his friend have taken my car."

XII

WHEN Juneau awoke at two o'clock the next afternoon she found Miss Ranck and her father mysteriously packing hand bags. She thought for a moment that Kadiak had summarily decided to return to Skookum Slope, that he was flying from an effete East that had failed to live up to his expectations; and a pang of protest went through her at the thought of any such retreat.

She was not a bunch quitter. She could never be a lone-hander in the game of life. And although the reason for it was not clearly defined, the city that murmured beneath her windows now seemed less remote from her, less alien to her.

"This looks like breaking camp, dad," she said, as she invaded the living room littered with clothing and suitcases. "Has anything happened?"

"We're tryin' t' stop something from happenin'," explained Kadiak, as he planted a wide foot on an overfull valise to force it shut. "Burkett's been telephonin' here for the last hour and a half, wantin' t' talk t' yuh. But I told him yuh was gittin' your beauty sleep and couldn't be disturbed."

"And what did he say?"

"He said yuh plumb didn't need it," retorted Kadiak, as he tugged at a strap. "Yuh see, Junie, it seems the p'lice or somebody has spilled the beans about what happened last night. It's sure known there was something doin' in the old town and the newspapers are tryin' t' nose out the details. So Burkett says it'll save yuh a lot o' talk and trouble if we jus' quietly duck for cover."

"Duck for cover?" repeated a somewhat indignant Juneau. "I can't see that we've done anything to hide away from."

"That's what I told young Burkett," asserted the solemn-eyed old miner. "But he's so crazy t' git us out o' the city before them scandal hounds lay ahold of our tails that he's arranged t' have us smuggled down the employes' elevator and out to a car he'll have waitin' for us."

"And then what?" asked the studious-orbed Juneau.

"Then he's runnin' us out to a place o' his somewheres near Morristown," continued the stoically neutral Kadiak. "That's jus' across the Jersey line, where the city plutocrats go out and play at cow farmin'. He's keepin' us there for two or three weeks, pickin' daisies and herdin' the shorthorns until the dust kind o' settles down ag'in round these quarters."

"But how could the police know anything about what happened last night?" demanded his kimono-clad daughter, fixing him with a slightly accusatory eye.

"Yuh needn't blame me, Junie," was Kadiak's acidulated retort. "I was a guileless sucker and I'm a-goin' t' take my loss without a squeal; and I guess I've got enough left t' keep me from worryin' my appetite away. But when Burkett reported his high-price car bein' stole that way, I s'pose he naturally had t' hand over a few particulars. At any rate, we're migratin' to the open meadows where the moo cows don't know a gold brick from a burdock plant."

"But I haven't said I wanted to go to those open meadows," proclaimed the mistily perplexed young woman with the even more mistily combative underlip. She wondered, as she spoke, why some disturbing new sense of distance should be rising like valley fog between her and her father. That, she promptly decided, was something which would have to be fought and conquered.

"Burkett seems t' be managin' this show," was Kadiak's none too hurried retort.

"So it seems!" observed Juneau, with a show of ferocity which she altogether failed to feel. But Kadiak, knowing that note of old, kicked a hatbox out of an armchair and resignedly sat down.

"Yuh know, Junie," he began, not without difficulty, "this here young Burkett is considerable more of a manager than I gave him credit for. He ain't no Goliath t' look at, maybe, but he's got a strength o' will and a reg'lar he-weasel quickness o' movement that yuh've plumb got to take your hat off to. There's more ways than one, I've been thinkin', o' bein' strong."

But Juneau's restless mind obviously was not overclosely fixed on Kadiak's cogitations.

"What sort of place has he out at Morristown?" she was demanding.

"Why, that's his rooral home, and his father's rooral home b'fore him. He says it's about half farm and half a retreat for flanneled oafs and idlers and half a rat hole t' pour money into. And he laid out t' me that while I was makin' up my mind about goin' back and takin' charge o' their Western flume work I could play winter golf on a private green and go hoss ridin' on a polo pony."

"Then he's spoken to you about going back to Skookum Slope?" inquired the young woman with the meditative brow.

"He mentioned something along that line," confessed Kadiak, evading her eye.

"And what did you say?"

Kadiak tried to make his frown a lugubrious one as he searched through his pockets for his pipe.

"I said that while to a Westerner the thought o' goin' West was never overly loathsome, it couldn't be done. For who, says I, is a-goin' to take care o' my Junie?"

"And what did Alan say when you asked him that?" demanded the woman with the slowly deepening color.

Kadiak's chuckle was an unexpectedly placid one.

"Why, he was plumb serious about that. He put a hand on my old shoulder bone and looked me kind o' steady in the eye and says, 'I'm a-goin' t' take care o' Juneau, God willin'!'"

It was a silver-gray afternoon, three weeks later, when Juneau suddenly decided to go to the station with the car to meet Burkett on his way out from the city. The mid-December rain of the early morning had turned to sleet, the sleet had turned to ice, and the world was frosted with an accumulating glacé covering that bowed down the tree branches and carpeted the lawns with argentine and under a slowly clearing sky left the North Jersey hills spangled and smothered in countless drifts of diamonds. Maple trees became cascades of light-diffusing color, and willows turned into motionless waterfalls of amethysts and opals. Familiar vistas took on a touch of unreality and stately avenues of trees bowed down like a tired army fallen asleep. The ice glare made the eyes ache; and with the stopping of the storm, the world seemed to stop, like a clock run down.

But a sleet storm is a sleet storm, and numerous overjeweled tree limbs, in falling, had short-circuited the rural feed wires, imposing an unnatural gloom on the high-pillared house of field stone between its sheltering elms and leaving the overquiet rooms full of shadows. And Juneau, for the first time since she had crossed that threshold, felt singularly and abysmally alone in the world.

She combated that feeling of abandonment by putting on her shaggy sports coat of coonskin and telling Hense, the chauffeur, that she would motor in with him to meet the afternoon train. Yet her heart was waywardly heavy as she waited before the low-roofed station, where to the right and the left the slow-wheeling motor cars crunched over the icy pavement and parked in serried lines. They reminded her in some way of the immensity of life, of the unreckoned and unreckoning homes for which they functioned, of the countless aliens so solemnly intent on their own ends and so

forlornly campaigning for their own happiness.

Yet she smiled valorously enough when Burkett swung down from his coach steps and stopped abruptly before her unexpected figure.

"Hensel's waiting in the car," she said, primarily to get rid of the absurd lump in her throat.

Burkett sobered before the solemnity of her eyes, where he once more caught sight of some inverted ensign mutely pleading for help. But he suspected, at the moment, that she was thinking mostly of Kadiak.

"He got off all right," explained Burkett. He said this with studied casualness as they moved with the stream of traffic toward the open station end.

"Did—did he seem depressed?" asked Juneau, not conscious of the arm which Burkett had so companionably slipped through her own.

"Honestly, I'm afraid he wasn't," came the slightly retarded reply.

"I know," acknowledged the girl, with a choke in her voice. "He's really going home. It will always be home to him out there—always! It's the life he loves, the only life he's ever really lived."

"And he left you in my hands," asserted Burkett, as they stopped where Hensel awaited them. If the man beside her noticed a slight change of coloring in the oval cheek above the shaggy coonskin collar, he chose to disregard it. He turned away, in fact, as he stood beside the open car door and glanced up at the clearing sky.

"How about walking home?" he quietly suggested. "I know a short cut through the fields that ought to make it rather worth while on a day like this."

"I'd like to," acknowledged Juneau. But she avoided meeting his glance as they waited for the platform to clear and watched the last car crunch away over the ice-covered roads.

Then they began to walk. They walked side by side, without speaking, until the town had been left behind them. And once they were in the open country, where the silver-white fields glistened in the waning sunlight and a thousand prismatic hues hung over the glittering hedges, they seemed in a world of their own, a world strangely altered and etherealized by the pearl-tinted wash of refracted light that made Juneau's eyes narrow with their old-time mountain squint.

"Isn't it beautiful?" she whispered, stopping before a grove of white birches with their heads bowed so low they seemed to be praying, praying where a thousand pagan castanets of frozen twigs began to chink and chatter in the colder wind that came out of the west.

"It looks like a wedding cake," averred the man at her side—"a freshly frosted one. And see how some of those birch trees are actually touching the ground."

He helped her over a broken wall, where, he protested, the ice-covered field stones reminded him of Brazil nuts dipped in sirup, and stopped to show her how every one of the multitudinous icicles about them pointed a trifle westward, lashed and warped that way by the earlier east wind of the morning. Even the raspberry canes, in their universal crystal coating, had become ponderous things, as thick as walking sticks, and the glass blades under their feet had been converted into a thick-piled rug of pearl and green, clashing and crunching as their invading steps ruptured its brittle surface.

From a row of Lombardy poplars, drooping and dispirited with too much grandeur, an occasional branch fell with a report like a musket shot, as though sniped at by some unseen marksman. And when the lowering sun came out from behind a lonely cloud, flushed with rose, a million spears of light flashed and glittered through the crystal-minareted valley.

"It's like fairyland," proclaimed Juneau, stopping for a moment to stare at that transformed world.

"Isn't it a rather arctic one?" asked Burkett, looking not at the hills and groves and thickets incrusted with ice, but at the dusky warm cheek above the coonskin collar and the half-closed eyes shadowed by their thickly planted lashes. "But I suppose this is pretty tame to what you get up in your own country."

"I won't hear a word said against my country," she said with an abrupt loss of abstraction. "People think of it as a terrible place, simply because they don't know it. But it's really beautiful, if you understand it. Even its winters are beautiful, and in summer it's a land of flowers, of the loveliest wild flowers you ever saw. They've a sort of wild pansy up in Alaska that's more beautiful than anything I've seen in the East, and we have forget-me-nots and bluebells and more things than I can remember."

To Burkett, at the moment, she seemed the only touch of warmth and color in an unbroken wilderness of ice.

"Then your country's about as misunderstood as you are," he ventured, as he reached out for the arm which she had withdrawn from his.

"Why should I be misunderstood?" she asked, though her frown vanished before that serio-comic gesture of appropriation. And she breathed deeper as he stopped short with her gloved hand imprisoned in his.

"To be quite frank, I feel you haven't had a great deal of tenderness in your life," he told her, "and I think you deserve it."

"Why?"

"Because you were made for it," he contended.

"But I think I've been getting it," she protested; "so much more than I've a right to. Think how kind you've all been since I came out here. And, now I begin to understand them, I really like your friends."

"How about me?" he said, with the protective brusquerie that is the shell of the sensitive.

"I like those quiet and courteous people," pursued Juneau, disregarding his interruption, "who've tried so hard to make me happy and have me fit in, and I like their way of living. It appeals to something I must have been born with. It's so old and established and ——"

"—— and regimented and drum-majored and drill-sergeanted into humdrumness!" interrupted Burkett for the second time.

"No," she contended, refusing to be shaken out of her seriousness; "it's organized that way to save itself. I can see it now. It's like a machine that has to run smooth or it would shake itself to pieces, I suppose. It's like road rules where the traffic is crowded. And behind it there's that other smooth-running machinery, that terribly complicated home life trying to keep itself simple in a crowd of other homes that are so quiet and yet so complete. But I don't believe you're even listening to me."

The smile had gone from his face as he looked down at her where she had stopped before a close-clipped barberry hedge. That hedge had been turned into a solid wall of ice through which the glowing red berries burned like jewels imprisoned in a bastion of opalescent glass.

"Then you're not lonely here?" he asked.

She stooped to run her gloved fingers along the solidified top of that rampart of crimson and green and opal.

"I would be," she answered, "if it wasn't for you."

She said it without guile and without shame, and her eyes were solemn as she turned to watch the glowing golden ball of the sun go down behind the shouldering hills.

"Then couldn't I always try to keep you from being lonely?" he ventured, with a quietness that the faint *vibrato* in his voice tended to contradict.

"What does that mean?" she asked, as she slowly lifted her turbaned head to study his face.

"It means I want to marry you," he said.

Their valley, where the sun had gone under, now lay as listless and blue-gray as a dead man's face in the twilight. But Burkett was in no wise conscious of that vanished glory. For he chanced to be looking down into the pool-brown depth of a pair of forlornly questioning eyes and watching the misty red warmth of a woman's sorrowfully smiling mouth.

"That isn't enough," she whispered, almost reprovingly.

"It's everything," he contended.

"Only if you love me, too," she reminded him.

"But I do," he asserted, unhappy in a reticence that could not be lightly beaten down.

"Then why don't you say so?" cried Juneau.

"I wanted to be sure ——"

"Then why don't you do something?" she demanded.

"But I have to know first about your own feelings, about ——"

"My own feelings!" gasped Juneau. "Oh, you adorable, blundering, overcivilized blind man, can't you see what my own feelings are? D'you know what I want to do at this very moment? I want to hug you to death."

"Then you care a little?" he asked in his lover's own foolish way as he put his arms around her fur-clad body.

"I love you so much," she declared, "that it hurts." And on top of her prolonging small coo of rapture she suddenly cried out, "Kiss me!"

The twilight had deepened when she lifted her head from his shoulder and drew back to study his face. Yet a moment later she had seized him once more in her arms and was straining him to her side.

"Oh, Alan, I'm still a wilderness woman!" she gasped, as she suddenly broke away from his arms. "And I'm terribly afraid you'll never altogether tame me."

He looked down at the luminous eyes with the new softness in their depths.

"I don't want you tamed," he declared.

"But I must be," she said, reaching for his hand. "I must be—a little."

"I'm afraid life will do that for us," he murmured, as he kissed the pugnacious red mouth with the new half smile of happiness about its corners.

(THE END)

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 26)

and coddling; women teachers; the war; and prohibition.

It certainly would appear that something is wrong with education.

Or just possibly something was wrong with the symposium.

A number of teachers commented that, as is frequently the case with symposia, the only people who were not asked to give their opinions were those who had given their lives to the study of the subject.

—*Morris Bishop.*

Help! Help!

OH, BROAD are the standards of beauty,
For some like the tall stately queen,
And others are strong for the cutie
With nothing but fluff in her bean;
And there is no reason to quarrel
With those who are specially fond
Of hair that is raven or sorrel,
Or goldenly, gorgeously blond.
But men would be sad, broken wretches
If ever they came on a day
When women resembled the sketches
That artists of fashions portray,
The dreadable sketches
Incredible sketches,
That artists of fashions portray!

Tubercular ladies who simper
With circular blobs for their lips,
Pale morons just ready to whimper,
Moon faces in partial eclipse,
Strange changelings whose lines anatomic
Conform to no form and no type.
Queer phantoms whose fare gastronomic
Is probably pickles and tripe.
Though Art of this caliber fetches
Almost unbelievable pay,
Should women resemble these sketches
We'd flee in sheer panic, away,
Away to where nobody etches
Or pencils or paints to portray
Such terrible wretches,
Unbearable wretches,
As shown in these curious, spurious
sketches,
Which artists of fashions portray!

—*Berton Braley.*

Lullaby Town

THERE'S a quaint little place they call
Lullaby Town—
It's just back of those hills where the sunsets
go down.
Its streets are of silver, its buildings of
gold,
And its palaces dazzling things to behold;
There are dozens of spires, housing musical
chimes,
Its people are folk from the Nursery Rimes,
And at night it's alight, like a garden of
gleams,
With fairies, who bring the most wonderful
dreams.

The Sandman is Mayor, and he rules like a
King.
The climate's so balmy that, always, it's
spring,
And it's never too cold, and it's never too
hot,
And I'm told that there's nowhere a prettier
spot;
All in and about it are giant old trees,
Filled with radiant birds that will sing when
you please;
But the strange thing about it—this secret,
pray, keep—
Is, it never awakes till the world is asleep.

So when night settles down all its lights snap
aglow,
And its streets fill with people who dance to
and fro—
Mother Goose, Old King Cole and his fiddlers,
all three,
Miss Muffet, Jack Sprat and his wife,
scamper free,
With a whole host of others, a boisterous crew,
Not forgetting the Old Lady Who Lived in a
Shoe
And her troublesome brood who, with brownie
and sprite,
Go trooping the streets, a bewildering sight.

There's a peddler who carries, strapped high
on his back,
A bundle. Now, guess what he has in that
pack.
There's a crowd all about him a-buying his
wares,
And they're grabbing his goods up in threes
and in pairs.
No, he's not peddling jams nor delectable
creams.
Would you know what he's selling? Just
wonderful dreams!

There are dreams for a penny and dreams
that cost two;
And there's no two alike, and they're sure to
come true;
And the buyers fare off with a toss of the head,
And they visit the Sandman, then hie them
to bed;
For there's nothing to do in this land of
Bo-Peep,
But to frolic and sing and then go off to
sleep!

—*Irving Dillon.*

To Save Your Tires

Use this Gauge Regularly

Too little air is quickly fatal to tires.

Guessing at your inflation is apt to prove costly.

Test all your tires regularly with a Schrader Tire Gauge.

Keep them up to the pressure recommended by the manufacturer.

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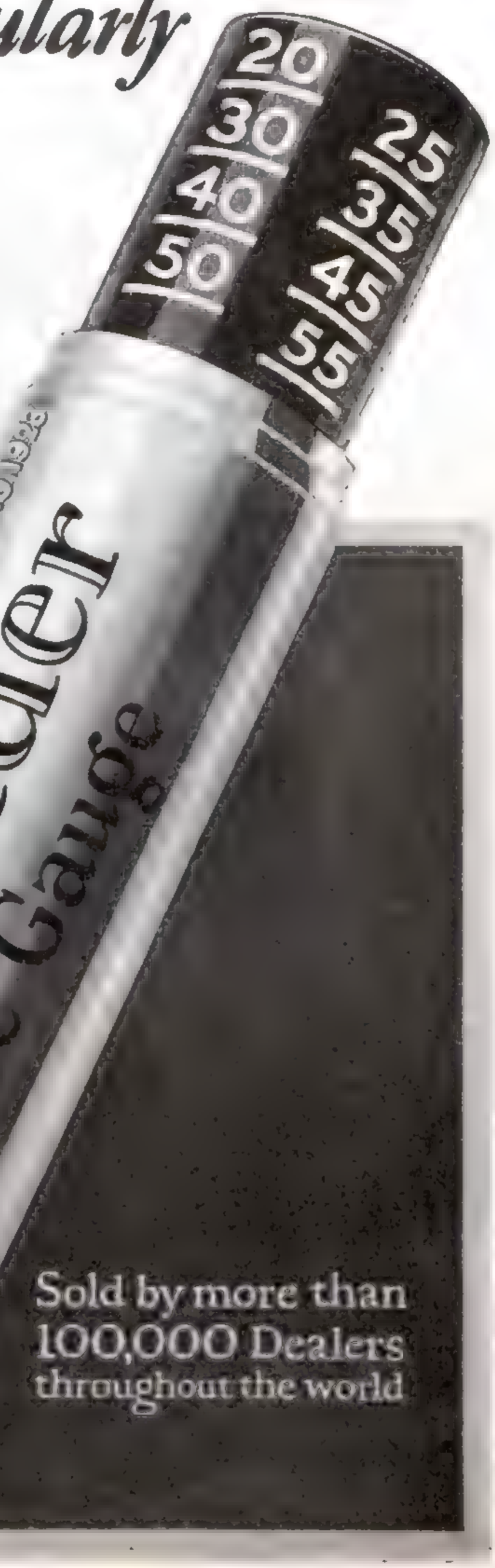

EARNING AN EDUCATION

By Elizabeth Frazer

ILLUSTRATED BY DUDLEY GLOYNE SUMMERS

PRETTY little Miss Millicent Smith, aged nineteen, just graduated without signal honors—or, to be exact, without any honors at all—from a country high school upstate, sat in the private office of the vocational bureau of the great metropolitan university of which she romantically aspired to become a part, and surreptitiously wiped away a tear from her eye.

The interview had been a trying one and she felt angry, hurt and aggrieved. For things were not turning out as she had forecast them; her gilded little dream, rudely jolted by reality, had gone straight off the rails

With naïve confidence in her own bright destiny, she had strolled jauntily into the vocational bureau, credentials in hand, to pick and choose a job—a very special kind of glorified job, with little work and fat remuneration attached, which should enable her to pay her way through college and at the same time leave her ample leisure to pursue the aims of higher education and take full part in the activities of the university.

She wasn't particular about the type of work; almost anything would do, but it must fulfill the double conditions of high pay and short hours—very, very short hours. All of which she had clearly and enthusiastically expounded to the chief of the vocational bureau, a friendly young woman with a penetrating gaze, and then sat back expectantly waiting for the job with her number on it to be sorted out and handed to her, so to speak, on a salver. Upon which she intended to look it over politely but firmly to see if it came up to specifications. If it did not—but of course it would! With all those girls in that big, busy outer office clattering away at their typewriters, presumably inditing letters to eager and prospective employers, and in this vast teeming city which bewildered her country senses with its clangor and speed, there must be thousands of nice fat little hand-picked jobs.

"During the Rush Season at Christmas, Students Work in Department and Book Stores and Earn Quite Considerable Sums"

Hard Work for Hard Cash

IT WAS at this juncture that her dream collided abruptly with reality. For the vocational chief had seemed singularly untouched by this enthusiastic outpouring; she had listened in attentive silence, looking at the girl seated before her with the ghost of a grim smile. Thousands of downy young high-school fledglings had passed in a great, hopeful processional through her private office—girls who thought they could take on a full-time job and still swing a college career; girls who were after part-time jobs; girls with a little money or with no money; girls with fine scholarship records, character, ambition and grit; girls with none of these assets. Through years of experience she had become adept at sizing them up, and pretty little Miss Smith, despite her frothy enthusiasm, did not somehow impress her as being able to make the grade.

"The trouble is," she began—she broke off to speak over the telephone to a tough-hearted employer who wished to hire a part-time secretary for practically nothing a week—"the trouble is, the job you've just outlined doesn't exist, save in the realms of imagination. There is no such animal. When employers take girls into their service they expect to get work out of them—work commensurate with the pay. It may be brutal on their part"—she broke the news with a smile—"to require hard work in return for hard cash; nevertheless, it is a fairly well-established fact; and what we have to deal with is facts. So if you expect to earn considerable sums of money you must be prepared to give up all your time or else be an expert in your own line. Now let us see what your assets are. What have you to sell that you think employers will buy?"

"Why—why, I'm willing to try almost anything," stammered the girl. She did not like the turn the conversation was taking; it was, so to speak, getting off on the wrong foot.

"It's not what you're willing to do; it's what you can do, and do well enough to be paid money for. How about typewriting and stenography? A student who is handy at those can always earn enough to eke out a slim budget. In fact I would advise a girl who must earn her way through college to equip herself along that line; it's the nearest thing I know in the way of an occupation to actual cash in the bank."

Miss Smith's soft little mouth drooped at this suggestion.

"I don't know either," she confessed. "Dad wanted me to take them up, but—well, I hate to plug. And besides, my eyes aren't strong."

"If that's so, it cuts you out of clerical work too," said the vocational head soberly. "If she intends to carry a double burden in college a girl's eyes should be strong to stand the strain upon them."

"I thought perhaps I could do tutoring."

"In what?"

Miss Smith began to feel obscurely irritated; her cheeks grew pink.

"Why, almost anything—whatever was wanted. I couldn't say beforehand." Her looks said plainly, "I came here for help, not obstructions. Why don't you hand me out a suitable job at once?" And her eyes roved over the indexed files where the nice jobs presumably were cached.

Tutoring

"LET me explain," said the vocational chief kindly. "Tutoring is a glut on the market. This city is overrun with people far better equipped than you, possessing all kinds of college degrees, who tutor for a living. Many girls come to college thinking they can pay their way by tutoring, and perhaps they may in a smaller college; but that's not our case here. So we'll have to cut that out. But how would you like to live in a private family, help with the children or do a certain stated amount of housework in return for your lodging and board? Mother's helper, the position is called. That would eliminate some of your heaviest expenses; you would have a home and be able to fit your work into your college schedule. We always have more demands for that type of service than we can fill."

But Miss Smith's face clouded.

"I don't care much for children," she said. "And I detest sweeping and making beds. That's servant's work. And I didn't come to college to be a servant. Besides, I want to live in the dormitory with other girls and have fudge parties, pillow fights, talk fests, and so on."

"That's only natural and human," agreed the vocational head with a warm smile. "Mother's helper isn't a particularly exciting occupation and students don't like it as a rule. That is why the demand exceeds the supply. Living away from the dormitory is a definite deprivation and renders it difficult for a girl to take part in some of the most pleasant activities of campus life. But so do other part-time jobs; each has its own peculiar defect.

"You see, it's like this: College doesn't mean merely a certain number of courses of instruction and classroom lectures; it is all of that, plus the hours of preparation, plus a lot of agreeable activities. The fact is, college in itself is a full-time job; it is planned to take just about all a normal individual's energies; and then, in addition, there are the sports, the work on the college papers, the dramatic and literary societies and the campus and dormitory good times. I don't blame you for not wanting to miss them; you ought not to, for they're an important part of a college career. Moreover, they're financial assets, for nowadays

(Continued on Page 58)

The Fastest-selling high-powered car *in the* World

STUDEBAKER BIG SIX
N. A. C. C. and S. A. E. rating—36.04
Price of 5 Pass. Sedan f. o. b. factory, $1995
Car A—15% more power, $3005 higher price
Car B—1[illegible]% more power, $3105 higher price
Car C—[illegible]% more power, $5005 higher price
Car D—25% more power, $6105 higher price
Car E—31% more power, $7680 higher price
Car F—35% more power, $4815 higher price
Car G—35[illegible]% more power, $7505 higher price

NO OTHER CAR of equal or greater power (according to the rating of the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce and the Society of Automotive Engineers) approaches the Studebaker Big Six in popularity.

The Big Six leads in sales not only in the United States, but also abroad.

It leads because One-Profit production in vast modern plants enables Studebaker to offer a sturdily built quality car with scores of thousands of miles of excess transportation at prices far below those of competitors.

There are only seven American cars with rated horsepower equal to that of the Big Six and their prices are two to four times that of this famous car.

It is not surprising that the Studebaker Big Six is the fastest-selling high-powered car in the world.

A Better Car at a Lower Price

Tremendous mileage records achieved under gruelling conditions by numerous Big Sixes testify to the rugged durability of this chassis.

In Oklahoma Studebaker is the favorite car of the hard-driving men of the oil fields. They have found by experience that at a mileage when other cars are breaking up Studebakers are breaking in.

Every county in Arizona which has bought an automobile for its sheriff has selected a Studebaker—for these sheriffs must often pursue criminals straight across the desert or through trackless forests.

Arizona has great stretches of splendid highway where the view is clear, intersections are few and traffic sparse. Cars are driven at top speed hour after hour. Arizona has mountains and canyons where a car must climb over rocky trails to mines a mile above the paved highway.

On request we will send you a booklet entitled "The Arizona Sheriff," which contains stories of the adventures of those who pursue criminals to the most remote corners of "the Copper State" in Studebakers.

Studebakers stand up because they are *manufactured* as a unit in Studebaker plants. Being built as a unit they function as a unit and yield scores of thousands of miles of excess transportation.

To the powerful engine and sturdy chassis Studebaker adds a body so staunchly built, so finely finished, that no car at any price excels it. These superiorities are possible at the price for two reasons:

1. *Studebaker is the only manufacturer in the fine-car field equipped to make all its own bodies, engines, gear sets, springs, clutches, differentials, steering gears, axles, gray-iron castings and drop forgings. Thus Studebaker saves the extra profits which almost all other manufacturers have to pay to outside parts and body makers and gives the benefit to purchaser.*

2. *Unlike the other high-powered cars listed, the Studebaker Big Six benefits from the great economies incident to volume production. It is manufactured in company with two other chassis models in the finest plants owned by any individual manufacturer except Ford.*

The only American cars which exceed the Big Six in rated horsepower compare with it in price as follows:

Studebaker Big Six Sedan

$1995—*freight and war tax extra*

Not one of these manufacturers enjoys Studebaker's advantages of volume production. In spite of moderate prices to the purchaser, Studebaker engineering, construction and workmanship are unexcelled—even by the most expensive cars.

"No-Yearly-Models"

The Studebaker policy of "No-Yearly-Models" is a further protection to owners. Under this policy Studebaker cars are always up-to-date. We add improvements from time to time so that Studebaker buyers may have the immediate advantage of our engineering achievements.

Any Studebaker dealer will be glad to demonstrate this Big Six 5-Passenger Sedan and finance its purchase at the lowest time-payment rates known to the automobile industry under Studebaker's Budget Payment Plan.

THE STUDEBAKER CORPORATION OF AMERICA, SOUTH BEND, INDIANA

(Continued from Page 56)

more and more business employers who hire girls are inquiring carefully not only into their academic records but also into their sports and campus activities. Why? Because they don't want bluestockings; they want all-round, healthy, trained, socially poised girls with leadership qualities.

"But the point I'm trying to make is, you can't have your cake and eat it too. Some of these activities you must, of necessity, give up if you're to carry a part-time work schedule in addition to your college course. The reason is, there are only twenty-four hours in a day and you can't do two things at the same time, even if you had the physical strength. A girl may think she can swing it; she may be ambitious and say to herself, 'Ho! Only these few recitations a week! Pooh! I can do that easily!' But she forgets to count in the long hours of preparation. And we find over and over again that girls of average strength who start in carrying full-time college courses together with part-time outside work begin to lag in their studies; they are forced to drop certain courses; the number of units a week grows slimmer and slimmer—and even then they often flunk. Why? Not because they're lazy, but because they can't carry two burdens and carry them well. One or the other slips. Do you see?"

The girl nodded, staring off bleakly. The vocational head continued:

"If necessity compels you to take a part-time job, the question you must decide for yourself is: How much of college life will you give up? You've got to cut somewhere, but if you cut too much the game isn't worth the candle; you lose the very thing you're coming here for. That's your problem in a nutshell—how to fit an outside part-time job into college, which is a full-time job in itself. Mind, I don't say you can't swing it; many girls do; but it demands exceptional health, exceptional character, endurance and grit. Unless you possess those qualities you're likely to break down. I've seen it happen numberless times. That's why it is necessary to take stock of yourself and look over your assets and liabilities very carefully at the start. That's the general situation as it actually exists. Now let's get down to the brass tacks of your own case. Are you exceptionally strong?"

Miss Smith smiled waveringly and shook her head.

"There's nothing much the matter with me, but I'm not as strong as a horse, if that's what you mean. Dad says I lack staying power, bottom, grit; but mother says it isn't brawn that moves the world." She added, with a burst of resentment, "This is a rosy picture you're painting—I don't think!" The vocational chief smiled.

"If I pretended the road ahead of you was easy, I'd be doing you a great wrong. Well, let's look at your scholarship records. Maybe we can scare up some assets there."

The Minimum to Start On

THE vocational chief glanced through the sheaf of credentials. Nothing outstanding there. The applicant showed no signs of setting the shipping in the bay on fire by the brilliance of her intellect. She trailed along in the ruck, average minus all the way down the line. The vocational head pondered, somewhat perplexed. With that record, revealing neither heights nor depths, what under heaven had bewitched the child into believing that she desired to burn the midnight oil for four mortal years slogging away at books? Was there perhaps some hidden streak of genius lying behind those shallow leaf-brown eyes unplumbed by high-school tests? She probed deeper, searching the girl's background. Had she been active in athletics, in the debating or literary societies, in class committees and school entertainments? Had she leadership, executive or cooperative gifts? But in all her sifting she did not once strike pay dirt.

"Just how much money have you on hand?" she queried at length. She had asked that question earlier in the interview, but Miss Smith had evaded the issue. Now she mentioned the sum. It was not sufficient to cover her expenses for the first term. That fact, for the vocational head, definitely closed the case. Had the applicant possessed exceptional health, scholarship or qualities of initiative, determination and drive, the outlook would have been more promising; lacking these, failure was a foregone conclusion. She was not the stuff out of which survivors are made.

"But aren't there loan funds, scholarships and things for special cases?" demanded the girl.

"Yes," replied the vocational head gently. She pitied the girl; pitied her for her very inadequacy, because the little would-be runner was so patently unfit for the race. "But, unfortunately, there are not enough of them to go around, so we have to discriminate, and give the preference to applicants showing exceptional qualities who we have reason to believe will succeed. But even an exceptional student should have enough on hand to see her through the first year. In that way she can establish herself in the college work and activities, get a grip on her new environment and discover how much time and energy are required. Then she is on solid ground; she knows just what she is up against and is in a position to plan wisely for the following years. Also, if she does well in her studies she may win a scholarship for the second year and not have to carry a double load at all. But in any case she should not be worried by financial problems the first year."

She put a comforting hand on the girl's shoulder as she rendered the adverse verdict. Miss Smith rose; her mouth trembled despite her efforts and a single large crystal tear rolled down her cheek. It is painful to relinquish a dream.

"I—I guess you're right," she quavered. "I don't believe I could carry a double job like that and get away with it. Moreover, I don't want to. But why didn't he tell us about the hardships?"

"Who?"

"The state senator who made our commencement speech. Why, the way he figured it out, it sounded as easy as walking downstairs!"

"I see." Illumination suddenly flooded the vocational chief. "It was the senator's speech then which decided you to come to college? You hadn't planned it before?"

Dangers of a Double Load

"IT HAD never once entered my head. But when he stood up before us on the rostrum and said how noble it was to win a higher education, and then went on and named all the great men who had worked their way through college and become famous leaders of the nation, why, it thrilled me through and through. He called them a noble band, and he made out that anybody could join that noble band. And right then and there I decided I would—but I didn't know about all the hardships. He never once mentioned them."

"I bet he didn't," said the vocational chief grimly. "They never do. That's the other side of the shield, which is not so popular. It's plain wicked to hand out half truths like that without giving young people the faintest notion of the hardships they're going up against or the equipment they need for success. Good-by." She clasped the girl's hand. "Let me give you one last bit of advice. Take up stenography. Find yourself a job. Save enough to swing your first year here. That'll be a fine experience in itself. Then, if your ambition still holds, try us out a year." But Miss Smith shook her pretty head.

"It's too strenuous for me. I want my good time as I go along. I guess that noble band can manage to limp along without me." She shook hands and let herself out with a sigh of mingled disappointment and relief.

"And there you are!" said the vocational chief to me, recounting the episode. "That girl is typical of a whole class. Scores just like her come into my office wishing to work their way through college; they're encouraged to do it by people like that senator, who harp on the nobility of the struggle without giving out any advance information of the hardships to be endured on the road or the necessary equipment in character which will make that struggle a success.

"It is only the exceptional girl who should attempt to carry the double burden of a college course and a part-time job—especially in a university of this size, situated in a great city where living costs and tuition fees are high and competition in employment necessarily keen. That is also why we require a sufficient sum to cover the entire expenses of the freshman year.

"The situation of girls, in this respect, is somewhat different from that of men. I am speaking now of this particular university, in which the conditions are city conditions. In the men's department here I believe they only require a sum necessary to cover the expenses of the first six months instead of a whole year. But it should be said that men tend to take their college work rather less seriously than girls. Also, it is my impression—though I have no statistics on this—that girls in college are a little younger than men in the same classes. In addition, it must be remembered that most parents do not wish their daughters to take any kind of job that offers simply in order to earn money.

"Any way you look at it, carrying a double load in college is undeniably a hard task. I should say that no girl could afford to give more than three half days a week to a part-time job. If she gives more, she's cutting her college activities to the quick and presently they'll begin to bleed. Let me give you the example of a girl whose inside scholastic records I chanced to know. She was written up in one of the magazines in an extremely laudatory fashion for earning large sums in salesmanship in addition to holding down her college work. The author used her as an illustration of what a poor but ambitious girl could do to pay her way through college. The story as regards the number of sales made and the amount of money earned was doubtless correct—but we knew the true inside of that story, for she was one of our girls. And the fact was that while she made a fine record in salesmanship she flunked in college. She was carrying two incompatible jobs on her back, and one of them slipped. And whenever I hear tall yarns of girls earning large sums on outside jobs in addition to carrying their college work, I always say to myself, 'Show me their college marks!'"

"But what can the exceptional girl, who must earn part of her college expenses, hope to find in the way of a suitable part-time job?" I inquired.

"Well, of course, in the university itself there is clerical work, typewriting and stenography, helping in the restaurant, dormitories, and the physical and chemical laboratories. A girl can usually fit these services into her schedule, taking a half day here and there. Then, on the outside, the most general demand is for students to assist in household duties in private homes in return for room and board, which, with the present high cost of living in the city, constitute the chief items of expense aside from tuition fees. In this field we have more demands than can be filled; but the work is not popular with girls, cutting into their independence and depriving them of the dormitory life. Still, it is one avenue of income.

"Then, sometimes during the rush season at Christmas, our students work in department and book stores and earn quite considerable sums. In the summertime they often work in upstate canneries and factories; or they may wait on table at summer hotels, or manage the kitchen work, supervising the linen, the hiring of servants, the buying of food or the entertainment of guests. Some of them go as social workers in settlements, though they do not make much money in such positions. Of course, there is always a great diversity of salesmanship jobs for the right kind of girl, selling educational books, subscriptions to magazines, insurance, automobiles, women's lingerie, anything, in fact; there's always something new cropping up which the owners wish to promote by house-to-house sales. Sometimes the girls work in couples, in a flivver, covering large territories; and if they possess the gift of salesmanship they often clean up enough money to see them through the next year."

This sketches briefly the situation in a famous institution of higher education situated in a great metropolis where living costs and tuition fees are necessarily high, competition in employment keen and the college course in itself constitutes a full-time job. Here the struggle for a girl student who must partially support herself by outside work is, in its major aspects, clearly defined. Health, scholarship, initiative, endurance and pluck above the average are the conditions of success.

In a Small-Town College

SO MUCH for a big university in a city environment. And now let us turn to a different layout—a small but famous college of high educational standards situated in the country near a thriving town. The first advantage of a college of this type for the girl of slender means is that she can achieve her goal on a smaller budget than in the city, where food and lodging are high, where the opera, theaters, concerts and restaurants make their constant appeal and a variety of clothes is needed for all such occasions. In this college, pleasures are simple and low-priced; out-of-door sports and dormitory gayeties fill the recreation hours; girls rarely wear hats, and expensive fur cloaks and elaborate evening gowns are the exception, not the rule. There are no sororities, no college cliques to set extravagant modes; the students, rich and poor, live in dormitories and the same manner of living is prescribed for all.

"Nevertheless," said the vocational head of this institution of higher learning, "we would not advise a girl to enter college absolutely penniless. At the same time we should not like to turn away a girl who may be fine human material simply because she lacks the necessary cash. We don't wish to be called a rich girls' college. What we are after is to turn out the finest products possible for future citizenship, and, of course, those types do not by any means spring from one social or financial class. In other words, we do not discriminate between the poor little rich girl and the poor little poor girl.

"Like most colleges nowadays, we cannot possibly admit all the applicants. We are at present taking all we can care for comfortably and we cannot enlarge our plant, so the number of freshmen we admit is limited. That means we must discriminate, select. Now what are the bases of that selective process? Money? Certainly not. Our aim is to turn out the best type of womanhood for the future of our country and we have a right—and even more than that, a serious obligation—to select the human material that seems best for our particular purposes.

"That selective process works out something like this: First, of course, we look at academic scholarship. That doesn't mean we limit ourselves to students showing brilliant records; we don't; but still scholarship does count, for it reveals potentialities, and other things being equal, it is evidence that a girl has powers worth developing. Second, we take into consideration the natural mental powers of the applicant. Intelligence tests to grade the mental powers are not perfected yet, but they are confirmatory. For example, let us say that the academic record was low, yet the mental tests revealed extraordinary ability; we'd certainly take that latter fact into consideration. But if on the other hand the academic record was low and the tests showed an inferior grade of intelligence,

(Continued on Page 60)

NASH AJAX SIX

AJAX *is* NASH
and
NASH *is* AJAX

Due to the fact that the name is different, some people have been led to believe that the Ajax Six was not strictly a Nash car.

The truth of the matter is that the Ajax is just as much a Nash model as the Special Six or the Advanced Six.

The Ajax Motors Company is owned outright by The Nash Motors Company—Mr. Nash is president of both companies, the directors are the same, the money the same, and the standards of manufacture identical.

The Ajax Six is Mr. C. W. Nash's own idea of a different type of car built to meet a lower-priced market than that in which the two other Nash lines sell.

It is smaller in size than any other Nash model but it is Nash down to the last detail in its quality.

Mr. Nash designed it to be the greatest motor car value ever offered to the $1,000 field.

He embodied in the Ajax a group of mechanical features that are entirely new to this price-class.

The moment it was put on the market it immediately was nationally recognized as the outstanding leader of its field.

And the demand for it has grown with such rapidity that during the slightly more than six months' period it has been in production, more than 11,000 Ajax Sixes have been built and shipped.

That is a new record for the automobile industry for a new car entering production in a new plant —and it is a new tribute from buyers to the superior quality and value that they know to be synonymous with the name Nash.

(Continued from Page 58)

we would be justified in querying whether four years of college was the best thing for that particular applicant's development. Also, in our selective process we look at the physical health of the applicant, her character and personality, her leadership and cooperative qualities.

"Now, having picked our girls and found them up to the mark in scholarship, natural mental resources, health and character—how are they to be helped? For the sake of convenience let us discriminate between part-time jobs during the college term, occupying at the most not more than three half days a week, and summer work. And now for some concrete samples: Here is Mary Wall; she added to her income by working in the post office; and Martha Smiley, who found a part-time job in the library as general assistant, helping with shelf work and repairing books. Then I have a long list of girls who earned substantial sums at typewriting and stenography. These girls did clerical work in the various departments for the professors or typed themes for the students. And here is Joyce Duncan, who went in for tutoring. Usually there is not much opportunity for that, but Joyce had a gift of imparting knowledge without pain to the recipient and made a good thing of it. Then, of course, a certain amount of assistance is always required in the laboratories and various sciences, and also there are the paid monitors—girls who take the roll calls for the instructors.

"Another way some of our girls earn money is in the matter of food. As a rule we don't permit salesmanship schemes to be exploited on the campus or in the dormitories; we have found them nuisances; but we have a place called the Refuge where students gather for afternoon tea. In the Refuge, girls who have a gift for cookery can make and sell cake, sandwiches, fudge and all manner of toothsome novelties.

"Sometimes the students clean up very neat little sums in this way.

"Then there is always a chance for the girl who is nimble with her needle or her hands. She can add to her income by sewing, darning stockings, cleaning shoes, shampooing and manicuring. Some of our girls help with the faculty gardens, mowing lawns and trimming the shrubbery. Perhaps I ought to mention that hoary old stand-by of a job called mother's helper, which is just what the name indicates."

Capitalizing Their Talents

"We come to the problem of salesmanship. We don't allow sales on the campus, but many girls find work with exhibits in off-campus houses or in town, helping firms prepare their publicity campaigns or handling the correspondence. And here is Miss Liston, who earned money by taking charge of the riding tickets for a riding academy; and Miss Jonesby, who worked part time in a photographer's shop. Fortunately, though we are situated in the country, we are still sufficiently near a large and thriving town to increase the opportunities of mid-term employment.

"In this college we have a particularly fine course in journalism, and the professor has little difficulty in placing the bright girls in his classes who need jobs.

"It should be emphasized that if a girl has unusual gifts in any direction she can nearly always capitalize those assets and cash-in considerable sums. If she possesses a talent for writing, drawing, dancing, music or dramatics, that is just so much to the good. One of our girls found a position helping with dancing classes in town; another sang; another was accompanist; several played in local orchestras. It is, however, only the unusual girl who is able to make regularly as much as twenty-five to thirty dollars a month.

"That just about covers the part-time-job situation. We come now to summer work, and here initiative and pluck have a far wider swing, for the job can be as original as the girl; it all depends on herself, her ambition and what her parents permit.

"Some of our girls earn their summer money by selling tickets to Europe and handling the transportation. That's a good job for an executive mind fond of detail. Quite a number find regular positions in banks.

"Athletic girls, with gifts of personality and leadership, become counselors in girls' camps; they may not earn much the first year, but there is opportunity to work up. Then some of the students find summer positions in department stores, bookstores, tea and gift shops in the mountains or at the seashore; or they help as hostesses in country clubs and summer hotels, arrange entertainments and sports and fuse the guests into sociability.

"Occasionally they go out in groups to wait on table in summer hotels, but not so much as formerly, when the employment field was far more limited in scope. Now our girls are more apt to hire themselves out as a group to work in some artistic summer colony where they can have agreeable companionship after hours. Quite a number of girls find positions in handicraft shops; others work with florists and assist at landscape gardening. Always there is a certain number of students who act as tutors and care for the children whose parents are abroad. Here are a few students on my list who managed playground centers. Girls with musical talents find summer jobs in orchestras or accompanying concert singers. Here is Miss Jessica Banks, a girl with a decided dramatic gift; she managed a community theater in the summer; another put on a pageant. A talent of this kind is like capital which need never be wrapped up in a napkin; it can nearly always be put out at interest and net the fortunate owner an income.

"Our foreign students are different from American girls on a similar social plane in one very important respect—they love to use their hands. So many of our girls are perfectly helpless when it comes to doing things with their hands; they seem to consider it degrading. Somehow or other, America seems to have got off on the wrong foot in this matter. Our foreign students put our own girls to the blush in this respect."

Meeting Opportunity Halfway

"Summing up the general situation, I should say that nowadays girls know what they want and go after it with a kind of superb, joyous confidence which is the better half of success. They don't sit still, as did maidens in our grandmothers' day, and wait for opportunity to ring the doorbell; our girls step up boldly and ring the doorbell of opportunity themselves—a good, strong, lusty peal. I have noticed that a bright up-and-coming student is always discovering original ways to add to her income; she starts a new departure, a new custom, a new demand for her wares—and it takes; it becomes incorporated in the college habit of life and we can't do without it afterward. Other girls, following in her footsteps, carry on her newly discovered job, add to it or broaden and improve the trail. Thus characterful originality refuses to be bound by what we term adverse circumstance; like a forceful little stream in a rocky gorge, it tears its way clear to the open sea."

THE GENIUS

(Continued from Page 42)

From his writings even the most casual reader might have supposed Edward to be a young man of wide, varied and colorful experience with women. But really he was shy and awkward with them, and save for a few furtive and grubby adventures of the usual adolescent sort, he was as ignorant as he appeared wise. He was not good-looking nor amusing enough to attract the predatory older women, who like to flourish a train of young men. And he found that in modern American life, as he lived it, the supply of Francescas, Guineveres, Beatrices and Heloises and Lauras was simply nil. He couldn't even meet a satisfactory Egeria.

When he came home from his senior year at college, Edward had a talk with his mother and one with his father.

"If I could only have a year abroad, or two years," he told his mother, "they would give me the finish I need. They'd take away the last suspicion of naïveté—naïveté and moral purpose are the twin banes of the American writer."

Mrs. Carson was entirely sympathetic, but she knew the worst. "It's not a bit of use to ask your father for more money. He's said, over and over again, that your college bills were the last he was going to pay for you."

"Can't he be made to understand the importance of my going? I wouldn't be extravagant—two thousand a year would be ample."

Mrs. Carson wept. "If I had it, Eddie, I'd give it to you in a minute. I understand, your mother always understands. But I haven't got it."

"Father resents my superiority," said Edward with bitterness. "He'd like to see me dragged down to his level. He's afraid of any mental process beyond ordering new styles of shoes. He's afraid of it and he hates it. He's one of the booberie."

"It's all true," sighed his mother. "I've tried over and over again to interest him in finer things. But my married life has been a long tragedy of mismated minds." She tried to draw her round, good-natured, stupid face into a Nazimova expression.

The day after this conversation came the interview with his father. It was not a long one.

"Your mother says you want me to support you for two years more while you loaf around on the other side. Nothing doing. I'll give you a room and board here at home, but that's all. For any clothes, pocket money, or gallivanting about, you've got to buckle down and make the money yourself. You're a man grown, you're seven years older than I was when I went to work, so I don't feel that I'm inflicting any special hardship on you by telling you that from now on you're your own boss."

Edward felt a rush of burning words, but he did not speak them. It was no use. Besides, if he made his father angry, he might lose the room and board promised him—and Edward had no idea of giving up any least advantage merely for the satisfaction of expressing his resentment and disappointment. That little old gray man, to thwart genius! But he thought of Shelley's father, and was comforted.

He was in a very sulky, defiant mood when he finally came home after commencement, and he would have torn up his diploma had his mother not rescued it. Mrs. Carson laid it away with her other treasures of Edward—the compositions, his first tooth, his baby shoes! She had quite a trunkful of Edwardiana now.

A new family had taken the house next door to the Carsons, and Mrs. Carson had called and found a kindred spirit in her neighbor. Mrs. Jenkins, naturally cheery and commonplace, surged with a divine discontent and yearning for intellectual exercise. As the Jenkinses had no children, and as Mrs. Jenkins was a good listener, she soon found herself in possession of much information concerning Edward, done in his mother's highest style. She frankly envied Mrs. Carson such a son.

"I've got a niece, my stepbrother's daughter, who's terribly interested in literature," said Mrs. Jenkins. "I think I'll invite her on for her vacation. It would be such a treat for her. She lives out in Ohio, and works in an office, poor little thing. She'll have a ger-reat deal of money some day, if the lawyers ever stop fighting over my stepbrother's estate, but she's got to earn her own living now. Her name's Camilla Morris. She's a sweet girl. It would mean everything in her life to meet a literary celebrity like your Edward."

Mrs. Carson suspected that it would be no treat to Edward to meet Camilla, but she was too polite to say so. When Edward came home she beamingly introduced him, and Edward, still smarting from his father's decision, found Mrs. Jenkins' awed wonder of his great gifts pleasing, though crude.

He did not have much time to listen to her, however, for he was very busy hunting a job. He had asked all the writers with whom he corresponded to pave a way for him at their various publishers', and he took their letters of introduction and made the round. Also he called on those editors whose magazines he could read without too much agony. Car fare in from the suburbs to the city was supplied by his mother.

But the magazines and book-publishing houses were overrun by young college graduates of both sexes seeking jobs. "Oh, you're another of this year's crop," a weary editorial assistant said to him. "You're the ninth today."

Edward's published work got him a little attention, but not much. He found that the letters of introduction helped him not at all. They meant nothing to those to whom they were addressed; were rather an irritant than a favoring influence. "I wish Grabine would keep his young Smart Alecks to himself. Tell him I've gone to Europe," drifted out from one private office, near whose door Edward was impatiently waiting.

"In years to come," thought Edward, "that man's greatest distinction will be that he refused to see me."

At last he was fortunate enough to find a newspaper book supplement short-handed and he was handed half a dozen unimportant books to review, with instructions to rush the stuff back the next day.

On the way home, however, the meager commission suffered a magic change. "I've been given a tremendously interesting bit of rush work, mother," he said. "I may have to be up all night at it. Could I have my dinner in my study?"

Nothing could have made Mrs. Carson happier. With her own hands she carried up a generous tray and set it by Edward's desk. He was quite dramatically absorbed, so after standing and silently doting on him for a precious moment, she tiptoed out.

She went over to Mrs. Jenkins and told her, adding various fictitious details: "Some big editor's asked Edward to write something in a hurry—the whole paper depends on it; it's sort of a keynote thing. He's upstairs there slaving over it."

The reviews proved satisfactory, which is to say that the harassed editor grabbed them and hurried them into print, ordered a small check in payment and made a note of Edward as someone who might be used again in an emergency.

Presently, a publishing house wanted some French and Italian clippings translated and Edward was given that thankless piece of work. Slowly he found other odd jobs, here and there; another review, a few book manuscripts to read and report on, foreign papers to run through for literary notes. It was none of it well paid, but he made fifteen to eighteen dollars a week, the most of which he saved. He was going to have that stay abroad in spite of his father's meanness.

(Continued on Page 62)

"ATHLETIC IN MY YOUTH, I did not dream that I should ever know ill-health. My health was as good at 45 as at 20. Then I took up new duties. I lacked my old energy. Constipation, the curse of this too comfortable age, threatened to become chronic. I had known of Fleischmann's Yeast and determined to try it. The result? In a little while I began to feel the old surplus of energy. No more indigestion. And constipation? Banished forever."

J. C. Rows, Columbus, Ohio.

"AFTER MY RETURN FROM THE WORLD WAR, I suffered with stomach trouble after meals, and had severe constipation. Finally I went to U. S. Veterans' Hospital at Jefferson Barracks. A fellow patient suggested Fleischmann's Yeast. I started this treatment. Now I feel like a new man. No more stomach pains. I owe it all to Fleischmann's Yeast."

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NOT a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense—Fleischmann's Yeast is simply a remarkable fresh food.

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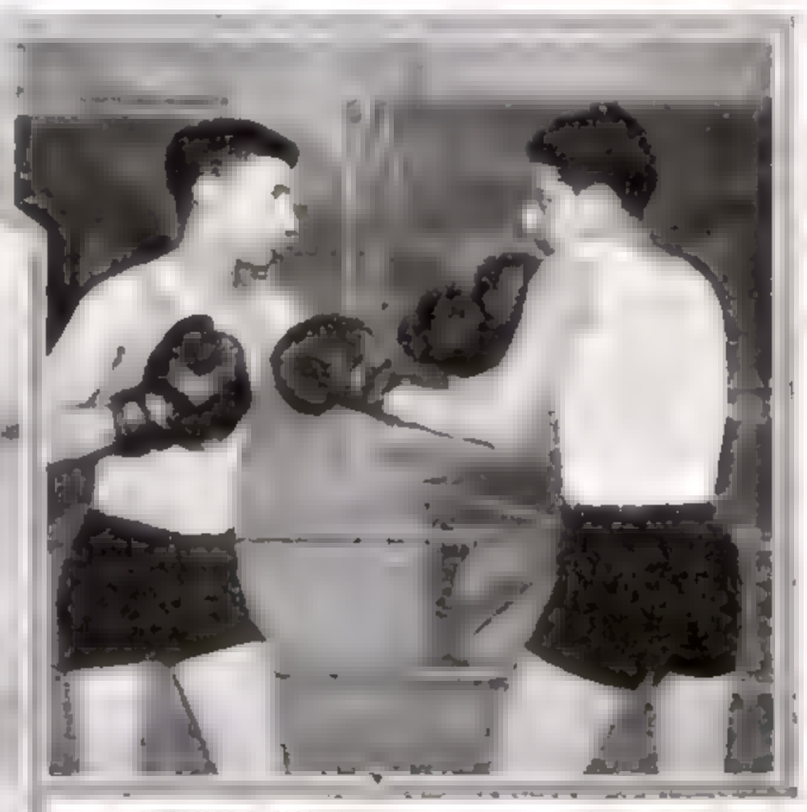
Eat two or three cakes regularly every day before meals: on crackers—in fruit juices, water or milk—or just plain, nibbled from the cake. *For constipation especially, dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before breakfast and at bedtime.* Buy several cakes at a time—they will keep fresh in a cool, dry place for two or three days. All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Start eating it today!

And let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. D-3, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York



"WHEN I ENTERED Ohio State University my face was full of blemishes. I suffered from constipation. The growing popularity of Fleischmann's Yeast urged me to try it. Now, no more stomach worries, and my face is free from all blemishes. I am 100% for Fleischmann's Yeast."

A. G. Lanciotti, Columbus, Ohio

"FOR SIX CONTINUOUS WEEKS I endured painful skin eruptions on neck and back. A physician recommended Yeast. Before I had finished one week's treatment of Yeast, I felt a change in my system. My skin cleared, my strength increased. Now life seems to hold more 'pep'."

Roberta O Brien, Montreal, Canada

"I SUFFERED FROM CONSTIPATION. My body became covered with eruptions. A friend recommended Yeast . . . Wonders of wonders, my eruptions disappeared, my appetite increased—I became myself again."

Alexander H Schuelman, Pittsburgh, Pa.

THIS FAMOUS FOOD tones up the entire system—aids digestion—clears the skin—banishes constipation.

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Nor did he neglect his own writing. Poems and slight essays dribbled in a constant stream magazineward, and mostly dribbled back again with rejection slips. Edward's writings had far more form and style than substance. He knew how to say things pretty well, but he hadn't much to say. However, now and then something was accepted.

So passed the end of June, and all of July, and part of August. Then two things happened. One was that Sharp, the editorial man of a well-established book-publishing firm, took Edward out to lunch and offered him a part-time job as his assistant.

"You'll have to do all the dirty work," he said blithely. "See the bores and tell them pleasant lies, do the first reading on everything that comes in unsolicited, and write nice letters telling the authors why we can't publish. You'll get twenty-five a week; hours nine until one."

Sharp was a twinkling, hard little man. He told unpleasant truths to everyone and got away with it as facetiousness. It saved him a great deal of circumlocution, and made people a bit afraid of him, both of which results he enjoyed. It also blunted his perceptions. He had no least idea that Edward was saying to himself, "He'll figure in my biography as my first employer, my start," when he was saying aloud that it was a splendid chance and that he was grateful to Mr. Sharp for thinking of him. He was not grateful, and he knew perfectly well that it was going to be hard, grubby, thankless, dull work, but he wanted the money, and he wanted still more the contacts that such a job might offer.

All the way home he planned how he would announce his new status to his small world. But he was no sooner inside the door than his mother pounced on him. "Oh, Eddie, Mrs. Jenkins' niece is here and she wants you to come over after dinner and meet her."

He held up an imploring hand. "My dear mother—please! I've just been offered a connection with the Dauban Company—a really important place, and I must have peace and quiet to consider it. I'm not at all sure that they're the sort of people for me, whether they'd suit me, how we'd get along."

He had retrieved his mother's attention. She demanded particulars, which Edward condescendingly, though very freely, gave.

And at the end he said: "Now you can see, with a decision like this to be made, how impossible it is for me to go over to the Jenkinses'."

"Yes, of course." But his mother was doubtful. "Mrs. Jenkins will be disappointed—she says her niece is very literary and is looking forward so much to meeting you. She seems a real clever girl, earns her own living, Mrs. Jenkins said, though she won't need to when her father's estate is settled. Then she'll come into money."

From his mother's voice Edward saw how deeply she, too, was disappointed at not having the chance to exhibit him anew. He was also aware that sometime or other he would have to pay this call on Mrs. Jenkins and her niece.

"Well, I'll go for a little while," he said.

Shortly after eight they strolled across the Carson front yard onto that of the Jenkins home, and on the front porch they could see vaguely through the August twilight the two ladies waiting for their coming. Edward was unfeignedly reluctant, his expression was sullen.

His mother glanced up at him fondly. She did not see that he was a trifle overweight, nor that the slight whisper of whisker which he was growing in front of each ear made him look more like a stage butler. Nor did she consider his color pasty. To her he looked as romantically beautiful as Lord Byron, and infinitely more fascinating. "I'm so glad you put on your new tie," she whispered.

His consciousness of his new tie, his reluctance to come, his intention of being rude, his certainty of being bored, all dropped away from Edward with a suddenness so swift and complete as to leave him round-eyed and breathless when Camilla Morris rose to meet him.

She was lovely! Astoundingly lovely! She was a nymph, a dryad, delicate, exquisite. A spray of mountain laurel turned into a girl! And her voice was as delicious as herself, low and clear and prettily accented. Edward could only stare.

After the first shock was over, he found himself sitting beside Camilla on the porch steps and he was talking. She was looking up at him. He was not very sure what he was saying because her wide eyes were so beautiful, and her lips were so red, so sweet. But there was no reason for him to be alarmed as to his conversation, for it was about the one thing in which he had a wholehearted interest, namely, himself.

Now and then Camilla would put in a word, or ask a question. It was always the right word, the right question to lead him on. No, this was not calculated intention on Camilla's part. She came from a town where there was little interest in books and writing, and she had conceived an exaggerated respect for all those who have to do with them, had endowed all writers with extraordinary qualities, looked on all books as a mysterious and noble achievement. She had heard Hugh Walpole lecture and been thrilled to the heart by his accent and his urbanities. And she knew a girl who had once seen Edna Ferber at a theater in New York!

Therefore her interest in Edward was real and unfeigned. He was the first real live writer she had met and she had her aunt's word for it that he was destined for great things. His conversation was exactly what she thought a writer's ought to be, and, indeed, Edward did pretty well, ringing in a good many French and Italian words and making a number of smart-sounding phrases, which wouldn't have been much if analyzed, but which sparkled brightly for the moment. Moreover, there was something else. Camilla would have been a great deal more stupid than she was if she had not observed, from the first moment, that Edward looked at her not as a literary light might gaze on a gem of poetry, but as a young man hard hit looks at the girl who has bowled him over.

He went home in a golden haze. That he had fallen in love he had no doubt, and he had a proud consciousness that he had fallen in love as a poet and a genius should do it. An overwhelming flaming passion inspired by beauty and brain—because from Camilla's exaggerated respect and appreciation of his work he knew that she had a real intellectual quality—what could be more fitting? And besides, his mother had said she would have money.

Edward knew what a victim of a great passion should do, and he did it. He was with Camilla all the time he didn't have to spend at work or eating or sleeping. He wrote poetry to her. He poured into her willing ears all his hopes, his plans, his ambitions and how he suffered from his father's injustice and lack of sympathy.

Mrs. Carson, watching, was not discontented. She, too, talked to Camilla and rounded out the picture of Edward's genius. She imbued the girl with the same belief, the same unquestioning acceptance of Edward's future eminence, and though she knew that she might be crowded out of the picture if Edward married, now there would be someone to carry on the torch of loving service to her gifted son.

Mr. Carson watched also. He liked Camilla, her natural ways, her uncut hair, her not too skimpy skirts. But she was very cool to him, for Edward had told her that he was an unfeeling tyrant. So Mr. Carson gave it up, only saying to his wife: "I don't get what she sees in him." Later he added: "They can't live on what he makes, not with rent and food sky-high like they are nowadays."

"You sneer at every sacred thing," was Mrs. Carson's reply, which silenced Mr. Carson as only a silly irrelevance can silence the practical person.

A few days before the time for Camilla's return to her home and her work, her aunt made a suggestion. Why shouldn't she stay on and get a job in town, or in the city? They found her so much company, it was so pleasant to have young folks around the house, she felt toward her as a daughter, and so forth and so on.

Camilla longed to stay. She was awed and dazzled by Edward's attentions; she felt herself the beggar maid to whom King Cophetua had amazingly stooped. Not that she didn't know how much, or rather how little Edward was worth in a pecuniary sense. She did, but it mattered not a scrap. It was the great wealth of his mind, his poetic soul, his gifted and endowed nature—and yet, and yet, with all this, he was in love with her, who had no least claim to any sort of distinction. When he read aloud, she sat and listened to him with happy gratitude. When he sent over, before breakfast, a little verse he had written to her hair or eyes or lips or smile during the midnight hours, she got a thousand thrills out of it. She saved them all, sacredly, just as his mother had saved his schoolboy compositions.

As for Edward—well, he wanted her. He called it a great passion, and maybe he thought it was, but it was of the flesh only, more of an appetite than a passion. All his life he had got what he wanted, and he wanted Camilla more than he had ever wanted anything. He must have her.

Yet he couldn't see marriage—just now. Later, if Camilla got her inheritance, yes. His odd book reviews, his occasional sale of poems and little essays added about ten dollars a week to his salary of twenty-five. And how could he and Camilla live on thirty-five dollars a week, even if he always got it? He could count on nothing except his salary. They couldn't rent even the dingiest two rooms and bath for less than sixty dollars a month, unless they went into a tenement.

In the Carson home Edward had his own study, his bedroom, his bath, roomy and most comfortable. The Carsons always had a good cook—and he loved his food. He hated discomfort and crowding and poor dinners as a cat hates rain. But here was this desire for Camilla that made him utterly wretched, fretted him constantly, teased and harassed him.

Then Camilla went into the city, spent a day there and returned with a job and a prospective salary of her own, having been hailed with joy by the bedeviled office manager of a big banking firm as the first human-looking stenographer who had applied for months. She was to have thirty dollars a week, this because of her previous experience, and also because she shrewdly divined that the office manager was in a difficulty about help and could be held up for a fair wage.

Camilla, when it came to business, was not wholly a laurel blossom.

With Edward's twenty-five and potential thirty-five and Camilla's thirty there was no reason why they could not live in moderate comfort.

So they were regularly engaged and Edward spent the money he had saved for his two years abroad and bought Camilla a ring. It wasn't so much of a ring at that, since he had only saved about two hundred dollars.

"Some day," he promised her magnificently, "I'll weight down your lovely little hands with diamonds and rubies."

"Darling," she answered, "I love this little half hoop of pearls as much as if it were a diamond bush and a whole forest of ruby trees, and I always will."

Which meant a great deal, coming from Camilla, as she was not free with extravagant statement. But she was so much in love that her native sense retreated and she gave herself willingly to all the superlatives of a blind affection. She quite honestly thought Edward the most generous and kind and noble and gifted man who ever lived.

Mrs. Carson wanted the young people to stay on at home, but they refused.

"I'm fed up with suburban inanities," Edward confided to Camilla. "I must get to know more people, the people who count, who mean something, and there's no way to do it if we stick out here."

Camilla agreed. She said, "I'd love to entertain—but I'll be awfully stupid among the clever people who'll be flocking to you, Edward. I'll have to serve the sandwiches and cakes, and for the rest, I'll listen. You'll need an audience, you know." Whereupon Edward called her a droll, whimsical little bird, kissed her a couple of times and let it go at that.

Mr. Carson was the only cynical spectator among the small group who stood before the altar of the Little Church Around the Corner on the day Edward and Camilla were married, and even he was touched by Camilla's starry loveliness. "Poor kid," he said softly. "Poor little kid. I ought to've warned her, but it wouldn't 've been any use. By gosh, I pity her."

Sharp, Edward's boss, came to the wedding and was immensely taken with Camilla. One or two other literary folks Edward had met came also, and Mrs. Carson was all puffed up with pride to meet them. As it happened to be a dull day for news the wedding got notices in most of the metropolitan papers, notices in which Edward was spoken of as a coming writer of the younger group, a contributor of poetry to various magazines, and a member of the Dauban Company's staff—they did not state in what capacity, for Edward wrote those notices himself and sent them out through the Dauban publicity man.

The one-room-and-bath apartment, with beds that folded into the wall during the day, and an infinitesimal kitchenette at the side, which Edward and Camilla rented, was new even if it was just where the Italian quarter meets Greenwich Village. And the one room was good-sized, and Camilla had furnished it in good taste. The elder Carsons and the Jenkinses had each given them money, so they had a couple of good rugs, golden gauze curtains to simulate sunlight, Edward's books on shelves painted a faint gray-green, a mahogany writing table, a delightful big highboy, a small table with folding leaves for meals, two or three chairs, lamps with soft golden shades.

They did not have a wedding trip because of their jobs. They simply moved in and settled down. They were extremely happy. Even the fact that Edward required toast, hot cereal, three eggs, bacon, fruit and coffee as a minimum breakfast and a corresponding amount of dinner in the evening put no blight on Camilla's romantic dreams. She was a good cook and she had a managing head, so that Edward was not disappointed in his meals, nor in the order and cleanliness of his new home. Also she took over the duty of keeping Edward's clothes in order, seeing to laundry, pressing, shoe-polishing, and so on. She pressed his ties and changed his links and collar buttons.

The whole tradition of cherishing Edward, sparing him any trouble or worry, considering his desires and wishes first, letting him have his own way in everything, so successfully started by Mrs. Carson, was faithfully carried on by Camilla. If she grew tired sometimes, if she wished that Edward would do some of the cherishing and sparing himself, if after a hard day in the bank she found getting a hot and lavish dinner for him a chore alike to her strength and her patience, she never indicated it.

Like all geniuses, she found that Edward was careless about money. Their small household was supposed to be run on a fifty-fifty basis, but frequently Edward forgot to hand Camilla his share of the expenses.

And when she reminded him, sweetly enough, of his forgetfulness, he was not pleased and gave up with a martyred air implying that he could ill spare it, and ought not to be asked for it. So Camilla got into the way of paying everything she could out of her own pocket, and asking him for nothing, save when her resources were quite exhausted.

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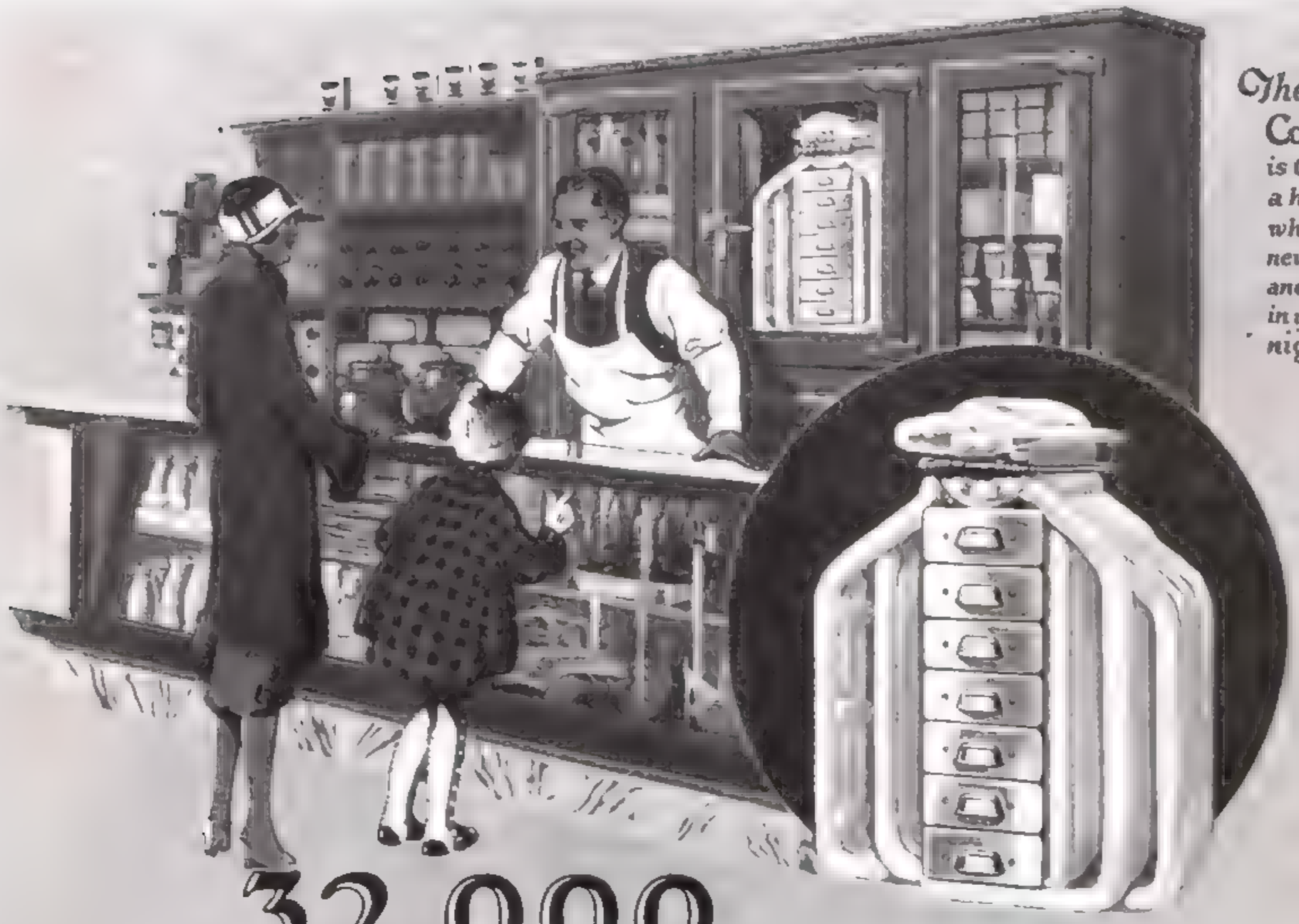

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(Continued from Page 62)

Edward spoke often of the time when her father's estate would be settled and they would have that money to spend. Camilla was doubtful. "I don't think I'll win the suit, but I keep hoping. We could have a larger apartment, a maid. We might travel. I'd love 'for to admire and for to see, for to be'old this world so wide' before I'm too old and decrepit to climb mountains and ride in airplanes."

"Dear," Edward was sweetly patient, "why will you quote anyone so definitely outmoded as Kipling? That man's art—if he ever had any—is dead, and he doesn't know it."

"Neither do I," said Camilla dryly. "I like him."

"I don't think you can mean what you say," replied Edward crushingly. It was their first approach to a disagreement, and possibly if Camilla had not been rather weary with washing out Edward's socks and ironing his soft collars, she would have accepted Edward's dictum about Kipling as she did about everything.

She decided to change the subject. "Well, it would be fine to have that money," she said.

"It would," he said agreeably. "We could go abroad and live—that's my dream, as I've so often told you. How much will there be, do you think?"

"Oh, maybe ten thousand dollars, or twelve, or maybe a little less."

"Why, we could live several years abroad on that, quite simply, you know; in Paris, most of the time."

"Well, as I said, I may not get it. Dad's affairs were all tied up in the factory where he was manager. He had money invested in it, and after his death the factory failed and the creditors started suit on some technical point—I don't understand it. It's dragged on for three years now, and the last time it went to the Supreme Court, so the next decision will be final, and I'll be glad of it." She sat down limply. "Oh, I'm so tired. I hope nobody's coming tonight."

Camilla was thinner, her etherealness was emphasized. The half loop of pearls above her slender wedding ring slipped on her finger. Her eyes were not so bright nor so gay.

"Nobody's coming tonight that I know of, but I've asked Sharp and Brenda Hastings to dinner on Saturday. Sharp is always so glad to come—he's half in love with you, as you well know—and I happened to see Brenda this morning, so I asked her."

"All right," said Camilla meekly, "but I wish she wasn't coming. She patronizes me so when she doesn't ignore me completely."

"Camilla! What's got into you tonight?"

"I'm tired. I had a dreadful day at the bank." She did not refer to the two hours' cooking and laundry since.

"I wish you didn't have to go there," said Edward fondly. "I 's such sordid work."

"I'm going to bed," said Camilla.

The word sordid stayed in the back of her mind as elusively and irritatingly as a grain of sand stays in a seashore bed. And that Saturday night dinner—she wondered what she could have to eat that would not raise their weekly market bill too much. There would be more people coming in the evening, too, and that meant more eating. Edward was collecting quite a group of friends who made his apartment their club. They were of the younger Village set of writers and artists, for he found that the older men and women, those who were known and successful, never had time to sit about and smoke and talk until the early morning hours. But there were plenty of others who, after the Village cafés and tea rooms closed, found the Carson studio a refuge—Hayley Bragg, the artist, Newton Varney, Gabriel Tilson and various of their women friends. Edward frequently stayed up so late that he had to take a nap in the afternoon—Camilla didn't come home until nearly six, and he was still at Dauban's on a half-day basis. It cut into his work, this slumber, but he was trying to find a publisher for his collected poems, and he felt sure he would sell enough books to make up for the money he was now losing by resting. His poems ought to make rather a jolly little volume, with wide margins and an art jacket—if he could only get some publisher to see its possibilities! But publishers are so commercial!

There was another distraction that cut into his working time—to wit, Brenda Hastings. Midway down the nearest alley there was a garage over which Brenda lived with her dog, a pathetic underfed pinscher. It was surprising how often Brenda managed to be just coming out as Edward was going home, and what a fillip of interest the sight of her black velvet tam gave him. They had met at a little dinner given by Sharp at the Brevoort. Brenda, exotically draped in her favorite raw orange, the color which best suited her psyche, had sat beside Edward. "Don't bother me," she said to him over the soup. "I eat little boys."

"I'd like to have you eat me," Edward had replied.

"Perhaps I will," she had said, clanking her beads.

An acquaintance thus begun is bound to proceed along unconventional lines, as Edward pointed out to her. But she only laughed at him, and arched her tweezered eyebrows. Edward was charmed to discover that she was an actress, and her specialty was doing bits of parts in obscure little-theater groups. She lived in two rooms over the garage and liked to turn night into day. By dint of mascara, blue pencil and Indian rouge and powder she managed to transform a commonplace set of features into a sort of umber Marchesa Casati, *à la* Zuloaga. Her conversational specialties were profanity and daring remarks. She made an enormous impression on Edward, and when she saw this, and saw how much he liked to be flattered, she dished the sweet stuff to him abundantly.

Edward liked to drop into her dirty, untidy rooms now and then in the afternoon and have her butter him up with praise and compliment. Of course, Camilla was appreciative, too, but, as Edward pathetically told Brenda, Camilla was such a practical little business woman and housewife that she sometimes couldn't find time for him. Brenda always had time. Time and cigarettes and a new daring remark. It was stimulating. She was the first real woman of the world he had ever known.

He deprecated Sharp's description of her. "I used to know her back home in New Hampshire," said Sharp. "She wasn't a bad sort then, and I feel as if I had to look her up every once in a while on account of her people. She's got Villagitis in its saddest form."

How little, reflected Edward, how little Sharp knew her! She had told him the story of her life, and he had found it beautiful in its infinite variety of experience, glorious for its determined struggle always to maintain its entity. "If I chose to conform to the stupid accepted standards of the world," Brenda had cried magnificently, "I could have any number of existences which the world calls desirable. I could be what the animal world calls a happy wife and mother, I could be a star on Broadway, I could be a great flashing adventuress of Deauville. But I must be myself, true to myself. Make a verse of that, dear boy."

It was sublime. She may have believed it. Certainly Edward did, and he kissed her hand—palm up, a trick she had taught him—reverentially. He found himself wishing that Camilla was a little more—a little more subtle.

But Camilla was not subtle nor sophisticated, not, at least, in Brenda's way. She never dealt out any daring remarks, and she never used profanity. All the same, she was a corking good cook and the dinner which she got ready for Saturday night was one of her best. Sharp, coming in early, sniffed appreciatively at the door of the kitchenette.

Brenda was late, but when she came sweeping in she had a new dress, orange of course, very low and loose in the neck, very long in the sleeves and skirt, which was, however, slit up to the knees. Her earrings caressed her collar bones. And she had all her war paint on.

They sat down at the little table, Brenda with her cigarette in a black two-foot holder, the finishing touch. "How *ingénue* you are tonight, Camilla," she began languidly, "in your blue dress. Why don't you like me? I'm really a very nice person."

Camilla smiled. She wanted very much to say that it was because Brenda did not wash the back of her neck, but she refrained. "Have some chicken," she replied aloud, "and don't talk nonsense."

"I suppose you're jealous of me," said Brenda. "Any woman who is married to a genius ought to be jealous of all other women. And by the way, Edward, when are you going to start the great work you were telling me about day before yesterday? The book of criticism ——"

Camilla had heard nothing of any such project. Her glance at Edward was inquiry. But she was silent. Brenda wasn't going to get a rise out of her.

"What's this? What's this?" asked Sharp.

"I've been mulling it over," said Edward. "And I've decided to take a lot of the old idols, Tennyson, Longfellow, Dickens, Thackeray, Mark Twain, Kipling, and do a simply ferocious book about them—out-Mencken Mencken and out-Brooks Brooks. It's old stuff—everyone does it when he wants to get in the limelight quickly, but I know I have something to say that none of them have said."

Sharp's eyes glinted with pleasure. He adored Edward's self-revealing moments.

"It's not at all bad, your idea," he declared. "The roughest kind of rough stuff! Nothing sells so well."

"I'm not doing it for the money," said Edward.

"Of course not. But the *réclame* will be enormous."

"I think it's a fine scheme," said Brenda. "He'll do it deliciously."

"You haven't said anything about it," said Sharp, turning to Camilla.

"I don't know anything about these things."

"You don't like it," Brenda accused her.

Camilla smiled again. Her face felt stiff and frozen, but she managed it. "Have some more salad," she urged hospitably.

"That's the worst of you housekeeping women—you think of nothing else," went on Brenda, but taking a great deal more salad. "You're so cursed practical. How Edward manages to live and breathe and keep up the quality of his work in such an atmosphere I don't understand."

This was sheer impertinence, but Camilla smiled again and cocked a quizzical eyebrow at Sharp. "We're in for a great many daring remarks this evening, evidently," said she. Then to Brenda, with the utmost good humor: "Better save them for the crowd that's coming in later. They'll appreciate them."

Sharp burst out laughing. "Score ten and game for Camilla, I says," he chortled. "And now, what are we going to have for dessert? If it's one of your own special apple pies I shall die of joy."

Brenda and Edward exchanged understanding glances. Brenda shrugged, a shrug that indicated the utter hopelessness of Camilla and Sharp. Edward nodded meaningly. He wished he had not asked Sharp, only, of course, it was good business to do it while the fellow was so crazy about Camilla's cooking. Except for the food this had been an uncomfortable meal, and he blamed Camilla. Why hadn't she been more appreciative of his great idea for his book? Why had she snapped Brenda off so nastily? Why hadn't she —— Oh, Brenda was right, Camilla was a housekeeping woman and nothing else.

Later in the evening, when the crowd came in—Hayley Bragg had brought his new model, Gina—Edward forgot about Camilla. She kept in the background, as she should, and at ten o'clock gave them toasted crackers and cheese, and good coffee. For the rest she sat down by one of the lamps and sewed at her eternal mending, and listened. The men clustered about the other two women. Brenda was in fine form. Gina said little, but she jumped up and kissed them all every now and then to show how much she loved them and enjoyed being with them. They all talked like mad—all except Sharp, who went home early.

Hayley was doing a picture, a nude of Gina for the Revoltists' show. "No chance for me with those old fossils at the Academy, even if I'd stoop to send anything," he declared. Varney was working on a story, a fantasy of corruption, he called it, and he read them bits of it. They all knew it was superb, but that none of the low commercially controlled magazines would recognize its superbness. Gabriel Tilson had brought his banjo-uke and wrung strange chords from it while Edward chanted some of his own verses. Gabriel had much to say about the newest new music, which was to be founded on the Oriental scale, and he did them some experimental melodies.

Then they all got immensely excited about Edward's projected work. "Don't leave out Wordsworth," begged Varney, "the leading milk-porridge poet of his own or any age. Dig into his private life and smear him with it."

"If I were you I'd take a crack at someone alive—Wells and Shaw and that simpering Barrie!" said Hayley.

"It doesn't matter whom I choose to knock off his pedestal," said Edward. "It's the way it's done that'll count. Sharp advises rough stuff, but I favor the rapier rather than the bludgeon. That's a question, though—the booberie love the bludgeon best—the finer strokes get past them."

They went on and on and on. Camilla had unobtrusively cleared away the plates and cups, washed them and set them in their places on the kitchenette shelves. She stifled her yawns. About half-past two the last of them had gone, and Edward went also, to take Brenda home. Camilla flung the window wide now, and by the time Edward came back the room was fairly fresh, the beds lowered and their covers turned down.

Edward came in all smiles. "Gorgeous evening—quite one of our best," he said cheerily. "Everybody at the top of his form. Being with my own kind is enormously stimulating. I'm glad we're not immured in the suburbs!"

Camilla said nothing. She was looking at him, a long, strange look as though she had never seen him before. There was something piteous in the look, something childishly frightened, and her eyes shone bright with tears she did not dare shed. "It seems to me they all do nothing but talk," she was thinking, "and behave in a hateful, promiscuously rowdy way. But who am I to judge? I don't know anything about writing or painting or music, or even about living. And if Edward likes it and finds it stimulating there must be something to it, for Edward is a genius. I must look at it that way—I must!"

With which forlorn determination she finally went off to sleep. Her last waking thought was a wish that Edward would not so complacently accept her own valuation of her ignorance.

She was to wish this more than once in the weeks that followed. Neither Edward's thoughtfulness nor his earning capacity underwent any improvement. Camilla, being busy all day on her own job, could not know how he was spending more and more of his afternoons loafing with Brenda, either in her apartment or in one of the favored Village resorts, the Flying Rinktum, the Blue Mosquito, or Lilith's Tea Room. Here in clouds of cigarette smoke, in endless half-baked controversy on and discussion of imagism, vorticism, varied with denunciation of any literature that did not concern itself with murder, adultery or degenerate crime, with any music that had a perceptible melody, with any painting that was not given over wholly to

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formlessness, the hours passed easily away in company with those whose only real activity was with the jawbone.

"Whenever your book manuscript is ready I'll type it for you," Camilla offered. But nothing happened, and when she spoke of it again, Edward burst out irritably.

"I do wish you wouldn't hound me so about that book. How can a man do anything serious in this horrible rushing commercial city when he has to give all of his energy to earning a bare living for himself and his wife? Good heavens, if I could only have a year in Paris! Isn't that estate of your father's ever going to be settled?"

Camilla looked at him again, one of those strange looks that implied absolute nonacquaintance. "I'll write to the lawyers tonight," she promised. She waited a moment and then went on: "You know, Edward, the decision probably won't be favorable to me. It wasn't the last time."

"It wasn't? Why didn't you tell me so?"

"I thought I did." Camilla pressed her hands to her head, wearily. "But I've so much to do and remember ——"

"You're too engrossed in domesticity, my dear. Which reminds me that we're going over to Brenda's on Saturday night for one of her Italian dinners."

"I'll bet it'll be poisonous. Half-cooked spaghetti and that sour red ink she gets from the bootleggers."

"Don't be spiteful toward Brenda. That's the refuge of small souls. A woman of her type—*une femme exaltée et liberée*—can't be expected to adore the cooking stove and the dish pan."

Camilla colored. It hurt her so much when Edward said things like that that she could only be silent. If she answered she would cry, she knew it. She tried to think she was nervous, tired, exaggerating. But the sting persisted. Edward had seen fit to defend Brenda by a covert slam at his wife. She went into the kitchenette and closed the door. A woman exalted, liberated, might not adore the cooking stove and the dish pan, but it was dollars to doughnuts that Edward would expect his wife to serve an excellent hot dinner at seven o'clock, with two vegetables, a salad and a heavy dessert.

As she worked, the fling he had made about earning a bare living for himself and for her came back to her. The truth was that if her salary had not been raised she would have been hard put to it to pay their ordinary bills. Edward was paying a fourth rather than a half. His mother had denied herself a fur coat and given him a new suit, a winter overcoat, a selection of fine, expensive haberdashery. Camilla had had no new frocks, and her furs were so shabby she hated to wear them. She needed shoes. Oh, if Brenda did not distract Edward, waste his time, he might get on with his work and everything would go better. Camilla had an old-fashioned faith in work as a necessity for one's body, and one's soul. But Brenda —— "I won't go there Saturday night and see her pawing at him, acting as if she owned him," she whispered fiercely to the salad she was making.

Nevertheless, she did go, and was relieved when she saw kindly little Sharp among the guests. He came over to her and sat down. "As we're the only ones who don't belong to the intelligentzia," he said, "we must console each other for our deficiencies. What do you think of Brenda's nest?"

Camilla looked about her. The two rooms had the general air of having been struck by a harsh slanting gale. There were no rugs, no carpet. The sofa and chair seats sagged, their worn upholstery and dropping springs half-concealed by such old shawls and pieces of alleged Oriental draperies as Brenda possessed. There were a great many cushions and ash trays. A penetrating incense burned smokily on the mantelpiece. Books, old play-scripts, battered magazines, letters and odd papers fell about indiscriminately. Over everything was a film of grimy dust, and in the corners were rolls of fluff. Brenda, in a soiled orange smock, stirred a big kettle of spaghetti, and about her were grouped the usual men, Bragg, Varney, Tilson, Edward. One grated the Parmesan. Another cut bread. Another retrieved from beneath the table various bottles of the red ink Camilla had prophesied. Brenda's dog, the subdued, underfed pinscher, named Maeterlinck, sat on the best chair, scratched an occasional flea and surveyed the scene apathetically.

"Well, what do you think of it?" repeated Sharp.

"I think someone ought to rescue that dog from a life of squalor," said Camilla.

"I never heard you say anything so bitter."

"Was it bitter? I only meant it to be funny."

"Your eyes belie you."

"Don't pay any attention to how I look, but only to what I say."

"Come along, darlings, dinner's ready," caroled Brenda. "Everyone must hold his plate in his lap. Pass the spaghetti, Hayley, and you follow with the sauce and the cheese, Edward. There are forks somewhere. Oh, Gabriel, run in to my dressing table there's some paper napkins in one of the drawers. I'll pour the wine. Sharp, you lazy little devil, stop making love to Camilla and hold the glasses. Has everybody got cigarettes?"

The ragtime meal went on. Camilla could not drink the wine, nor eat the food, and it amused her grimly to see that Edward relished the spaghetti no better than herself. Nevertheless, he gulped it down. Brenda directed that when any guest had eaten all he wished, he should put his plate with whatever remained, on the floor for Maeterlinck, who ate it greedily. The dog also devoured what was left in the kettle.

The dessert was a tray of indifferent pastry bought at the cheapest of the little bakeries round about.

"I have a frightful headache," Camilla told Sharp at last. "I think I'll go home. Tell them when I've gone, please."

She slipped away, alone, refusing Sharp's wish to go with her. It was very cold, with a dash of snow, and she ran to keep warm, thankful to be alone. When she got to the apartment she found a letter from the firm of lawyers who were handling her father's estate. She could hardly see the words in the hall, but once inside they jumped at her with startling clearness.

"Regret to inform you that the decision has been unfavorable and ——"

She flung down the letter and her heart dropped with it. Not that she had counted on the money for herself, but she had hoped, if she and Edward could escape to France, perhaps there, away from this stupid lot of people who took up his time and wasted his energy, away from Brenda and her flattery, he might find inspiration to go on with the work he was neglecting. New scenes, new people, the gray-blue skies of Paris, her endless dramatic vistas—there Edward's genius might bloom and flower into great projects, great enterprises. He might lay aside the idea of that book of slashing criticism—and Camilla hoped he would. She had never liked the idea of that book. The idea of Edward attacking Wordsworth and Thackeray was, to Camilla, a trifle comic in its implications. He might as well go out and throw a handful of street mud at the stars. People might gather to watch him do it, but the stars would shine on undimmed.

Well, Edward couldn't go to Paris now. She wondered if he would be greatly disappointed. She sat there in the exquisite cleanliness and order of her room and brooded over her problem. She wanted Edward to have what he longed for so much. Oh, how she wanted it for him. And she had hoped to give it to him. And now she could not. It seemed so unnecessarily unfair of fate that it should be so. If there were only some way in which she could make a great deal of money, if there were only someone who might lend it to her. She would bind herself to repay every cent, would work her hands off willingly.

And then she thought, as she had often of late, of Edward's father. That rotund, taciturn little man who went on with his life, unmoved by the endless vaporings and sillinesses of Edward's mother—Camilla had begun to feel for him a mingling of respect and liking, of understanding and a little admiration. He was no longer, in her eyes, the cruel tyrant Edward pictured him. In her visits to the Carson home since her marriage, she had felt him stealthily putting out little tendrils of wistful kindliness in her direction. Perhaps if she went to him now, and told him—but no, she wouldn't do it. This business of rushing to get help in the first big difficulty of her marriage was pretty poor. She must stiffen her morale, work things out for herself. Perhaps, after all, Edward's Brenda-madness, his disinclination to go ahead with his work were passing phases of his development. By all precedents, genius was erratic, cruel, selfish. It must be nurtured and tended always to the cost of those near it. She must put herself aside. She must be patient, forbearing, long-suffering. Her reward would come with Edward's great and enduring fame.

Camilla was asleep when Edward came home, and the next day, being Sunday, she didn't have to rush down early to the office. She got a leisurely breakfast and enjoyed it. Edward didn't. He was bilious; he had a headache and a grouch to match. He stayed in bed. It was no time to tell him about the lost legacy; certainly not.

Then Mrs. Carson called up and wanted them to come out home for dinner.

"I won't go," snarled Edward. "Tell her I'm sick. No, don't tell her that or she'll rush in here and insist on nursing me. Oh, tell her anything so we don't have to go. Families are pests."

So Camilla chose the one lie which she knew would appease Edward's mother, and told her bravely that Edward was very, very busy at work today and didn't want to break the flow of his thought.

"That's all right," said Edward, when his mother finally rang off. "Work! Fat chance I have to work in this rotten town! If I could only get away from it. Haven't you heard anything from those swine lawyers yet?"

Camilla might willingly lie for Edward, but she didn't choose to lie for herself.

"I had a letter last night when I got home," she said. "I've lost the case. I don't get the money. The factory's creditors get it."

"What—what's that you say?" He sat up in bed, his face pasty and swollen, his eyes gleaming with amazed anger. "Let me see that letter."

She handed it to him. He read it, cursed, groaned, flopped over and lay with his face buried in the pillows.

"Oh, Edward, don't. I'm terribly sorry, too, for your sake, not for mine. I never really thought I'd get it—you know I said so all along. But if you were counting on it so—oh, Edward, darling, please—why, we can go to Paris before so very long anyway. When you finish your book ——"

He jerked away from her affectionate hands. "Leave me alone."

Camilla retreated, near to tears. "Edward, I'm so sorry—if there was anything more I could do—I'd do anything in the world ——"

He sat up in bed and pushed back his hair.

"You'd do anything in the world! You're nothing but a cheat, a fake! You inveigled me into marrying you by pretending you were sure of this money ——"

"I—I didn't—I ——"

"And you knew all the time you would never get it. Why, do you think I'd have married you if I hadn't been desperate, mad, crazy to get away—you, a little commonplace, stupid, small-town girl, with nothing but your body to recommend you to a man like me, your body and your money which you apparently didn't have at all?"

Camilla caught hold of the table. "You said you loved me!"

"I said it because it was the only way to get you—I was desperate. You've been nothing but a drag on me. I've not done ten lines of decent work since we were married, and it's all your fault. You've surrounded me with this dreary smother of domesticity, this suet pudding, this sticky woolly blanket, this fog of wifeliness how I've grown to hate and loathe it. I've had to prostitute my talents, and I'm no bragging when I say that there's no one writing today who's my equal. I've had to drag out my strength and my energy in a nasty, mean little routine job, fit for the average high-school kid—so as to have money enough to support you, so that you could be the conventional good wife to me, and be the ruin of every inspiration I had! There's a fine vicious circle for you. And we might at any minute find ourselves further complicated by a squalling brat—such things happen, both in marriage and out."

"Oh, hush—hush ——"

"Well, it's true, isn't it? And Brenda says ——"

Camilla let go of the table and stood stiff and straight and strong. "Did Brenda point out to you that we might have a child, at any moment, as you so humorously put it?"

"What if she did?"

"I don't know that it does make any difference, after all the other things you have said. Only, it's the last little touch. Well—I could laugh at myself! I thought you were a genius. I swallowed whole all that nonsense of your mother's. I believed in you! It's funny!" She began to laugh, high, clear, sharp laughter. "And all on the strength of a few little poems and a book that you haven't written a line of! I am a boob, all right, Edward. I'm the small-town, commonplace girl—I'm a fool too! You've been working at a high-school boy's job to support me, have you? That's another joke. I've paid three-fourths of the bills, and gone without decent clothes to do it. I've been cook and waitress and scrub woman and laundress and seamstress for you, and actually paid for the divine privilege! If there was ever a bigger fool than that, I'd like to see her. And you've been lolling around in those filthy rooms of Brenda Hastings', letting her waste your time and feed you taffy, and talk about me while I was downtown working as hard as I could so that I could get you porterhouse steak and casaba melon for your dinner! Yes, it is funny! The funniest thing is that I thought you were a genius!" She laughed again, the same sharp, clear note. "A genius! You—fat, greedy, lazy, selfish, common and unscrupulous. You're about as much of a genius as a—as a—green tomato worm!"

She walked over to the closet and took out her hat and coat. "I'm going," she said. "I'm going out to your home first of all, and give your father three rousing cheers for being one of the few people you haven't fooled. And then I'll come back and pack my clothes and find me a boarding house with a pleasant room, and settle down to my job, with the knowledge that I can have my salary for myself, and won't have to deny myself a pair of shoes or gloves that I need, so that you can put on an extra pound of flesh. I suppose your mother will come to your rescue, and help you along. You'll always live on someone, preferably a woman, because they're easier. Come to think of it, Edward, you are a genius at that, a real genius!"

She closed the door behind her, and went down the quiet Sunday morning street. There was a cold blue sky above her, and last night's slight snow still lay in thin white drifts at the corners of steps and in areas. She was shaking all over, but she felt warm, and brave, and for the first time in many days at peace with herself.

"After all," thought Camilla, "I'm not very old. A mistake, no matter how big it is, once you've seen it, and chucked it, ought to be something on the profit side of the ledger. I can make my life over. I know I can. And better, more sense. Why—after this—I can do anything!"

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MAN ALONE

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Ed Bristol wrinkled his withered forehead and puffed huge clouds of smoke from his pipe.

"I'll take the ride," he muttered.

"What?" Everyone looked at him pityingly.

"If all of us was mad like Torque, and Thomas before him," continued Chet stubbornly, "we'd each own a bank."

"A sand bank, eh?" They all laughed at that.

"Even a sand bank was enough to eat up the Damons," murmured Ed, but no one was listening to him any longer; he spoke too low.

In the great house on Lion Hill the drawing-room, the library and the dining room had been thrown into one. Never in the palmiest days of their social preëminence had the rooms looked lovelier. Masses of flowers brightened their shadows. Everything a smoker could desire was at hand in the library, while from beyond came the gleam of snowy table linen and shining silver. Janie was sitting very still amid the banks of cut flowers. She had read the morning paper. She looked as if her eyes would never move again. But when Mega came in and asked if she wanted lunch, she spoke quite clearly, though her lips scarcely stirred.

"No, thank you; and please don't come in again unless I ring."

On the other side of the cedars Ralph Damon was still haunting the telephone; it never occurred to him to go back to work. Occasionally he would pass through to the front window, from which he could see a short stretch of Main Street and the entrance to the big house where the curving driveway sprang out from the double thicket of evergreens. The telephone rang at last. He ran to it, knocking over a chair on his way.

"Is that you, mother?"

"Yes; what on earth is the matter?"

"Where are you?"

"In New York."

"God!"

"Ralph, what has happened? We were just going to the matinée, but if it's something important ——"

"No, you can't do that! Please, mother, catch the first train and I'll have a car waiting for you at the Camden side of the ferry. You've got to travel down here faster than you ever moved before."

"Ralph, tell me at once what's the matter. I called you up the minute I got your first telegram, and two more have arrived while we've been speaking. All they say is for me to come before four or get in touch with you if I'm too far away. I can't possibly get there by four. Now tell me."

"There are some things you can't explain over the telephone. All I can tell you is there's a dirty low-down trick going to be pulled here this afternoon and you're the only one who can spike the gun. If you can't come by four, you can by five or six. But if you don't try your best I'll never forgive you, and you won't blame me."

"I'm an old woman, Ralph, but I'll start for the station in five minutes. Good-by."

Ralph pored over time-tables. If his mother caught the one o'clock train, she would not need the car, as she could make a connection which would bring her to Hopetown by five He glanced at his watch and saw that she could scarcely make it. He ordered a car by telephone to go to Camden and wait for her. If she had to use it she could not reach home before six. That would be rotten, but it couldn't be helped. He sat down to wait. Every time he thought of the notice in the paper his face would turn hot, his eyes glittered, and he would jump up to pace from one end of the small house to the other.

The notice had appeared just as Janie had written it:

"Miss Strayton and Mr. Torquay Strayton will receive their friends this afternoon at a reception to be held in the Strayton home on Lion Hill from four to six."

That was the way it read, but instead of being one of half a dozen social notes, it was headed NOTICE in large letters and had been placed in the advertising section along with other paid matter. What self-respecting man would obey that insolent order? What woman would see in it anything but a chance to damage her own prestige?

At four Damon went to his room and dressed immaculately in clothes he had seldom put on since an immemorial custom had given him the right to wear them upon becoming a junior at college. After that he spent his time hurrying backward and forward to keep watch on the road up from the works and on the main entrance to the Strayton place; the house itself he could not see. This occupation prevented him from going to the station on the chance his mother should come by train. At a quarter after five he gave her up, left a note for her pinned to the advertisement in the paper and started out alone. Not a single guest had passed between the pillars ornamented by his grandfather with the great balls of devitrified glass. What was worse, neither Torquay nor Albert had come up from the works.

Ralph was not in the mood nor was he dressed to push his way through the gap in the cedars. Carrying stick and gloves, he went down the narrow road and turned into Main Street. As he did so three youngsters spied him and for an instant were struck dumb; then one of them recovered breath and wits.

"Hey, you, Mr. Damon!" he shouted. "We don't want no grand dukes from the Grand Cañon in this town!"

Ralph smiled, but did not turn his head. He was wondering if he was about to make a fool of himself to someone besides the boys in the street. He arrived at the big house and was about to press the bell when he noticed the door was wide open and unattended. Probably the maid, tired out with waiting for people who would not arrive, had gone away, forgetting to close it. As a baby he had been lord of this domain; he had ruled it for four years. It seemed absurd to ring. He entered, laid his things on the hall table, went to the drawing-room door and looked in.

Janie was sitting in a big chair directly facing him. She had on the most charming of her new afternoon frocks. It was slightly open at the neck and her throat and face rose from it like white marble from a chalice. She was looking straight at him, but to his amazement she did not move. He felt a flash of embarrassment before it struck him that whatever the reason she did not see him.

"Miss Strayton?"

She sprang to her feet with an indistinct cry and threw one hand to her throat.

"Oh!" she gasped. "I thought I was dreaming!"

"I know you were," said Ralph easily. "I could see it in your face."

"I don't mean that," said Janie, with something of her father's honesty in speech. "I mean I saw you come in quite plainly, but I was sure I only dreamed it. You are Mr. Damon, aren't you? Won't you sit down?"

If composure in the face of disaster stood for breeding, thought Ralph, she was thoroughbred from the toes of her slippers to the top of her yellow head. Her hair fascinated him. It was swept in a broad smooth band straight around her head, its ends hidden in mystery. What fools women were to pray for curly hair! Perhaps it was because they were too lazy to do this sort of thing.

"Won't you sit down?" she repeated.

"No," he said, coming to himself. "I'd rather eat if you don't mind. It won't be any trouble, will it?"

"Hardly," said Janie, leading the way toward the dining room.

"You see, I didn't have any lunch," he explained.

She stopped in the middle of the library and turned toward him, surprised.

"Why not?"

He met her eyes squarely.

"Do you want me to answer that?"

She looked down for a moment, her brows drawn in a thoughtful frown, and then up again.

"Yes."

"For the very same reason you didn't eat any."

"You shouldn't have said that," whispered Janie. She reached out her hand, steadied herself on the back of a chair and then suddenly crumpled into it, buried her face in her arm and began to cry. He stood staring down at her, his jaw set and his clenched hands thrust deep in his pockets. "What made you say it?" she sobbed. "Why couldn't you have helped me play the game?"

"It's you who aren't playing the game," said Ralph sharply.

She raised her head, but not to look at him.

"You mean that," she stated.

"Of course I mean it. A lot of people never learn the only way to find out there are two sides to a table is to kick it over. Never be sore at a low-down trick. It will always help you. It's only another name for a boomerang."

"I can't understand all that—not just now."

"And I can't explain it; but my mother will as soon as she can get here."

"Your mother?"

"Yes; she's on her way from New York. She's the one woman who wouldn't have been stumped by that notice—and she had to be away!"

Janie arose swiftly and faced the hall.

"If she should come in that door, I would make a bigger fool of myself than I have with you. I couldn't stand it now."

"You're not the kind of person who can make a fool of herself. You'll never make a fool of yourself as long as you live. I'll tell you why—you're too real."

"It's strange you should say that. I've always wished I could be just myself."

"And what have you been?"

"I've been the shadow of something. I don't know of just what, but I've been a shadow. It must be that, because I've never been held and I've never held anything."

"You're thinking of your father."

She turned to him, startled.

"How did you know?"

"Haven't I worked with him day and night?"

Her eyes hardened.

"Yes, and you nicknamed him Torquemada of Lion Hill. How could I have forgotten? I'm sorry, but I can't be friends with you."

Ralph's face paled.

"If you stick to that you'll send your father rolling to the bottom of the hill."

"What hill? You'll have to explain that."

"I'm the best friend he ever had. Look around you. I'm the only thing that stands between him and what he tried to do to you. If he had a knife at your throat instead of at your heart, perhaps you'd thank me for knocking it out of his hand."

"Please don't talk to me like that," said Janie, her lip trembling. "I don't know where I am or where I'm going, but I take back what I said."

"Don't think I blame you for sticking up for your father," said Ralph quickly. "I don't. I love you for it, and I'm glad I hit you with the apple, I'm glad I asked you if you could dance and I'm glad of that bit of foul play in the paper." She stared at him in amazement "Aren't you?"

"I don't know what you mean."

"That isn't fair. You do know. You know I was meant to come here in three jumps and nothing else could have brought me. Are you glad or aren't you?"

Her eyes gave way before his.

"I was terribly unhappy when you came," she said simply; "I'm only half unhappy now."

"So am I," said Ralph. "When I started over from our place everything looked as clear as could be. There was going to be at least one man at your reception, and a woman if my mother could get here. That's all I thought about. But now I'm half unhappy."

"Why?" asked Janie, smiling unconsciously at the puzzled look in his face.

"You've got to believe me when I say that was all I was thinking about," he continued. "Do you?"

"Yes; I do."

"Well, here's what's happened. I don't want to rush you or anything like that; but if you'll only give me half a chance, I know I'll love you back to the first day I saw you and ahead as long as I don't go deaf, dumb and blind."

"Oh!" cried Janie, throwing up her hands as if he had struck her. "You know I'm going to be married! You know it! You know it! And now you've said that!"

He stepped forward, caught her wrists and held them down. She looked at his set face with swimming eyes.

"Janie, you're not a big enough coward to marry that crawling slug."

"You don't know what you are doing!" she whispered, her head falling to one side. "I gave my word to my father."

"I knew it!" cried Ralph, tightening his hold. "Break it if you have any love for him. Don't mind me; I'll look out for myself, but your father can't." She straightened her head and looked at him, hanging her weight on his hands as if she wished to rest on them. "I mean it," he went on earnestly. "There's only one way for you or anyone else to win your father and that's to fight him tooth and nail for his own good"

"Win him?" said Janie, her eyes widening.

"Something's the matter with him. I don't know what it is, but I know you're the only person in the world who can cure him"

"You're frightening me."

"I can't believe you're really afraid ——"

"No, no!" cried Janie. "Not of him—of you. You're talking to me as I've always longed to be talked to. Whether you're right or wrong, you mean what you say. Don't you?"

"I do, and because you're just a little afraid of me as I am of you, I've got to ask you something. Why does your father want you to marry that—that ——"

"I don't know."

"Did you ever think you loved him, that—that ——"

"No; I only wanted to love him. I tried and tried, but I couldn't—I can't."

He drew her toward him so quickly her relaxed body had no time to resist. Before she could think she was in his arms. Her own blood betrayed her. It tingled in her veins and throbbed in her ears, telling her to let herself go. She was fallen against him.

"Oh, please! You mustn't! It's wicked for me to be like this—to feel like this."

"Janie, that's a lie," he whispered. "We both know it's a lie. Promise me you'll stand by me as I'll stand by you."

"I promise"

"Promise me you'll never give me up."

Torquay loomed like a black cloud through the hall into the drawing-room. Albert was at his side, his mouth wide open and gasping.

"I'll never leave you, Ralph," said Janie, her fingers creeping to a hold on his shoulders. "Never!"

(Continued on Page 73)

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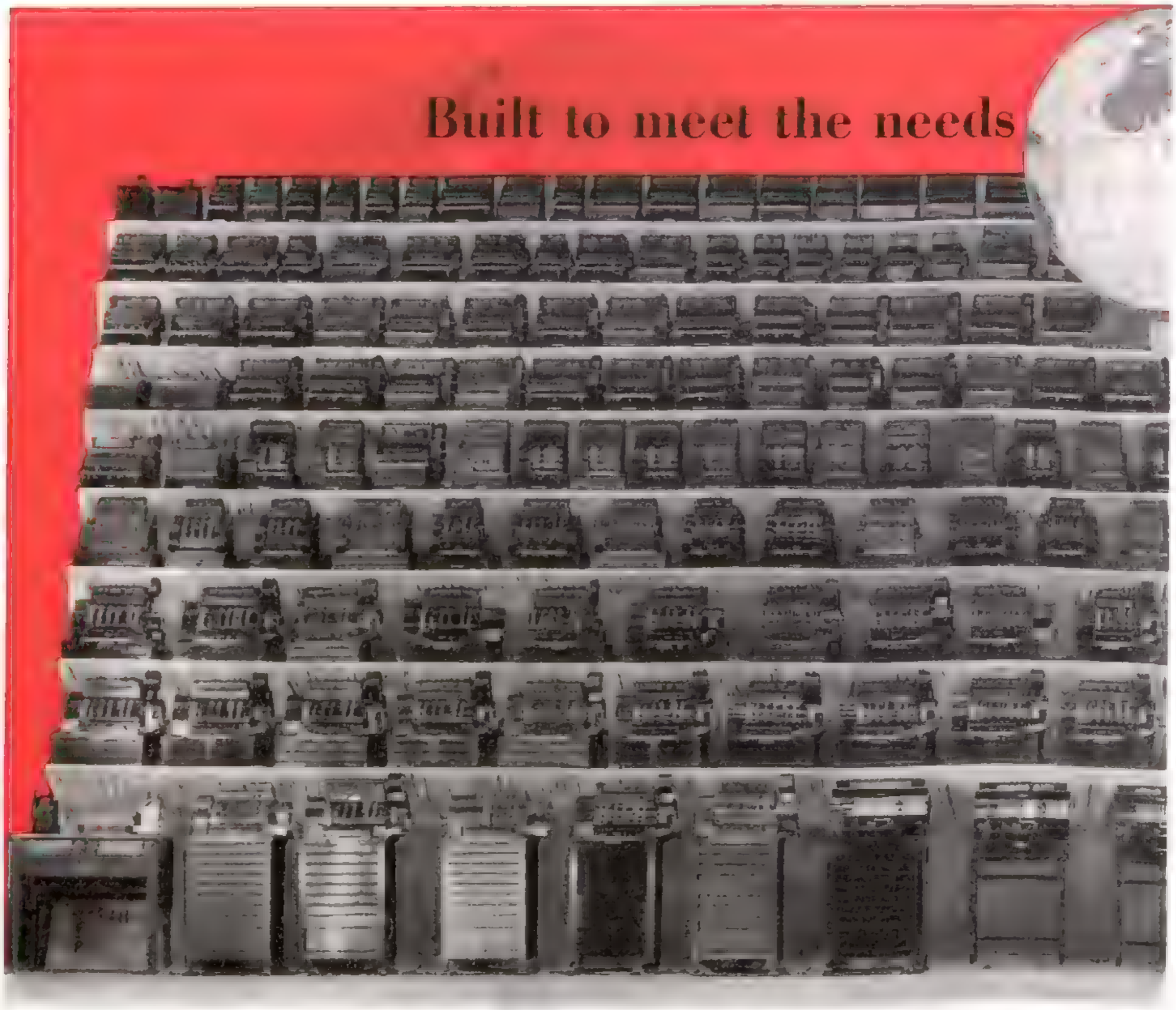

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(Continued from Page 68)

A laugh like a thunderclap burst from Torquay. Ralph and Janie drew apart only enough to turn and face him. Albert's mouth still hung open and his pink cheeks had become blotches of brilliant red.

"Black inside!" rumbled Torquay, his blood-streaked eyes fastened on Janie. "Woman! Rotten to the touch! Perjured! There's a worm in you—a black core in your white body."

"It's you that's black inside and out," said Ralph quietly. "You're a great torturing bully, chewing on your daughter and your own heart."

"Get out of this house!" shouted Torquay at the top of his voice, throwing both his clenched fists high in the air as if he were going to crash them down on Damon's head.

Ralph moved Janie firmly aside and took a step forward.

"You're not dealing with that miserable pink-cheeked bladder there," he said with a short nod toward Albert. "You can beat me into a jelly and when you get through what's left of me will still be man enough to tell you what you are—even dead, I'd tell you what you are—as big a man as ever swung a sledge hammer and as big a coward as ever kicked a woman."

"No!" cried Janie piercingly. She rushed to her father, threw her arms around him and buried her face against his breast. "Father, I love you—I've loved you all my life; but I won't marry Albert; I can't marry Albert—not now—not ever."

Torquay's hands fell lax at his sides. Sweat sprang out on his forehead. A film seemed to spread over his dilated eyes, falling like a veil between him and Damon; but they still stared, looking at something beyond confining walls. He had forgotten Ralph. He had forgotten Albert. He was back at his old fight, barely holding his own ground with all the strength that was left to him.

Eloise Damon came quickly through the hall, stepped into the drawing-room and stood still for a moment, her eyes fastened on Torquay's back. Her hair was quite gray, but she was still as thin and erect as when she had gone to him twenty-three years before. In her gloved hands she was holding the small local paper, plaited and folded into a thin long strip. She moved forward.

"Miss Strayton—Mr. Strayton ——"

Janie threw up her head, then straightened quickly and drew away from her father.

He revolved slowly, like a mass on a pivot, until he faced Mrs. Damon.

"I'm sorry to be so late," she continued, and turned with a smile to Janie. "If I'd been in town instead of New York I'd have come over on the stroke of four and begged you to let me help you receive."

The quivering answering smile that broke instantly in Janie's face came near to hurling Mrs. Damon from her pinnacle as a woman of poise. It was all she could do to restrain herself from throwing her arms around the slender girl who had the brains to render thanks as quickly as that. But she had other work to do. Her eyes caught her son's with that swift interlocking which binds two people who know and trust each other profoundly.

"Ralph, something pretty terrible has happened at the works. Better get down there at once."

Damon started immediately for the door, casting an involuntary glance of wonder at Torquay and Albert as he went. Neither of them seemed to have heard his mother's words. All Albert's attention was given to being nervous and awkward. Torquay did not move even by the flicker of an eyelash. He was staring at Mrs. Damon and seeing her.

As soon as Ralph had gone she met his eyes and held them, while she drew the folded paper slowly through her fingers.

"I see somebody has already said to you what I came here to say."

She handed him the long strip like one surrendering a whip. He took it and without looking down began tearing off small pieces and dropping them on the floor.

XXII

OUTSIDE, Ralph ran into one of the foremen pacing impatiently up and down under the portico.

"My God, Ralph, I thought you'd never come! Where's Torque?"

"Never mind him," said Ralph, making for the gap in the cedars. "Tell me what's the matter."

"I guess Torque's crazy, all right. Your mother stopped me from going in to drag him out. She promised she'd send you."

"Tell me what's up."

"We ran after Torque when he was coming up the hill to tell him the cap on old Number Two was looking bad. But he wouldn't even turn around, and now old Ed Waller is done for."

"Done for!" exclaimed Ralph, stopping in his tracks.

"Ye-ah. He was starting for home with all his clothes on and his dinner pail in his hand. Something made him look round from the steps and he must of seen the Number Two cap caving. He gave a yell, jumped for the runway, swung around a sheet of zinc and tipped her out with the hand that had the dinner pail slung on his wrist. He let her go. The dinner pail caught on the top edge of the zinc and it carried him with it. Just as the cap broke he shot down headforemost like he was diving off a dam."

Before he had finished speaking they were both running at top speed down the hill to the plant. Ralph knew well enough there was nothing he could do for poor Ed Waller, but there would still be disorder and danger of fire. The main works had a battery of six furnaces. Four of them were brand-new, constructed to feed the huge automatic machines from revolving tanks. The two others were part of the original equipment. They had been kept on for the manufacture of carboys according to the old system. It was the tank of one of these that had caved.

"Did they manage to cover the gap?" shouted Ralph over his shoulder.

"Ye-ah; they stopped it, and when I left they was skimming the scum to see if they couldn't find something looked like Ed."

"What was the heat?"

"Twenty-eight hundred." He caught his breath and continued: "Ralph, a brick will float in melted glass; what about a man?"

"I don't know," confessed Damon.

"He went deep—like he was diving."

They arrived at the works and found them surprisingly quiet. A skeleton crew was looking after the machines. All the other men were gathered about Number Two, some of them ladling at the ring hole and some waiting their turn. Ralph joined the group. Hatless and dressed in his smart cutaway coat, and striped trousers over spats already smudged, he presented an incongruous figure. But no one noticed how he looked. The foreman in charge came to stand beside him.

"There's nothing to speak of in the scum, Ralph," he said quietly. "Shall we drain the tank?"

"Go ahead."

"Would a man float, Ralph?"

"I don't know," said Damon for the second time. "It was pretty hot, wasn't it?"

"Sure; and there wasn't much glass. We knew the cap was going and we'd stopped feeding. We were heating her up for a clean-out. We've had to keep her hot, of course."

The emergency trap at the bottom of the tank was thrown open. The molten glass poured out into the flat receiving pan and began to spread. There was not much left. The men stood around in a solemn silence, each one of them thinking about old Ed Waller—the same Ed who had given up his job as gigman on the railway because a voice from nowhere had shouted "Ed! Ed!" as the train chugged past the old house above the flats.

From time to time someone would get on his knees and peer in at the settling mass, illumined by its own glow. Presently the glow began to die, and soon after the flow ceased. The pan was dragged out and set to cool. Its contents had been skimmed so clear it showed scarcely a flaw. One after another, the men went away. Some of them had stayed overtime to help, others had to go back to their work. But hours later Damon still remained. He would go away for a few minutes and then come back to stand staring at the sheet of glass. It seemed to be cooling evenly, but once as he approached from a short absence a spot as big as the palm of his hand appeared to show a different luster. He leaned over it. The difference disappeared.

He retraced his steps and came back again from the same direction. The spot was there. He repeated this performance several times before he tested the sheet of glass at its edges. It was exceptionally brittle, though still warm. He waited another hour for it to cool and then took a hammer and began breaking it up for the cullet heap. He came nearer and nearer to the spot which looked different from a distance and the same from near by. It fascinated him, but he was afraid to touch it. Finally it was isolated, loosened—a bit of glass half an inch thick and as big as his hand. He heard someone coming. Impulsively he picked it up, stirred the broken fragments over the bare spot with his hammer and thrust the small slab in his pocket. For an instant he thought it was burning him, but it was only a trick of his imagination. The glass was cold.

Somebody spoke to him and he answered without knowing what he said. He walked out of the plant and started to go along the river bank, but the night was cloudy and pitch dark. He turned, crossed the footbridge and went along the familiar path toward Torquay's workshop, which he had not entered since the hour of reading of Janie's engagement. It seemed years instead of weeks ago. For an instant he wanted to stop his mind and start it to rehearsing every moment and every sensation of his interview with Janie. But the glass, weighing heavily in his pocket, restrained him. Its unusual weight when he had picked it up had shot a prickling sensation through his veins to his heart. He came to the solitary pine tree and leaned against it.

The slower glass is cooled the stronger it is. Every bottle maker, under the pressure of large orders, chafes against this fundamental rule of the game; but he knows that to speed up his annealing leers would be fatal. A bottle, when it is hot, is made up of billions of extremely active molecules. Cold imprisons them. If the outside layer of glass is cooled faster than the inside, tension is created and the tap of a finger nail can make a bottle explode. Damon had not touched the piece of glass in his pocket since thrusting it there. Now he slipped in his hand, and using his thumb for a fulcrum he pressed lightly on the other side with his fingers. He was prepared to have the bit of glass shiver into fragments, but nothing happened. He pressed harder and the glass bent. A full minute passed before he turned it over, still in his pocket, and bent it back.

He went home, walking with an odd absence of feeling in his feet. It seemed to him that his legs were gone, but that in some mysterious manner he was progressing at a slow pace past the sheds, over the bridge and up the hill. There was a light burning in the house and he found his mother waiting up for him.

"Ralph, do you know what time it is?" she asked.

"No," he answered out of a daze.

"It's after midnight."

He was astonished, but he did not let his surprise show in his face. He must have stood for an hour or more leaning against the pine. She asked him just what had happened at the works and he told her about Ed Waller's death.

"It was terrible, but there was nothing you could do, was there?"

"No."

"What made you stay so long? You knew I was anxious."

"I don't know. I guess I wanted to be there until things settled down. Anyway I'm glad I stayed "

"You seem to be very much upset," she continued. "Perhaps it's the accident and perhaps it's worrying about the Strayton girl. Nothing much took place after you left us, but I saw enough to make me believe she'll never throw herself away on Mr. Polperro."

"I know she won't," said Ralph promptly, glad of something he could tell without reservation. "She's going to marry me."

"Already?" exclaimed his mother, with raised eyebrows. He did not seem to hear her. She frowned and then continued, "I've been prepared to have it come to that ever since she smiled at me, but don't you think there are apt to be flaws in anything that crystallizes as quickly as that?"

Ralph was as startled as if she had pricked him with a pin. He turned with a jerk to stare at her. Gradually it came over him that she had used a most natural figure of speech for a woman whose existence had once stood on a foundation of glass. It was the sort of thing Jake's wife or the wife of any other Damon for half a dozen generations might have said. Her face grew puzzled and then broke into quiet laughter.

"What are you laughing at?" he asked.

"You. There's always something funny about young people in love, if you're far enough away to see it."

He was completely reassured.

"Laugh all you like, mother. You'll have lots of chances, because my troubles have only begun. Torque Strayton isn't the kind to admit he's beaten before the flowers begin to arrive for the funeral. As for Janie, she would never leave him and I don't want her to."

"Janie? Was it Janie and Ralph in half an hour?"

"It seems sort of fast, but it really wasn't. I don't know quite how it happened, but it did. The apple helped, of course, and my falling off the roof; but even without those things, I'd have known and I'd have had to tell her."

"Ralph, did you really ask her to marry you? Forgive me for appearing curious, but I had an idea the reception was given to announce her engagement to Mr. Polperro and ——"

"—— and you think I was extremely tactless," interrupted Ralph, only to be interrupted in turn by his mother.

"Tactless? Never! If you hadn't been made of tact from the feet up, including your brains, you would have telephoned to some of my friends to go to Miss Strayton's tea. That's what a tactless person would have done."

"But that wouldn't have helped!" exclaimed Ralph. "I don't know why, but it would have been throwing pennies at a beggar, and she wasn't that! If you could have seen her sitting there —— Well, anyway and however it happened, she promised to stand by me as I'm going to stand by her, and neither one of us had time to talk about stuff like marriage. . . . I'm going to bed."

"Don't forget to take a bath. Those clothes looked very fine this afternoon, but now ——"

"Good night!" called Ralph from halfway up the stairs.

Once in his own room, he took out the bit of malleable glass, locked it away in a drawer and tried to forget it. If it had been the result of a formula he would have gone straight to his employer's house with it and waked him up at whatever cost. But he knew it was no time to tantalize Torquay by waving his will-o'-the-wisp, imprisoned at last by so strange a stroke of fate, before his tormented eyes. The boldest chemist, taking into account the myriad elements involved in composition and the hair-line divisions of time and heat, could not dare say a secret had been discovered. All he could affirm was that the goal toward

(Continued on Page 75)

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(Continued from Page 73)

which Torquay had been striving for more than forty years was not a myth. Besides, the glass might discolor as their gelatin compounds had done.

Ralph was more tired than if he had been engaged in exhausting labor, but he could not go to sleep. He lay awake, thinking disjointedly of what he ought to do and trying to form some plan which would give him at least a starting point in the morning. His mind slipped. Before he knew it he was reliving every moment of the time he had spent alone with Janie. When he came to the point where he had taken her in his arms and she had given him her promise never to desert him, he fell asleep. He awoke to find his path laid so clearly before him that he did not even feel amazement over the vanishing of his doubts. First he had a frank talk with his mother as to their joint resources. They came to an understanding almost without words. Then he went down for an interview with Torquay in his office. He knew he would find him there; he could even have predicted the sort of reception Torquay would give him.

In everything but his manner, Torquay showed evidences of having passed a sleepless night. His clothes were the same as he had worn on the previous day and looked as if he had not taken them off, which was the truth. His eyes were sunken, still streaked with red, and he was indulging in his newly acquired habit of cracking his knuckles. But when he spoke, it was quite calmly.

"Well, Ralph, that was a nasty business about Ed Waller. Things turn out funny. I did him out of a job once. Shouted at him when he was gigman on the railway and he thought it was a ghost. The next day he asked my father to take him on. That must have been nigh fifty years ago. Ed was our oldest hand, wasn't he?"

"Just about," agreed Ralph.

"I suppose you thought it would have done no good to call me, and perhaps it wouldn't. But I wish you had. Perhaps I wouldn't have come down here any more than I'd turn back when they yelled the cap was weakening. But then again I might, and I could have stood around with the rest of you and thought about old Ed. I suppose in a way I'm to blame for his dying like that."

"It was an accident, pure and simple," declared Ralph. "It might have happened just the way it did if you'd been in the works shouting out orders. Ed's dinner pail caught on the zinc and pulled him in."

"I've heard all about it. You don't have to tell it over to me again. Ed had a married daughter. I wish you'd see her. Tell her I'm sorry and that I'm not dodging anything. Make it right with her. Whatever you arrange goes."

"Why don't you send your errand boy?" asked Ralph with a nod toward Albert.

"Him! You must think I'm crazy like the rest of them think. I wouldn't send him to buy the coffin. I wouldn't trust him with a registered letter. I ——"

"But you'd trust him with Janie, your own daughter," interrupted Damon.

Torquay had been sitting loosely. He gathered himself together into a compact mass and leaned forward, his blunt fingers spread on the desk. Gone was his easy manner; he was completely transformed.

"You want it now, do you?" he said hoarsely.

Ralph did not answer at once. He went to the door, opened it and turned to Albert.

"Get out! You'd better move quickly, because if you're here when I've counted three I'm going to throw you out. One—two—three!"

Before Albert had time to make up his mind whether he would obey or resist, Damon reached over, seized his coat by the collar, dragged him to his feet, turned him, planted a knee in his back and sent him flying into the hall. He slammed the door and faced Torquay.

"What's the matter with you and what's the matter with me?" he demanded. "Why do you want Janie to marry a thing like that?"

"That's none of your business," said Torquay. "My daughter isn't going to marry you. She's going to marry Albert, and if ever I catch you fooling around her again I'll serve you the way you just served him."

"You don't know her, and you don't know me. If you send her away I'll follow her. If you keep her here I'll see her. You heard what she said to me. She'll never go back on that."

"She went back on Albert, didn't she?" snarled Torquay. "Inside of a week she'll go back on you."

"She never was for him. It was you rammed him down her throat."

"I had to," said Torquay, a sudden ugly gleam in his eyes. "I had to do it on account of their cuddling." For an instant it was Damon's turn to see red. His fists itched to bruise themselves futilely on Torquay's clenched jaws, but his head told him if he let them do it he would be playing directly into his tormentor's hands. "Ask her," continued Torquay, quick to perceive his advantage. "I caught them at it not once but twice. I won't have her switching around from one man to another. You wouldn't like it yourself. In a way, I'm saving you from a lot of trouble."

"All right," said Ralph, turning on his heel, "I will ask her." At the door he stopped. "I came here to tell you I'm off your pay roll from now on."

"I wouldn't do that if I were you, Ralph." The voice in which Torquay spoke was astonishingly transformed. It was in no way wheedling; it was merely the difference between the voice of an obsessed mentality and that of Torquay Strayton, master of the Pine Tree Glassworks. "There's no need for it," continued the kindly voice. "You're doing fine here. All you and me have got to think about to get along is for each one of us to mind his own business."

"That's very good of you," said Ralph shortly; "but I'm through. I'm going to take a holiday and when I'm ready I'll have a job with the Hetney people. I'm not worrying about that sort of thing. What I want to know is how it will strike Janie. I'm going up to see her about it now."

"Try it!" said Torquay calmly, sitting back in his chair. "Just try it!"

Ralph left the office and started up the hill with a puzzled frown on his forehead. He could not make out Torquay's moods. In some of them he was a man of views so fair and broad as to disarm his most bitter detractor. In others he was as narrow as a needle's eye. But broad or narrow, he never lost the power to make others feel that they were in the presence of great though unguided forces. What stumped Damon was the older man's attitude toward his daughter. He felt instinctively that if he could once read the motive behind it, he would have the answer not only to his own riddle but to all those crawling rumors which were gnawing at Torquay's foundations like grubs at the root of a tree. He did not attempt to see Janie at once; instead he went to his mother and stood looking at her, the frown still on his forehead.

"Did you have it out with Mr. Strayton?"

"I don't know. I told him I was going after his daughter tooth and nail. I chucked my job. I said I was on my way to talk things over with Janie."

"Yes—but what did he say?"

"That's just it. I haven't the least idea where I get off. He's two men. One half of him is as fair and big as all outdoors; the other is some kind of blackguard I don't know anything about. Mother, what's the matter with Torquay Strayton? I've got to know and you can tell me."

"I could tell you, Ralph, but it wouldn't be fair to him."

"Why not?"

"Because he doesn't know it himself."

"Do you mean to say you'd put his good before mine?"

"You know I wouldn't. There are two sides to telling anything—the tongue that says it and the ear that hears it. To me, Mr. Strayton has become the most natural man I ever knew. There's absolutely nothing puzzling about anything he says or does. But if I told you in half a dozen words what it's taken me twenty years to find out, there's no telling what twist your ear would give to the statement."

"You'll have to trust me, mother," said Ralph quietly. "I won't eat, drink or smoke till you come through."

"All right, take it—Mr. Strayton is in love with his daughter."

"In love with Janie!" gulped Ralph. "You mean ——"

"I thought you'd make a fool of yourself," said his mother sharply. "The reason he wishes her to marry Mr. Polperro is that Mr. Polperro will stay wherever Mr. Strayton puts him for the rest of his life. If you went away from me, I'd miss you; but I could stand it. If Janie should leave her father he would wither and die in three months at the outside. I don't mean he'd fade; I mean he'd die and be buried."

"That's big; it isn't horrible."

"It's big and pitiful; but it's not horrible, because it's blind. Instinct tells him it would kill him to lose the sight of Janie—the same instinct that led him to play that cruel trick in the paper. Of course there's something hidden behind it all that we can't see."

"What sort of thing?"

"Now you're overrating my powers of perception. I can only tell you that whatever it was it has been strong enough to keep him from ever —— No; I can't be absurd."

"Keep him from what?"

"From ever looking at me."

Ralph gulped again.

"Mother," he said as soon as he recovered, "the thing that keeps you everlastingly interesting is the way you threaten not to tell a thing and get a fellow to drop his guard. Then you hand it to him like an uppercut to the jaw. Are you joking, or would you have married Torquay Strayton? That's not one of my asinine questions, because if you say yes, I'll know I can take off my hat every time he walks by."

"It's a strange thing to say to you, Ralph, but I'm in the mood to play fair all around. Since I've been free I'd have married him any time he asked me. He'd have given me one more life—a life I've missed living."

"That's enough for me. Will you forgive me for trampling?"

"You haven't trampled. I haven't said a word I didn't want to say. I'm not a girl—I'm even a long way off from when I was a young woman. The only feeling I have in regard to Mr. Strayton is one of having lost a life. I could never have been in love with him as you are with Janie. That's all of that. . . . Did he say you could see her?"

"He told me I could try it the way a man gives you leave to take a bone away from his bulldog."

"In that case I think you're in for a hard struggle."

"Well, there's only one way to find out." He started for the door.

"Ralph!"

He turned; their eyes met and held.

"I understand, mother. I won't give him away to Janie or himself, and of course I won't give you away either. Was that it?"

"Yes," said his mother slowly. "Let your tongue hit once in a while, but never let it slip. It's a good rule."

A few minutes later Ralph opened the door to the Strayton house and only then rang the bell. When Mega answered it he was standing in the hall. She had taken to wearing a mobcap to hide her grizzled hair. Age had begun to wither her body, but her arms still looked as if they could and would do battle with a man. Her eyes smoldered with fury as she asked him in her insolent drawl what he wanted.

"It was a bit cold outside," said Ralph easily, "so I stepped in. Will you tell Miss Strayton I'm here?"

"No."

Watch This Column

If you want to be on our mailing list send in your name and address

Twenty Years in Harness

February marks my twentieth anniversary as an exhibitor and producer of motion-pictures. Twenty years is a long time, but I look back over the past with more smiles than sighs. Do you know why? Because I have been furnishing amusement for the millions of the earth and there is a great compensation in that, aside from the money I have made.

Recalling the pioneer days, the crudity of our efforts, the almost ludicrous pictures we showed, the struggles we went through, and contrasting the pictures of then with the wonderful products of now, it reminds me of a ship coming from a storm-tossed sea into a peaceful and beautiful harbor.

During those days I served many exhibitors who were struggling to make a go of it, and they have never forgotten it. Now, voluntarily, they come forward with the offer to make this anniversary a real celebration. They will all show Universal pictures to a greater extent than ever before, and they tell me it is in honor of the help I gave them. I haven't words with which to thank them.

You won't blame me, will you, for swelling up a little? Call it vanity, or whatever you like, but I would call it gratitude, because that's the feeling I have. And I am more than grateful to the public—to the readers of this column who have given me their aid in countless ways, and whose letters to me have been sources of intense interest.

During this anniversary period, almost wherever you go, you will see remarkable Universal pictures such as: *"The Siege," "The Home Maker,"* REGINALD DENNY in *"California Straight Ahead"; "Sporting Life," "The Goose Woman," "His People," "The Calgary Stampede," "The Storm Breaker," "The Cohens and Kellys,"* REGINALD DENNY in *"What Happened to Jones"; "Skinner's Dress Suit"* and the gorgeous spectacle, *"The Phantom of the Opera."*

And when you see them, write me a letter—tell me all about them—what your opinion is. Criticize them or compliment them, as they deserve, and rest assured of my deep appreciation.

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next week)

You can also have autographed photograph of Laura La Plante for 10 cents in stamps.

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

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Your Legs Will Thank You!

Wear Brighton Wide-Webs Loosely

BRIGHTON elastic produces a garter with practically no tension—a garter that can be worn loosely, yet "stays put" on the legs. And that's fine for leg comfort—no binding, no checking of circulation.

Comfort is the foundation of Brighton elastic. Only thin strands of long-stretch rubber are used and the rubber is specially cured to give wonderful ease to the elastic.

Moreover, each strand of rubber is wrapped with soft yarn to guard against the deadening effects of perspiration and thereby insure double wear.

For comfort, for wear, for unending satisfaction, insist on Brighton Wide-Webs.

Your legs will thank you

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PIONEER PIONEER

"In that case I'll wait," said Ralph, and walked into the drawing-room. A glance showed him the library and dining room were empty.

"You needn't look for her in there," said Mega deliberately. "She's safe enough where she is from you or any other man. She's in Miss Ball's bedroom—that's where she is."

"How is Miss Ball?" asked Ralph politely. "I understand she's an invalid."

"Mr. Strayton will tell you all about how sick she is when he comes in for his lunch."

"That's a long time to wait," said Ralph, and sat down.

Mega shrugged her shoulders and went out. He heard the door through which she had entered the hall slam behind her. He knew she would be back again when she thought he would least expect her. He sprang to his feet at once and was halfway up the stairs when he felt her presence behind him. He glanced over his shoulder and saw her holding to the newel post and gazing at him with unbelieving eyes. He kept on. The first two doors he opened after a perfunctory knock showed him unoccupied rooms. Upon opening the third he stood transfixed and an icy chill rippled over his flesh.

He saw a huge bed with a malformed heap upon it which made the counterpane look like a snowslide. At one end of the mountain of bedclothes was a woman's diminutive head, bent at a sharp angle. Beside the bed was Janie. She was fallen on her knees, her face buried and her arms flung upward against the steep slope. Her shoulders were twitching and she was uttering the faint dry sobs of one who has been weeping for a long time. He walked toward her slowly, glanced at the face on the pillows and stooped over quickly.

"Janie!" he whispered.

She did not seem to hear and he laid his hand gently on her shoulder. She turned toward him without looking up. He gathered her in his arms and in another moment was out in the hall. Still holding her firmly, he tried in vain to place her on her feet. Something besides strength in its ordinary sense seemed to have gone out of her. Not only her face and her body but her mind appeared to have been drained at the sources of volition.

"Janie, it's all right now," he whispered earnestly. "Please stop crying, won't you? Please try to stand." She looked at him curiously, studying his features one by one with a frown. "It's Ralph, dear. Everything's all right now." She put her arms around his neck, hung her weight against him and gave a long shuddering sigh.

"Of course it's you, Ralph. I'm so cold. I've never been so cold."

He shouted for Mega and was startled when she appeared immediately at his side. Together they carried Janie to her room, opened the blankets on her bed and laid her between them.

"Ralph," she sobbed, struggling to rise, "please don't go. Please don't leave me with Mega."

He put his lips close to her ear.

"I've got to go, dear," he whispered. "Don't be afraid, because it's only for a moment. But I've got to go."

He ran down the stairs, out of the front door, and plunged headlong through the gap in the cedars. When he got home he called loudly for his mother and she came down to find him already at the telephone giving Torquay's private number.

"What is it, Ralph?"

"Go over to the Straytons' as fast as you can make it. You'll find Janie in a bad way. Her room is the old nursery. Please hurry, mother." As she started swiftly toward the door she heard him say, "Mr. Strayton? This is Ralph. You'll have to come up to the house at once, sir. Miss Ball is dead."

XXIII

TWO weeks later Damon would have been almost unrecognizable to his friends if he had left the house. But he did not leave it. He paced about interminably, climbed the stairs and stumbled around his own and his mother's rooms. Sometimes he took out the mysterious bit of malleable glass and stared at it fixedly as one stares, fascinated, into a crystal. Books meant nothing to him, for they had lost their power to seize his runaway mind. When he heard the door open he would plunge down the stairs and stand dumb before his mother. For fourteen days she had been almost continuously in Janie's bedroom, and her patience was rapidly coming to an end with her endurance. She had been robbed even of the rest she might safely have taken because Ralph's whole attitude drove her back to the Straytons' every time she sought her own home.

"Don't look at me like that," she snapped. "There's nothing the matter with you but your babyish mind."

"It's thinking about that slug Polperro makes me this way, mother," said Ralph rapidly. "I've been thinking perhaps he crawls into her room when you're over here and sits there looking at her. If I was sure of it I'd ——"

"Stop that, Ralph. Come in here with me." She led the way into the front room, sat down and pointed to another chair. "Sit down there. Lean back and don't move till I've finished." He hesitated, but finally obeyed partially.

"Ralph, I've told you over and over again that no one sees Janie but her father, the new nurse and myself. She's never unconscious and the doctors say she isn't even ill. Miss Ball had an extraordinary influence over her. That's gone. Sometimes it seems as if the bones had been drawn out of Janie's body with it. It does no good for you to act as you have been doing. Go out and take a long walk. Come back from it a man or I'll leave for Gwen's tomorrow. I think I'll go anyway. You are so selfish I can't stand the sight of you."

"Mother!" cried Ralph, springing to his feet.

"Don't touch me!"

"I won't, dear. But if you'll just go to bed I'll bring you up some toast and tea myself. I'll sit by you until you go to sleep. When you wake up you'll forget you ever had to say that to me."

He was as good as his word, and as soon as his mother had sunk into the first profound slumber of many days he prepared to go for a walk. He was astonished to find he had left the slab of glass in plain view on his dressing table. He picked it up, sought for one of the calling cards he so rarely used, went over to the big house and rang the bell. Mega opened the door.

"Lay these on Mr. Strayton's desk, please," he said.

He passed around the house, but did not attempt to look up at Janie's window. As he walked mile after mile along the deserted paths which interlaced the woods bordering the park, he kept wondering what Torquay would do when he found the bit of malleable glass. For days Damon had been obsessed by the idea that it comprised the powers of a talisman as far as his own fate was concerned. It might drive Torquay quite mad, but it was far more probable it would force him to come to terms at any cost for the possession of its secret. What those terms would be Ralph had not thought out. He had no plan, but he could not help thinking of the secret in his sole possession, such as it was, as a lever with which he might move a mountain. When three days passed without any apparent development he began to worry.

During two of those days Torquay did not enter his study. On the third Mega began to be troubled lest the spite she held against Damon react unpleasantly on herself. She went to find Torquay to tell him there was something waiting for him on his desk, without saying how long it had been there. He was sitting in Janie's room, as he had sat for hours every day since Miss Ball's death. His chair was set beside the window. With his back to the light, he leaned slightly forward, resting his folded hands on his father's stout cane, and fixed

(Continued on Page 78

Don't you know?

HIS desk was so placed that in taking dictation she had to sit quite close to him. And each time she dreaded it.

Finally one day she thought she could stand it no longer.

"Couldn't we move this file," she suggested, "so I can sit opposite you?"

The question puzzled him. He wanted to know why.

"Don't you know?" she said.

* * *

You, yourself, rarely know when you have halitosis (unpleasant breath). That's one unpleasant thing about it. And even your closest friends won't tell you.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some diseased or [illegible] that requires professional advice. But usually it's just a local condition, and often the first step used [illegible] mouth wash and gargle. It is an interesting thing that this well-known antiseptic [illegible] in use for years for surgical dressings, possesses these [illegible] properties to a marked degree. It puts you on the safe and polite side.

Listerine halts fermentation in the mouth and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean. It is substituting some other odor but by really removing the cause. The Listerine method quickly clears matters.

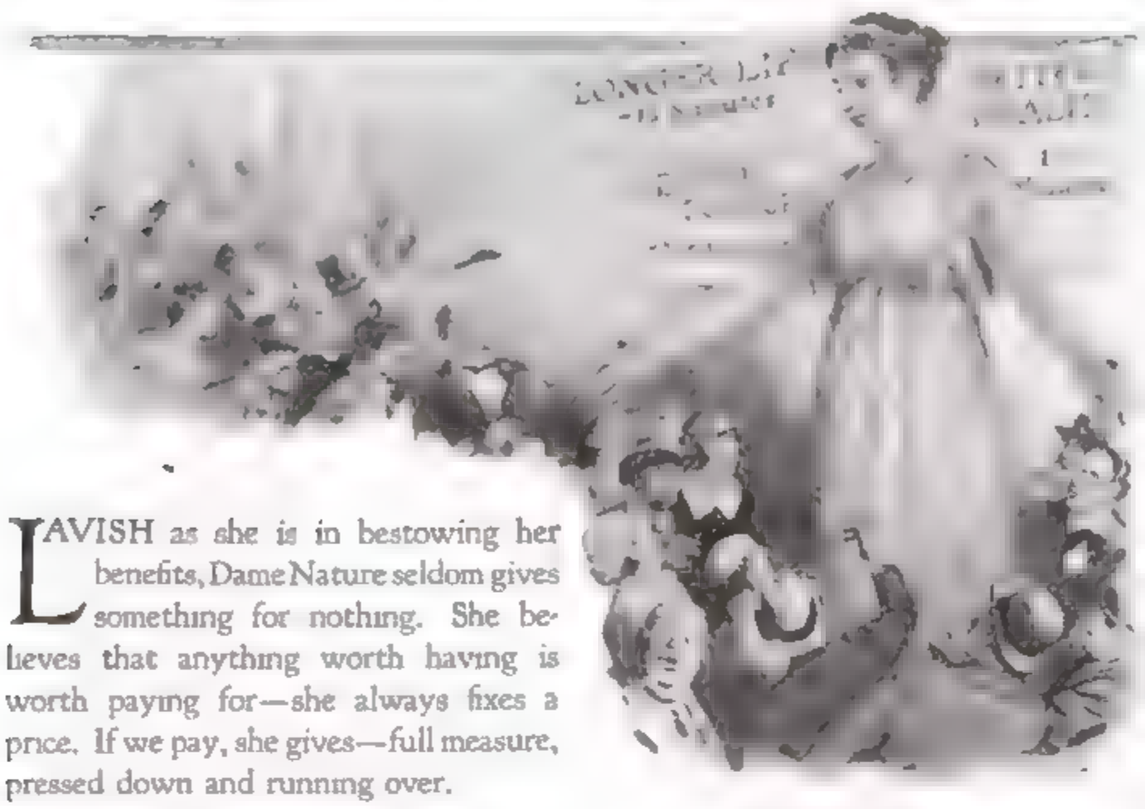
Use Listerine, long trusted antiseptic, for dozens of different uses, note the little circular that comes with every bottle. Your druggist sells Listerine in the original brown package only — [illegible]. Three sizes: 14 ounce, 7 ounce, 3 ounce and 1¾ ounce. Buy the large size for economy. — *Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, U. S. A.*

For HALITOSIS use LISTERINE

By the way—

In using Listerine to combat halitosis you automatically combat sore throat and often avoid more serious illnesses that start with throat infections.

Bargains in Health



LAVISH as she is in bestowing her benefits, Dame Nature seldom gives something for nothing. She believes that anything worth having is worth paying for—she always fixes a price. If we pay, she gives—full measure, pressed down and running over.

For instance, Nature says, "Give me 15 minutes a day and I will give you brighter eyes and a clearer skin.—Not enough?—Very well, add a body equipped with stronger and more elastic muscles that help to give a graceful, erect carriage. Still not enough? All right, here are more—Your quarter-of-an-hour will buy better health. It will give you stronger heart and lungs, purer blood and better circulation. It will purchase better digestion, a more active liver and kidneys.—Not satisfied yet? You want more than better looks and better health for 15 minutes a day? Here it is. Take a longer and more successful life!"

* * * *

That is Nature's great bargain—offered in return for only 15 minutes a day used in simple, enjoyable exercise. Add plenty of walks in the open and win huge dividends in health and happiness.

Nature is an honest bargainer. Give her but 10 minutes a day and she will give you an equivalent amount of benefits. Give only five minutes—she will play fair and give *some* of her bounty—enough to make you want more.

* * * *

Why exercise? What is the truth about it? School physiologies tell us to exercise. Magazines and newspaper articles admonish us to hop briskly out of bed and go through a number of setting-up exercises. Phonograph records have been made luring us to a "daily dozen" with music. And now the radio tells us what to do and how to do it.

Exercise is necessary—not merely to give you better looks and a better posture, but also to make your internal organs better able to do their work. Your heart is a muscle. The walls of your blood vessels, stomach and intestines are largely muscle. If, through lack of exercise, you grow flabby and lose muscular tone, your blood-stream will flow more slowly and your body, in consequence, will be poorly nourished. If the diaphragm, which is a muscle, is not exercised the lungs can do only a part of their work and the sluggish abdominal organs will lack the stimulating massage which a hard-working diaphragm gives.

* * * *

Dame Nature has spread her bargain counter for you—unless you happen to be one of the few unfortunates for whom exercise might prove harmful. If your doctor says that you are able to exercise, are you rich enough in good looks and health to refuse the greatest bargain in the world?

Get Your Share

Dame Nature stands ready and willing to offer you her health bargains—bargains which will add joy and happiness to your life. Do not miss them.

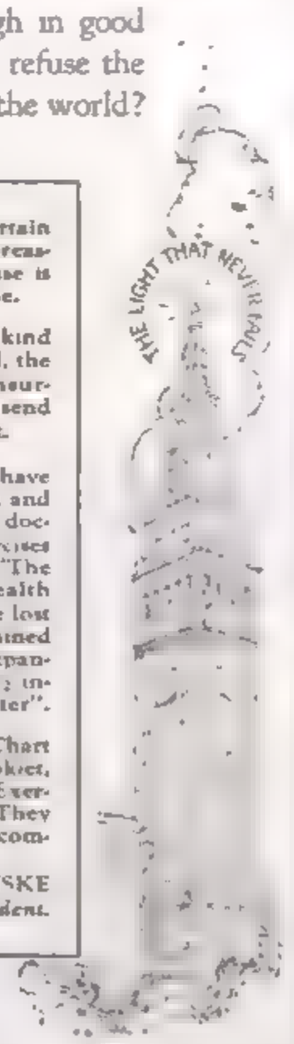
The death rate from certain organic diseases is increasing. One definite cause is lack of regular exercise.

To help you plan the kind of exercises you need, the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company will send you an Exercise Chart.

Thousands of letters have come to us from men and women who say "My doctor advised your exercises for my circulation"; "The exercises radiate health and energy", "I have lost 25 pounds"; "Have gained 8 pounds and chest expansion has increased 3½ inches", "Never felt better".

With the Exercise Chart will also be sent a booklet, "Common Sense in Exercise". Ask for them. They will be sent with our compliments.

HALEY FISKE
President.



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(Continued from Page 76)

his eyes on Janie's face. There was a strange intensity in their gaze, which was broken when Mega opened the door to murmur her message.

"Tell Mega to go away," murmured Janie, without opening her eyes.

"You heard that," rasped Torquay, turning his head to glare at the colored woman. "Get out and stay out."

Mega was pleased. She had told him. She hoped he would forget her message and that much inconvenience might result. No sooner was the door closed on her than Torquay resumed his former position. He was watching for something—waiting for it.

"A woman can leave her body fussing around the house, and all the time she's traveling, getting a start on you before you know she's gone."

His father had been right, but he wanted to go him one better. He was straining all his powers of perception to see how it was done. What made them start and where did they go?

Suddenly Janie half rose in the bed and held her body up on rigid arms. Her hair was divided evenly and hung over her shoulders in two loose braids. Only the knowing eye would have recognized the fineness of her modest nightdress, girlishly yoked at the neck, short-sleeved and narrowly plaited by hand. Her face was not pale, it was flushed, and her eyes burned with too much light as they fastened on her father's unchanging gaze.

"I want Ralph," she said in a clear low voice for his ears alone. "I've told you over and over again I want Ralph."

"Why?" asked Torquay, as if to lead her on.

"Because he isn't afraid of me. He's not afraid to touch me or hold me. You're afraid of me. I never knew it before. You're afraid."

"Go back," whispered Torquay, clenching his hands over the head of the cane. "Lie back."

She relaxed, fell into the pillows as abruptly as she had risen from them, and closed her eyes. He sat on, watching her until she fell asleep. It was a healthy sleep. She was leaving him day by day, but not along the road her mother had taken. Each day she was stronger inside. He could see the strength growing in her and hear it in her voice.

"A woman can travel for weeks and months without moving her body. That's the way they're made."

He was a fool to wait any longer. He was free today—now. Janie, his daughter, was going away from him, slow but sure—leaving him. After twenty years his wife was lifting the grip of her hands. All he had to do was to sit tight, to hold his ground.

The nurse slipped quietly into the room, sat down beside the shielded lamp and began to read. He arose and went out, leaving the door open behind him. The nurse closed it softly and he stood for a long time in the dark at the top of the stairs. Presently Mega's message came back to him. He pressed a switch and the halls became flooded with light. A moment later he was in his study, staring curiously at Ralph Damon's card with the slab lying beside it. He could not distinguish what it was, as it took the color of the green blotter on which it lay. He stepped forward and halted sharply as he perceived it was a fragment of glass with peculiar edges; not sharp—rounded.

It was ten minutes before he moved again, and then only to walk forward slowly and pick up Damon's card. He read the name, studying the formation of each letter. He turned the card over, seeking in vain some written message. He bent it this way and that, and finally flipped it into the wastebasket. Still without looking at the glass, he sat down and tipped his chair back exactly as was his habit, with his toes caught under the body of the desk. His brows gathered slowly into a frown which tightened moment by moment. It was not puzzled. It was the frown of a man who is driving his brain with whip, knee and spur.

At last his forehead cleared and the chair settled forward abruptly. He reached out, picked up the slab, bent it this way and that, just as he had done with the card, and tossed it into the wastebasket. From that moment until the break of day he sat at the desk staring at nothing, living somewhere outside his body, and for every hour that passed some part of his great frame seemed to cave in. His size remained the same, but there was a hollowness in his face and chest, a flabbiness about his arms and a fallen slouch to his shoulders which made him look like the counterpart of the abandoned house at Babylon.

When the day streamed in through the uncurtained window he turned out the desk light, drew a pad toward him and began to write. The exertion seemed to pull him together. He frowned, grunted, thought aloud in muttered phrases and occasionally swore. He filled a foolscap page, folded it and slipped it in a long envelope, which he sealed and inscribed with Ralph Damon's name in large round letters. Then he opened a drawer, locked the document away and left the study for the dining room, where Albert was sitting over a solitary breakfast. Torquay looked him over deliberately.

"Pack your things, Albert, then come down to the office and I'll see you get a year's pay instead of a month's notice. Catch the noon train out of town. I'm tired of seeing you around."

"Yes, sir," said Albert in a whisper, his pink cheeks turning blotchy and red.

He was wondering if it would be safe to sue Torquay for a large sum of money according to the custom of the country. His engagement to Janie was no secret; it had been officially announced.

Torquay did not sit down to eat. He stood beside the table, feeding himself with bread and milk from a bowl that looked like a garden bird bath, and then drinking his morning coffee from a cup to match. His eyes never left the top of Polperro's blond head.

Between two sips he said casually, "If you did that I wouldn't think any more of killing you than I would of slapping a blood-sucking mosquito."

He set down his cup and presently started for the plant. After half an hour in the office, where he dictated a receipt for Albert's signature, he went over to the old works beside the solitary pine and stayed there until lunchtime.

"Where's Mr. Polperro, Mega?" he asked upon returning home.

"He left on the noon train," drawled Mega, "like you told him to."

"So I did. This house is getting emptier and emptier. Find Mr. Damon and ask him to come over here. Did you hear me?"

"Yes, Mr. Strayton."

He pushed his plate away, arose and went upstairs to Janie's room, but he did not enter. After looking at the door knob fixedly for several moments he turned and retraced his steps slowly, holding to the banister and shaking it from time to time as he descended. It was as strong as the day it was built, he thought, his mind wandering back to the old house above the flats. He entered the study and was sitting hunched behind the desk when Ralph was shown in.

"Have a chair, Ralph. I think you can take it better sitting down."

"I'd rather stand," said Damon.

"Sit down," ordered Torquay, and waited until he was obeyed. "Ralph, when Janie was a kid you plugged her in the back with an apple, and now you've tried to plug me in the back with a bit of unbreakable glass. As far as I happen to know, those are the only two mean things you've ever done."

Ralph's cheeks reddened and his eyes began to smart, but he kept them fixed steadily on the eyes that were watching him.

"You look like you did the day your mother sent you over here to take a licking," continued Torquay. "The only difference is that this time you're going to get

(Continued on Page 81)

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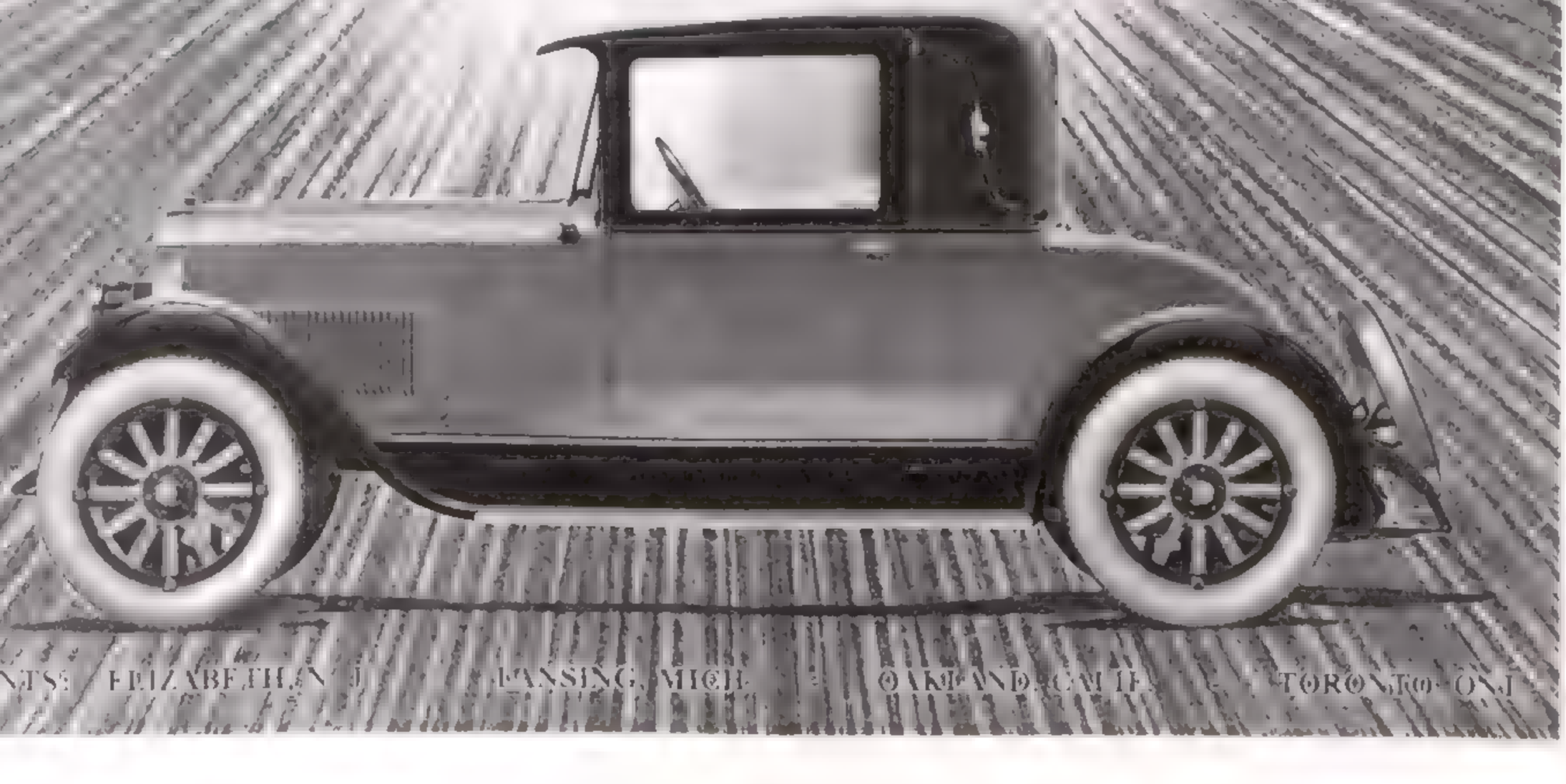

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(Continued from Page 78)

it. You may not have known just what was in your mind when you slung that bit of glass at me, so I'm going to tell you. You thought that after forty years it might knock me so silly you could trade it in for Janie. Do you want to know what I did with it?"

"Yes," said Ralph through set lips.

"I threw it in the wastebasket along with your card. I'll tell you why. Because it made me kind of sick to think you'd slipped up on yourself and offered to trade with goods you couldn't deliver."

Ralph turned white around the mouth.

"Mr. Strayton, I've been a skunk. But don't think I'm crying off. I'm here to take all the licking that's coming to me."

"You've had it," said Torquay, slouching deeper into his chair and letting his eyes wander over Ralph's tense figure. "Sit back now and forget it."

"I can't. If you talk to me like that I'll make a fool of myself."

A gleam of humor shone in Torquay's sunken eyes.

"No need of that; you've tended to it already. Where did you think my brains were when you gave them only three weeks to forget about what happened the last day you were on the job? If you'd gone to the Hetney works now, and held your horses for a month ——"

"Thank God, I wasn't quite as rotten as that!"

"Or as clever. The worst of it is, Ralph, we aren't much further along the road than we ever were. We've fingered the gold, but we don't know where is the end of the rainbow. You can't walk backward through fire. I mean you can't undo heat. You've got to start from the end that's nearest to you." He took out his watch and glanced at it. "That's all I've got to say to you at present, but I wish you'd come back here in an hour's time. Will you do that?"

"Yes, sir."

"Don't start on that sir business now. I've just got rid of Albert."

"Got rid of Albert!" repeated Damon, his thoughts leaping back to Janie.

"Yes; Albert pulled out at noon on a one-way track."

Ralph stood up.

"How's Janie, Mr. Strayton?"

Torquay slid down in his chair until he seemed to be sitting on his shoulders. His eyes turned glassy with staring at the blotter before him.

"You can have Janie whenever you want to take her," he said mechanically, without looking up. "But remember what I'm telling you. One way or another, she'll leave you as sure as it takes two matches to light a pipe, as sure as the best glass——"

His voice died away. He felt the draft from the open door and could hear Ralph going up the stairs two steps at a time. Immediately he came to life, opened the locked drawer, laid the letter he had prepared in the center of the blotter and hurried out of the house.

Ralph was kneeling beside Janie's bed. He was unable to utter a word, but it made no difference except to the horrified nurse. She spoke to him sharply and then to Janie. They did not hear her.

Finally she seized his arm and shook it violently.

"Don't do that, please," said Janie, without taking her eyes from Ralph's face.

Hearing her voice released his tongue.

"Janie, it's all right with your father."

She laid her hands on his shoulders.

"Where is he?"

"Downstairs somewhere. Janie ——"

"Ralph, I've been thinking it out all the days I've been lying here. I'll never give you up, but I'll never take you either unless you can bring me my father. You've got to believe it. It isn't my fault. It's something I can't help."

"I don't want you to, Janie," said Ralph quietly. "I'll go and get him."

"Oh, not that! Do you think I'm asking you anything so easy?"

"Let me try, will you? I'm not blind, Janie. I've never heard him talk in my life as he's just been talking. Something's come over him I never saw in his face before."

"You're hurting me. He hasn't been here today."

Ralph went down the stairs much more slowly than he had gone up. He knocked at the study door, and as there was no answer, he opened it. He glanced around the empty room and was about to turn, when his eyes fell on the large envelope, boldly addressed. Without realizing quite what he was doing, he stepped forward and read his name. He picked up the letter and weighed it in his hand for a moment before he opened it and unfolded the large sheet it contained.

He began to read: "Ralph, the cud-chewing gang that think I'm crazy will probably call this suicide, but you and me will know the difference. I've been heading to find out one thing all my life and old Ed Waller showed us where it is. Now don't lose your head. You can't walk backward through fire. I mean you can't undo fire. But here's all the data we didn't have about Ed, set down so you can walk forward. You can do your figuring on a basis of 2800 degrees of developed heat. Ordinary workman's clothing and dinner pail. In dinner pail ——" Ralph's eyes began to skip. "In pockets —— Batch as follows —— Timed from 11 A.M. sharp ——"

The paper fluttered from his fingers. For an instant he stood quite still, then he rushed into the hall, turned toward the stairs, whirled and shot out through the door. He did not feel as if he were running fast, but presently every breath began to drag like a file through his lungs. He forced himself to slow down and think. Of course it would be the old workshop and he must go in from the rear. The next thing he knew he had passed noiselessly under the eaves and was looking up at the back of a looming figure. There was no mistaking Torquay. He was standing on the runway, holding his watch in one hand. From the wrist of the other hung a dinner pail, caught on the edge of a sheet of zinc which was slowly tipping outward. Ralph crept forward stealthily, seized Torquay's ankles and snatched his feet backward from under him.

XXIV

TWO weeks later Torquay was still in a daze, and the broken wrist which had made Ralph a match for him was still in splints. A freak spell of warm spring weather seemed to stir his blood and his mind. He demanded to be dressed, in the first words he had uttered since his bellowing curses during the fight in the glasshouse had brought the men streaming from the storage sheds three hundred yards away. They had been in time to drag the two combatants to a place of safety, but had come too late to save the remnant of the old works from going up in flames.

It was Ralph who got him up and helped him with his clothes, and Janie who fastened his collar, arranged his tie and made a sling for his disabled hand. She was careful not to stir him with anything like an open caress, but her fingers tingled every time she touched him. She held her breath when she found he did not shrink from her. Even though his tolerance seemed little more than apathy, it brought her nearer to him than she had ever been before. Her eyes shone and her face looked as if it might break any moment into a shower of smiles.

A long chair, padded with rugs, was placed for him on the low veranda and Janie was about to sit down on the step near him, when he motioned her away with his left hand.

"Wouldn't you like me to read to you, father?"

"No," said Torquay impassively.

"Is there anything you want to hear about the works?" asked Ralph, trying a different tack.

"Nothing," said Torquay, and frowned. "I think I'd like to be left alone as much as anything."

He sat quietly all that day and the next, his face an unreadable mask. When food

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was brought to him he ate it without comment, but never asked for anything on his own initiative. He was so completely passive that he seemed to have become a fixture. It was as if for some reason known only to himself he had reverted to the immobility of his childhood which had won him admittance into many an unfriendly roadside school. So lulled were the senses of all those about him that when he disappeared during the morning of the third day the rugs were sprinkled with leaves before his absence was discovered.

The search for Torquay Strayton has become one of the epics of Hopetown. It began at the scorched pine tree beside the oyster-shell mound, spread up and down the river, and swiftly widened its lines until even the ruined brick house at Babylon came within its scope. By midafternoon Ralph had driven more than a hundred miles. Passing through town to strike out in a new direction, he stopped at the Strayton house for a word with Janie. He found her walking up and down on the veranda, and while they stood looking at each other, neither wishing to speak first, a small boy came across the lawn. He was playing with a ball, which made his progress decidedly uneven. Janie was glad of the diversion.

"What do you want, boy?" she asked, as a crooked bounce of the ball brought him near with a rush.

"Nothing." He tossed up the ball and caught it. She turned from him and was starting into the house when he added, "Your father's sitting in the old State Street Church."

"Get in the car, Janie!" cried Ralph, as soon as he could collect his wits, but he was too late. She was already halfway across the lawn. He ran after her, realizing as he went that the short cut across the school grounds and the cemetery would more than equalize the difference in speed.

The old State Street Church was located on a knoll as high as Lion Hill. Sheltered by towering trees, it stood in the center of a graveyard a block square. It had long since been condemned as unsafe; but the true reasons for its abandonment probably lay in its worn red-brick aisles, rectangular pews and precarious bird's-nest pulpit, perched high against the front wall. It was still sturdy and by far the oldest, most airy and loveliest house of worship in the city. Oddly enough, it faced away from the street and the town, which added to its aloofness.

Only the oldest inhabitants knew that this strange position was due to the fact that geography had changed while the church had remained fixed. The roadway which now forms a right angle at the back and side of the edifice once passed directly before its front door.

Janie had never before entered the old church, and she caught her breath at the first sight of its exquisite proportions; but the next instant her eyes fell on her father's broad back. It was bowed over almost level and his forehead rested on his right arm, laid along the pew in front of him. A cold chill seized her heart as she rushed down the aisle and stopped beside his still figure. She was struck dumb with terror and stood trembling until Ralph was at her side. Then she reached out her hand and laid it gently on Torquay's shoulder. He raised his head at once.

"Well, Janie—and Ralph too! I suppose it's dinnertime." He arose and stretched, slipping his game arm from its sling and opening it almost as wide as the other. Never before had his massive limbs seemed to demand so much space. He dropped his hands at his sides and braced his shoulders. He filled his lungs with the cloistered air, raised his head and looked around with a possessive eye. "I've found the church that was made for Torquay Strayton—its back to the world and no preacher but God, no sinner but me!"

They stood aside to let him pass and followed him up the aisle, pressing against each other to make sure they were awake. They walked slowly, fearing to catch up with him, but out under the trees he waited for them.

"Who's afraid now?" he said to Janie. She rushed to him and looked up into his face, her eyes still questioning and her lips twitching nervously. "Janie," he went on, his arms closing slowly around her, "I've got to tell you a couple of things it's taken me sixty-two years to learn. One of them's this: It isn't good for a man to be alone, and I've been alone all my life."

"Father! Please don't! I—I can't stand it!"

"And this is the other," whispered Torquay, tightening his arms. "My dear girl, your mother was a good woman, white through and through to the last breath in her body. She loved me, Janie. She loved me the way you love Ralph. Not my father, nor God, nor the devil in myself—not even dying—was strong enough to make her leave me."

(THE END)

TESSIE AND THE RED ARROWS

(Continued from Page 38)

"I suppose you ought to know," says I, "but I just can't imagine it of that Mr. Myles."

"That's the woman of it," says he. "I expect he's got nice eyes, ain't he, and parlor manners? But maybe you can tell me why he goes stickin' paper arrows around—red ones—blood red."

"That's past me," I admits. "Still, unless some harm comes of it ——"

"Ex-actly!" says Aloysius. "That's what I gotta wait for—to see what they're gonna pull. But if somebody ain't found, one of these nights, with their throat cut or a dagger stickin' into 'em—well, I'll miss my guess."

"Why, Aloysius Shea!" says I. "You'll be getting me so I'll be seeing things!"

"I want you to see a lot," says he; "specially if either of that pair comes to the stand. Watch 'em, listen to 'em, tell me everything they say or do. You got good eyes, Tessie, and you're keen. I can depend on you and I can't on anybody else. Them young sports at the desk ain't any good. And Mike, the head porter, works only with Collins. This is my case though. The others have laid down on it. Not me though. I'm gonna keep my eyes on them red arrows, and when anything happens I'll bet it will be where they end. I'm lookin' for it to happen pretty soon too."

Honest, he had me jumpy. 'Course we do have ambulance calls from the Gloriana on an average of one a week, and now and then a deputy coroner has to come; but generally it's all handled from the service entrance at four A.M. It's kept out of the papers, guests in the next suite don't know a word, and all we hear is a whispered rumor that there's been another messy affair somewhere in the building. Having the thing all staged for you in advance, the parties pointed out, and then holding your breath while the tragedy develops—that's something else again. I got to sizing up the customers and wondering which would be the victim. Would it be done while I was on duty? Would there be screams, dull thuds, stains on the carpets? Nice state of mind to be wished on an honest working girl.

Still, if anybody was going to be bumped off, Aloysius would be hot on the trail, maybe would make a red-handed pinch. That was some satisfaction. And if it came just as he'd doped it out he'd have those two other sleuths looking like a couple of flat tires. His rep as a headliner Sherlock would be made. So if I could be of any help I mustn't get a case of nerves or try to side-step. Hadn't he picked me, of all the staff, to whisper the details to? Not because I have twinkly eyes or a near-natural henna bob, mind you; but on account of what's between my ears. And once in a while, you know, you like to get credit for having something besides good looks. I've been classed as a lovely moron too often by these out-of-town buyers who have barely brains enough themselves to pad an expense account and keep their feet from interfering. While Mr. Shea—well, he says I have a good head. Nice boy, Aloysius. And there's no telling, when he gets this case off his mind, what I'll let him say next.

During the dinner hour, while Mame is out, he appears sudden from behind the marble pillar and gives me another bulletin.

"There's three in the gang," says he. "Another woman, or maybe she's only a girl. Anyway, she rooms out and ain't registered. Passes for a maid. But say, she's foreign, all right; a dark, skinny, wild-eyed jane, she is, that slips in and out like a shadow."

"Gold rings in her ears and wears a spangled shawl cape over her shoulders?" I asks.

"That's her," says Aloysius. "You spotted her, eh?"

"Sold her a box of nut chocolates yesterday," says I. "Tried to pass a phony silver coin on me too. Looks something like a gypsy fortune teller."

"Might be, at that," agrees Aloysius. "A desperate dame, or I don't know one. What she wouldn't do with a knife, eh?"

"G-r-r!" says I. "And me calling her crisp on account of what looked like a tin half dollar! With the Myleses, is she?" He nods.

"What you think of 'em now?" he asks. "Candy, eh? Maybe she got it to dope with arsenic for somebody."

Say, as I walked home to Eighth Avenue I hop-skipped past every dark hallway, and when Aunt Maggie dropped a fork as she was putting out my supper I near hit the ceiling.

"The saints be with us!" says auntie. "You got something on your mind, young lady."

"That's what comes of having one, I expect," says I. "I hope that tea is good and strong."

If this had lasted one more day I'd have been a nervous wreck, but hardly had I got to the stand next morning before I saw Mr. Shea coming from the manager's private office with a deep line between his heavy eyebrows, and his chin set. He circles twice around the lobby, without looking my way, and then he dodges behind the marble pillar where he can watch the elevators on one side and the desk on the other. Nobody moves in or out, either, that he don't roll his eyes at.

"Something broke, did it?" I asks low.

He don't let on to notice for a minute, and when he does answer it's out of the side of his mouth.

"I'll say so," says he.

"Not—not murder?" says I.

"Not yet," says he. "Big jewel robbery."

"Where?" says I.

"Where do you suppose?" says he. "On the tenth, south corridor, second suite from the gang."

I drew in my breath.

"Chloroform or plain holdup?" I asks.

"Sneak act," says Aloysius. "Either fire escape or false key from inside. Ten thousand in sparklers. Clean get-away too. And the red arrows are gone!"

"Gone!" I echoes. "Then—then you suspect the ——"

"Sh-h-h!" says he. "Don't name 'em. Somebody might have an ear stretched."

"The long-distance trio then?" I suggests.

"Eh?" says he, gawping. "Oh, yes! Trio. I get you. But I ain't got them yet. I could, understand, right now; but when I do I want to get 'em right—with the goods on, as we say. They'll be tryin' to smuggle

(Continued on Page 85)

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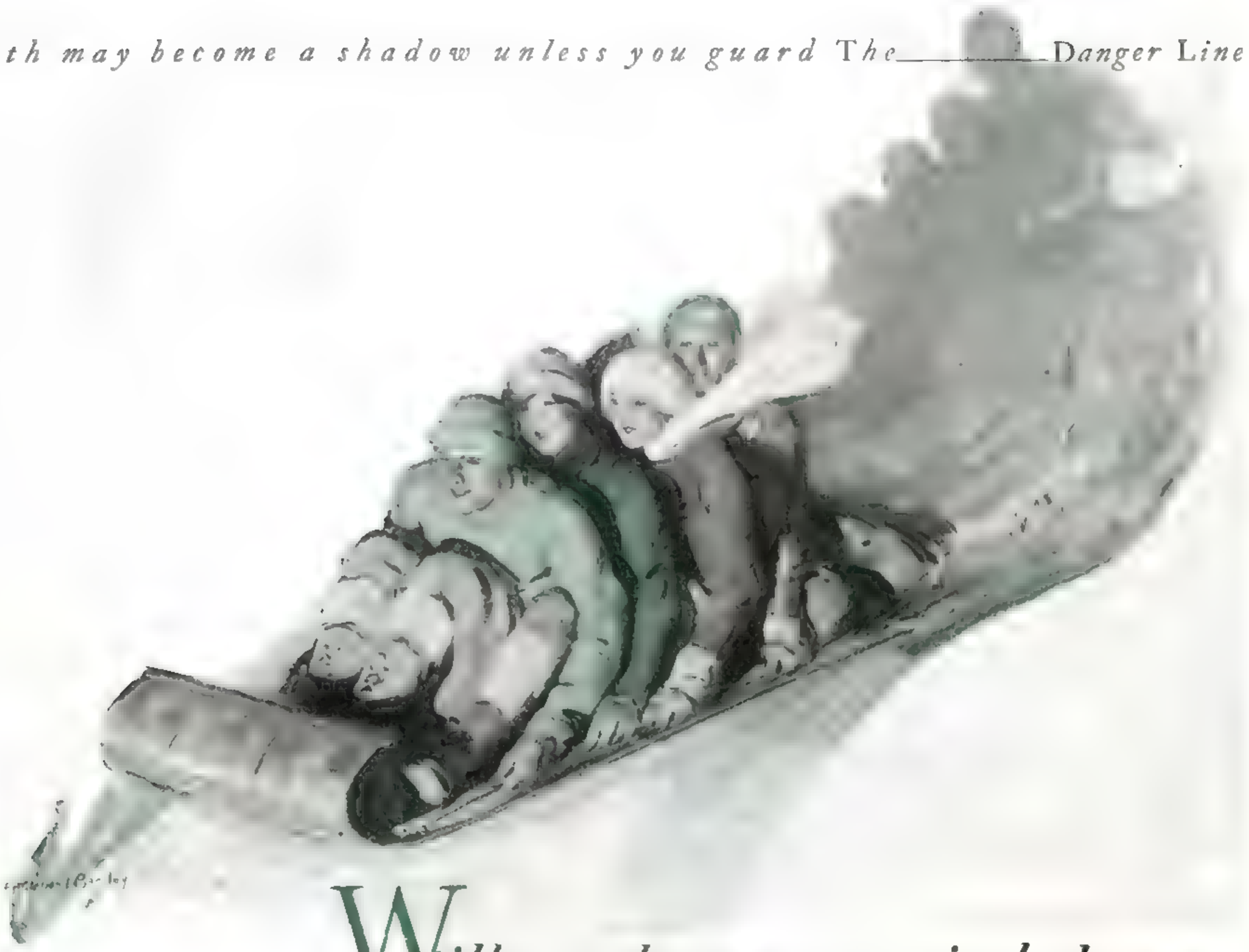

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(Continued from Page 82)

the stuff out of the house in case there's a search, see? Most likely they'll put that on the gypsy girl, but it might be any one of the three. Whoever it is, I'll be on their heels."

"Say, you are a tricky worker, aren't you, Aloysius?" I whispers.

"You gotta use your bean in this business," says he, registering modesty; but not too much of it. Then all of a sudden he comes to a point, head down, chin stuck out and eyes glued on the elevator.

"Ha! The lady herself! And carryin' a package, bold as brass."

Which was when I got my first hint of who she was.

"What?" I gasps. "Not—not that one! Is that Mrs. Cheever Myles? Why, Aloysius Shea! She's no more a lady crook than ——"

"Ain't she though!" says he. "With the loot right under her arm and all? Say, if I don't have her in the Tombs before night ——"

But with that he's off after her, leaving me with my mouth open and my eyes bugged. For I'd seen this party going in and out for the last week or so, and she'd stopped at the stand a couple of times. Also if I'd ever met a real lady she was it. Not that she dresses the part so much. No. Sort of arty, I'd call her costumes, with nothing real smart about 'em and generally a lack of pressing. Does her soft brown hair kind of sloppy, too, with curly wisps straying from the net in the back.

You couldn't listen to that cooing, gentle voice, though, or watch those big brown eyes, and class her as anything but a perfectly nice person. Especially after she's given you one of those friendly looks. I'll admit she won me right off the bat, just with a glance. You know? She has the kind of eyes that light up and beam on you, trustful and admiring. 'Course she does talk a bit gushy, as I remember, and I shouldn't call her very deep; but when it comes to being honest—well, my guess is that they don't make any honester.

And here she is being trailed as a gem robber! Likewise here is my Aloysius about to pull a prize boner. Say, when things get messy like that it affects me right in the tummy, like I'd mixed ice cream and pickles.

"Gosh!" I thinks. "What to do, what to do?" Suppose he should crash in with the "Come with me, lady" line before I had a chance to show him that it might be all a mistake and beg him to go slow. What if he marched her back with the steel bracelets on? I wouldn't put it past him. And then if she could prove an alibi, or if she simply went into hysterics and her hubby brought a big suit for damages!

Which was about when Mame asks me abrupt, "Say, Tess, who do I make these returns for?"

"The Tombs. Red arrows," says I. "No, I mean American News."

"Say, what kind of a fit are you havin'?" demands Mame. "And what you starin' at the door for? Act like you was waitin' for a ghost."

"Maybe I am," says I. "Anyway don't yell at me again."

"Huh!" says Mame. "Perhaps I should send you a postal next time."

Half an hour later it was a big relief to see Aloysius come stalking in alone.

I beckoned him over and asked eager, "Well, she's all right, isn't she?"

"If that's what you call it," says he. "Your lady friend goes to a hock shop and leaves part of the swag on a ticket."

"Oh, no! Not really!" I protests.

"Then I'm blind," says he. "I saw her come out counting the money. She's window shopping now, but she's on her way back. I'm gonna put my cards before the manager now, and when we get the trio together in the room I'll go up and bag the lot."

"You—you sure it was jewelry she hocked?" says I.

"Necklace and brooch," says he. "I saw 'em."

"But, Aloysius," I goes on, "I can't believe she could take 'em. Please, please don't arrest her until ——"

"Now listen, Tess," says he. "The trouble with you women is that you're always ready to spill sympathy and forget facts. I got it on this Myles bunch cold, and if the boss don't block me I'm gonna have 'em all behind the bars inside of an hour."

I expect I was biting my lip by then.

"If you do, Aloysius Shea," I tells him, "I'll never ——"

"Ah, sure you will, girlie," says he. "We'll have a little celebration dinner tonight, just us two, and you can tell me what a foxy guy I am. I got something I'm plannin' to tell you, too, but just now I'm on the job."

Another minute and he's tapping at the manager's door.

I'd only turned around from watching him when I finds myself looking square into the friendly beaming eyes of Mrs. Cheever Myles.

"Wasn't it here my maid bought those delicious nut chocolates?" she asks. "I'd like another box, if you please." She's giving me that smile of hers too.

I was just reaching for the box when I had this hunch.

"Sorry," says I, thinking quick, "but we're all out. Plenty in the storeroom. Have one for you in a few minutes. May I send it up?"

"Thank you so much," says she. "Mrs. Myles, 1015."

"Yes, I know," says I. "Right away."

I let her get a one-car start and then I called Mame.

"Take charge until I get back," says I. "I've got to deliver something to a special customer"

"Must be Mrs. Coolidge or Gloria Swanson," says she.

But I left her gawping and dashed for the next elevator. It was Mrs. Myles herself that answered my knock.

"Oh, how good of you!" says she, holding out her hand for the package.

But I pushes right past her, steps into the middle of the room, lays it on the table and looks around. One of our regular parlor-bedroom-and-bath suites, 1015 is, with two sunny south windows and two opening on a court. There's the usual outfit—glass-topped center table, two easy-chairs, one sofa, one straight chair, and a desk in the corner. At the desk Mr. Cheever Myles, with his hair rumpled and wearing an ink-spotted velvet coat, is thumping a typewriter. Beyond, in the bedroom, the gypsy girl is ironing some white things on the dresser top. A real family party, which nobody had asked me to join. But that didn't bother me a bit.

With one hand to my head and the other pressed into my left side, I gave a poor imitation of a young lady having a dizzy spell.

"Do—do you mind if I sit down a minute?" says I. "My—my head."

And the next I knew I had all three of 'em running around in circles, one with a glass of water, another getting a wet bandage, Mrs. Myles hunting for smelling salts. Say, they made as much fuss over me as if I'd been an old friend. I staged a quick recovery, but the lady insists on patting me on the shoulder and fanning me and blaming herself for letting me hurry with that silly candy. Meanwhile I'm taking a good look at her. Yes, she's a perfectly nice person—gentle, refined, kind-hearted and emotional. Probably a bit flighty and impulsive. Sort of a wavery look in the friendly eyes too. Exactly the kind of woman that things happen to—weird things, such as this that was hanging over her. And somehow I'd got to act as buffer between her and that pig-headed Aloysius Shea. There wasn't much time left for stalling around either.

"Is she a gypsy?" I asks, nodding towards the wild-eyed girl with the hoop earrings.

"Tirza?" says Mrs. Myles. "Dear me, no! She's a Kurdish girl who was with us in Persia and Turkestan. Poor child! She is all that is left of a big family. The others were massacred. And when we started for home she begged so hard for us to take her along. So we did. It was rather foolish though."

"Why?" says I.

She makes a fluttery motion with her hands.

"We couldn't afford it, for one thing," says she. "You see, Cheever wasn't sure he could find a publisher for his book. It's about rugs and rug makers, you know. But it's coming out next month, thank goodness, and then perhaps we shall not feel so dreadfully poor."

Cheever tries to give her the shut-off signal, but she only laughs and chatters on.

"Oh, there's no denying that we're hard up," says she, "or that it's silly of us to be staying at such an expensive hotel; but if some magazine editor takes the article Cheever is just finishing we'll be rich again—for a week or two."

"Please, Amy!" protests Cheever.

"Righto, dearie!" says she. "I mustn't be confidential with strangers. I forgot. But this is the young lady from the lobby news stand, and she doesn't seem a bit like a stranger. Isn't she stunning, Cheever? Don't you just love her eyes?"

"No," says Cheever, pinking up in the ears. "I don't say I mightn't if I exposed myself long enough, but that isn't at all likely. And I hope I'm not being rude, Amy, if I remind you that I am rather busy this morning."

"Why, Cheever!" says she, shaking a forefinger at him.

"That's perfectly all right," says I. "I'm going right away. I—I wish you'd let me ask you just one thing though."

"A dozen, if you like," says she, leading me to the sofa and snuggling up chummy. "We'll talk low. Now?"

"You'll think I'm awfully curious," says I, "but what—what about those arrows?"

"Arrows?" she repeats, staring at me, puzzled.

"The red ones, stuck around the corridor?" I explains.

"Oh, those!" says she. "Why, I didn't suppose anyone would notice, they were such small ones. Just fancy, Cheever! Someone did see those arrows of mine."

"Yes, dear," says he. "I told you they would."

Then he turns back to his typewriter. But he doesn't go pale and his fingers aren't trembly.

"You see," she prattles on, "Tirza has lived in a tent nearly all her life, or in little mud houses of one room, so you can imagine how strange she felt when we brought her to this great building. We simply couldn't get her into the elevator—no. And poor Cheever had to walk up ten flights with her that first day, and down again when he went to find a place for her outside. No room for her to sleep here, and we couldn't afford a larger suite. You needn't listen, Cheever; we just couldn't. And I was so afraid she'd get lost coming back to us, or go walking into the wrong door. So I stuck those little arrows around. I do think of clever things now and then, but not often. Generally it's Cheever. He's frightfully clever, you know."

"But the arrows aren't there today," I suggested.

"Oh, Tirza has learned the way," says she, "and Cheever thought they looked silly. So I took them down last night. Now the next question?"

Well, she seemed to be having a good time and there was one more that I wanted to ask. So I did.

"You had to sell some of your jewelry this morning, didn't you?" I blurts out.

"Now how ever did you guess that?" says she. "No, I didn't really sell it. I took it to a loan office, and I shall get it back again just as soon as those stupid publishers send Cheever his advance royalties on the book. They make you wait, you know, and I did want some extra money for candy and flowers. I simply can't live without a few flowers around, can you? Besides, I wasn't wearing that old cameo brooch or the coral necklace. So why not?"

The big treat at a children's party

BLESS their souls—how they *do* enjoy their DIXIES!

Games, singing, romping—all great fun. But watch their eager little hands reach out for a DIXIE—watch their sparkling eyes grow big—and then hear the satisfied mmms and aahs from busy lips! You'll know then that DIXIES have helped you make the big hit of the party!

DIXIES are sealed at the ice cream plant with a top showing the maker's name. They keep two delicious flavors of your favorite ice cream clean and fresh and tasty. Sold by ice cream dealers everywhere for a nickel apiece! A little wooden spoon with each.

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The BULL'S EYE

Published every Now and Then

Proprietor MR. ROGERS *Circulation Mgr.* W. ROGERS *Editor* WILL ROGERS

Glorifying the American Tobacco

Women are getting back to those terrible short dresses again. A Missionary just arrived from Africa, after being gone for ten years among the Zulus, claims that their native women's dress looks like an Esquimo's in comparison to ours. He says he never saw such indecency. I never saw such legs!

Some women that are wearing short dresses must never have looked backwards over their shoulder into a long mirror. The reason they go to see the girls in Mr. Ziegfeld's Follies is not that we show any more than the street, but that Ziegfeld picks the ones you see here, and the ones on the street pick themselves.

If Ziegfeld selected every woman that was allowed to wear short skirts on the street, what an artistic world this would be.

I often wonder what a salesgirl's conscience does when she sells a short skirt to some women.

Every sack of "Bull" Durham is shapely, perfect and uniform. It's picked with the same care as a Follies Girl. Smoke a National Institution.

Will Rogers

P. S. There will be another piece in this paper soon. Look for it.

Another "Bull" Durham advertisement by Will Rogers, Ziegfeld Follies and screen star, and leading American humorist. More coming. Watch for them.

MORE of EVERYTHING FOR a lot LESS money. THAT'S the net OF this 'BULL' Durham PROPOSITION. MORE flavor— MORE enjoyment AND a lot MORE money LEFT in the BANKROLL AT the end of A week's SMOKING

I wasn't going to tell her; not then, anyway. For she's a dear; perhaps a silly one, but a dear just the same. And what with pasting up red arrows and pawning her trinkets at exactly the wrong time, she'd almost made out a grand-larceny case against herself. Before I knew it, as she was letting me out, we had kissed. No society-cheek pecking, either, but like old boarding-school chums. Seems to come as natural to her as breathing. She's that kind. So the prospect that she'd end the day in jail wasn't one I liked to think about.

At the end of the corridor I finds Mr. Shea, doing his stuff.

"Tessie!" says he. "You?"

"No," says I, cold and distant. "I'm Lydia Pinkham."

"You've been in 1015," says he, accusing.

"No hiding anything from a supersleuth like you," says I. "I have."

"Tess," says he, grabbing me by the wrist, "you—you didn't tip 'em off, did you?"

"Thanks, Mr. Shea," says I. "Are you dead sure I'm not one of the gang and have the rest of the swag somewhere about me?"

"I don't know what to think," says he, eying me suspicious.

"No, you wouldn't," says I. "Nor you wouldn't turn the job over to me, that's got something to think with. Tell me, did you get an O. K. from the manager on your fool hunch?"

He shakes his head.

"He's up here," says he, "talking with the parties that was robbed. Here he comes now."

Well, there's a linen room right handy and I steps in, but only part shuts the door, so I heard what the manager handed Aloysius.

"Guess you can lay off the great gem mystery, Shea," says he. "The lady has just remembered hiding her jewel case in the bottom of the laundry bag and everything's safe. That's the way they generally turn out. Following up some sort of clew, weren't you?"

"Ye-es, sir," groans Aloysius.

"All right, drop it," says the manager, stepping into an elevator.

And Aloysius stands there gawping after him with his mouth open and his shoulders sagged. Then I appears again.

"Did you get that, Tessie?" says he. "Ain't it tough, just as I was about to —"

"Tough!" says I. "Say, if you ever had a lucky break it was then! Wouldn't listen to me, would you? And if you'd had your way you'd been in good and wrong all around."

"But didn't I see her pawnin' things," he protests, "and wasn't there them arrows, and so on?"

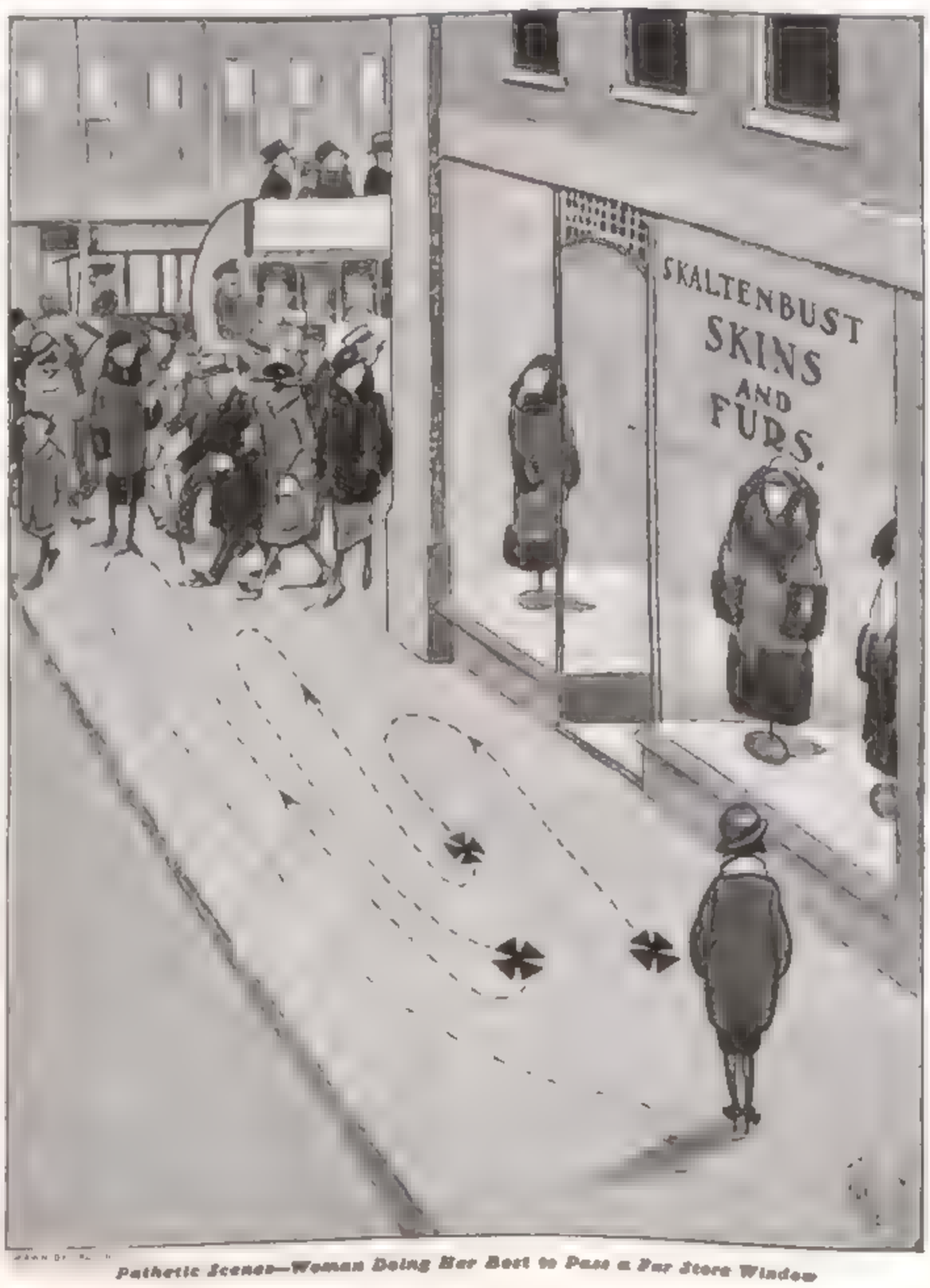
"Listen, Mr. Shea," says I; "the trouble with you men is that you spill facts and forget sympathy. You get to looking for crooks and you can't see anything else. Almost got me on your list. Bah! And after all that confidential buzzing at the stand! Say, next time you get steamed up over red arrows and gypsy girls you can tell the details to someone else. I've had an earful."

"But—but, Tessie," he starts in, "I'm awful strong for you. I think you are the ——"

"Ah, you think that's dandruff on your coat collar!" says I. "It isn't—it's bone dust. . . . Down, please!"

Which was when and how I was cured of my only slip in a long time. I'd almost wiped Aloysius off the slate, too, when here yesterday Mame stops yanking her gum long enough to remark, "Say, Tess, how about you and Mr. Shea? I thought you was fallin' for him."

"I didn't," says I. "I only stubbed my toe on him."



Pathetic Scenes—Woman Doing Her Best to Pass a Fur Store Window

The picture above shows a Johns-Manville Sea Ring. Apparently an inert circlet, it prevents leakage and reduces friction—truly a corral for horsepower.

Horsepower~*corralled*
~*by Johns-Manville Asbestos Products*

HORSEPOWER may run amuck in the form of unburned gases in boiler flues; heat radiated from improperly insulated pipes or surfaces; steam or water leakage; or because of unnecessary friction between packings and the plungers they pack. When it does so run amuck, it tramples plant efficiency underfoot at a tremendous waste of fuel and money.

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To introduce new standards of efficiency into your plant, with accompanying lowered production costs, it is only necessary to avail yourself of the services of Johns-Manville Sales Engineers in your place of business.

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Asbestos
INSULATION
BRAKE LININGS
ROOFINGS
PACKINGS
CEMENTS

JOHNS-MANVILLE
SAVES HORSEPOWER

A DEFENSE OF BOOSTERS

(Continued from Page 16)

As an admitted burgher and as an observer of this picture, I have come to the conclusion that the very fact that there is a lot of froth is one indication that the American booster is not standardized. He refuses to take himself too seriously. He does a few ridiculous things along with serious business, and laughs at himself for doing them. There is a lot of apparently aimless running hither and thither, a lot of lost motion, a lot of fruitless argument over trifles; but somehow, when the fussing and messing are finished, there has been a remarkable degree of accomplishment. Perhaps it is the logical outgrowth of the primitive New England town meeting, which seems to have been the beginning of American political and economic government.

It is the same picture as that of a big newspaper office to a novice. All he sees is a vast confusion, with people running indiscriminately about or gazing around with vacant expressions or yelling illogical jargon. The papers on the desks are not in neat piles, but in hopeless helter-skelter. Editors curse and seem to be defeated in their purpose of getting the paper out. Foremen tear their hair and say it can't be done. They argue over inconsequential things. Copy comes in from every point of the compass and seems to be promptly lost. There is a grand climax of futility, a moment when everything seems to blow up in despair. Then, in fifteen minutes, in the presence of a few blasé office boys, there appears a neat, well-edited paper with everything in its proper place, correlated, balanced and carefully weighed.

Only Forty Years From Feathers

In the space of this article it is impossible to introduce the large number of civic clubbers I have met, as rebuttal to the charge of conformity, standardization and general inanity; but I will present a few as typical specimens of the variegated aggregate.

Charles Gray Deer is a past vice president of one of the white man's civic clubs. In a meeting he stood, erect and grave, and said, "I am an Indian. I believe in your God, but we of our race like to call Him the Great Spirit.

"I have just come from our school football game and my feet have soil on them. My feet are on the ground, but my hands are stretched toward the Great Spirit.

"It is my belief that our civic organization should see that the Great Spirit walks into our earthly activities, no matter where they are, and that business and religion should be kept together, not in separate compartments. To me this spirit of civic organization means that religion shall not be observed as a form or as a weekly exercise, but as something which keeps business and professional life and every other occupation on a high ethical plane."

As I watched the stalwart bronzed Indian speaking in warmly eloquent tones, his background drifted away for the moment, and I saw him decked in eagle feathers and blanket, addressing others of his race in a council around a fire on a Kansas plain at night.

It was only a little more than one generation ago that the chiefs were gathered in the same place where Boosterburg now stands, debating matters of community interest. Then they had scattered lodges of November gathered grass; they had jerked antelope meat and home-tanned buffalo hides. It was a thin bitter existence at best, but they were counselors in the matter of how to advance the interests of the tribe. Now Gray Deer and his students are operating tractors and combination harvester-threshers and typewriters, and learning to play golf.

With just a trace of irony, Gray Deer, who is a Yale graduate, turned to introduce a young companion:

"I would like to present to this club a 100 per cent American, John White, a chief of the Cheyennes. He went over the top three times in France."

Such applause never greeted an international officer of that club. The members stamped and cheered, and there floated out of the hotel room the shrill quavering war whoop of the Cheyennes, yelled by the staid old residents of Boosterburg who are still close enough to the beginnings of the Middle West to remember.

Is there anything more picturesque than this in any period of American life—this bit of the old West becoming an integral part of Boosterburg? What might it mean? It seemed to me that it showed some of the infinite variety, the highly spiced colors, that go into the build of the fabric, for those who care to look for it. In place of the hard-scrabble existence of old, there are life, change, a richer degree of health and comfort, access to the wide world.

Or take the case of Andrew Hoyt. When a boy he came out from a staid New England community, where existence was a struggle to pick up enough stones from fields to permit crops to grow, laying them in fences around the fields. He came to seek his fortune in the nascent West. He came to Boosterburg before the big boom of the 80's. Being penniless, he conceived the idea of digging up roots of the yucca, or wild soap weed, and making soap out of them. This yucca was to be found close to the little prairie town, in the raw buffalo sod.

He made the soap and peddled it from door to door. With some of the proceeds he bought town lots, very cheaply. The big boom came and he saw their value go up. He kept them too long. After the boom collapsed they were a liability; but then he couldn't sell, and so he held on. He kept his plant, which turned to the manufacture of a medical preparation. He gave a large portion of his profits to the Y. M. C. A., his church and a dozen other philanthropic causes. Now he has established branches of his business in other countries, and his product is sold in the narrow streets of Hong-Kong and on the African Gold Coast. He has given away millions of dollars. He is an orthodox churchman, a good fisherman, an art lover and a writer. He has a heartier laugh and more obviously enjoys life than any Nietzschean superman I ever heard of. And he is certainly different from any other pattern I have ever seen. But still he is a dyed-in-the-wool Boosterburger; he is taboo to the literary Sinn Fein.

Boosters and Builders

Hans Schirmer is still another type. He drifted, a poverty-bitter young chap, by ox team, to the crossing of two cow trails on the raw prairie before there was any Boosterburg. The town grew up after he drove his stakes. He was a whooper-up for growth, and when the big boom came he built a steam railroad from the business district to the suburbs, a distance of about five miles. The city had magnificent distances in those days, measuring fifteen miles from north to south.

It was a crazy thing, this intra-city steam railroad, built to stimulate the growth of the Schirmer Addition, of course. But it was only presbyopia that he had—not monomania. He saw farther ahead than he should have. The boom collapsed and left him flat, and the railroad was junked. Now there is a rubber-and-gas passenger line out the same way. He wasn't so crazy. It was only his chronology that was off.

When the appropriate time came for the office-building age to be ushered in, he was there with a ten-story skyscraper, close to the first starters.

He was not interested in civic clubs or churches. He held family prayer every night. He was a booster and a builder in his prime.

And then take Sterling Lodge, a past president of the Circle Club and executive of a large business concern. He doesn't care much for the froth and liturgies and rituals of organizations, but he does have the peculiar and persistent idea that the greatest crime a business man can commit against society is to fail to do his own work with skill and the highest degree of perfection.

Although he does not sell insurance, he points to this form of business as a proof of the theory that the best philanthropy is the kind that is most adequately expressed in efficient business methods. He was reared on a farm, and cites the instance of the neighbor whose barn burned down. All the neighbors pitched in and helped, with willing but unskillful hands. Now the matter is much better taken care of by fire insurance. The hospital, replacing the untrained midwife or neighborhood nurse, is another instance. And his enthusiasm in pounding such ideas into the consciousness of his fellow clubbers is having effect.

Taming Our Embryo Soviets

Wallace Wingate is hard-boiled in some of his aspects. He reviles the antitrust laws, is an enthusiastic church worker, and when the World War veterans returned, they marched under an arch which was the result of his initiative, the piece departing from the familiar type and acquiring considerable fame because of its artistic lines. Largely by his work a municipal art museum will soon come to Boosterburg as a civic asset. His club originated a custom of placing 1000 Christmas trees on the downtown streets at each holiday season, transforming the place into a children's fairyland, and at the Convention Hall each year it has a big community Christmas tree for the children of the poor.

I should like to introduce Walter Hickney, the community singing leader and pep injector of the Lions Club, who in religion is a modernist and who says that he would like to organize one more civic club without officers or constitution, the entire object being to stay at home. But this delightfully paradoxical individual and many others can only be hinted at. It is my opinion, based on observation all over the Middle West and in the East, that the same variety is found everywhere. And I believe this Boosterburg is thoroughly typical of all the other Boosterburgs in that it has a far wider and more colorful purpose than sordid business success and banal uniformity of citizenship.

The growth of the chamber-of-commerce movement in the United States, culminating in the building of the United States Chamber of Commerce, with headquarters at Washington, has caused uneasiness on the part of some temperamental seers, who forecast an era in which our political government will be subservient to a series of soviets, ranging from the United States Chamber to the American Federation of Labor and the Farm Bureau Federation. However, a profound change has taken place in several of the embryo soviets, and this change tends to work against their fears.

At a recent meeting of the chamber of commerce for the south central district, an entire meeting was given over to the subject of farmers' coöperative organizations—not in a spirit of alarm but of friendliness. Fifteen or twenty years ago chambers of commerce did not speak of farmers' coöperative projects without a chill. This session was a rather amazing effort to assist the movement and to show a sound and logical relationship between efficient business and efficient farmers' marketing. The modern chamber-of-commerce official is trying to help the farmer solve his marketing problem not throwing rocks or monkey wrenches into the cogs.

Another period of discussion at this same meeting was devoted to the subject of distribution, and stress was laid upon the fact that the general public has a right to demand low prices on commodities, and that quick turnover, improved accounting and other speeding-up features should be considered from the standpoint of how they will be of benefit to the consumer as well as to the jobber, manufacturer or retailer. I attended several sessions and heard no remark indicating that the business men were trying to devise new ways of raising prices. In fact, I have never heard the subject mentioned in business men's meetings. Perhaps they do combine to raise prices, somewhere, somehow, sometime, but not in convention or club meetings, contrary to lay opinion. The charge does not affect boosters as such.

I asked a member of the Boosterburg Chamber of Commerce for his opinion as to the cause for the change of recent years. He gave credit to the civic clubs.

I think there is much truth in this idea. There has been an impressive increase in codes of ethics in civic and business associations. There are now more than 200, it is said. These codes get away from an old idea of professional ethics erected principally for the benefit and protection of the profession. They incline more toward the true meaning of ethics, which makes the public the principal beneficiary. Of course it is one thing to adopt a code of ethics, and a different thing to live that code—the same old contrast between practicing and preaching. But the constant impact of the propaganda is bound to register. The combined effect of civic clubs and business and professional associations governed by codes of ethics is to influence the general body of business everywhere, and develop a more sensitive conscience among business and professional men with regard to the rights of the public.

What the Civic Clubs are Doing

It is difficult to get big capable business men to accept political responsibility, but the next best thing is to bring the humanizing welfare touch into their own organizations, and through them into chambers of commerce, and finally into political government. The good-roads movement is one impressive and practical instance of procuring good laws by way of booster associations. This particular kind of sovietism surely cannot be objectionable.

In Boosterburg the Shrine has taken the matter of crippled children as its peculiar opportunity for service.

The Circle Club has evidenced a tendency to eliminate provincialism by promoting the study of foreign countries among its members. If the practice increases among the Circle Clubs scattered over the world, this may have some educational effect in putting down, here and there, little provocatives of war; and the dream is that some day there may be a strong world organization built on the idea of mutual acquaintance and mutual enlightenment, this organization to assist in the general world peace movement.

Another civic club first promoted the city-manager plan and formed the organization which procured the adoption of that plan. Still another fostered the local art association. Still another took a boys' club under its wing and changed the South Hanley Street gang of street-light-breaking boys into a group that maintains its own gymnasium, reading room and debating society. When the new $1,000,000 high school, situated in the midst of a seventy-acre plat and equipped with the most modern school apparatus and appurtenances, was dedicated, it was by the seven or eight civic clubs of the city, so they must have had something to do with the voting of bonds and general promotion.

The Kiwanis Club is making a special effort to bring about better relationships between the farmer and the city man and

(Continued on Page 93)

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Beauty now need not vanish with the years—this simple rule in skin care is preserving youthful charm for thousands

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Wash your face gently with soothing Palmolive. Then massage it softly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly first with warm water, then with cold. If your skin is inclined to be dry, apply a touch of good cold cream—that is all.

Do this regularly, and particularly in the evening. Use powder and rouge if you wish. But never leave them on over night. They clog the pores, often enlarge them. Blackheads and disfigurements often follow. They must be washed away.

Avoid this mistake

Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, or represented as of palm and olive oils, is the same as Palmolive.

It costs but 10c the cake!—so little that millions let it do for their bodies what it does for their faces. Obtain a cake today. Then note what an amazing difference one week makes.

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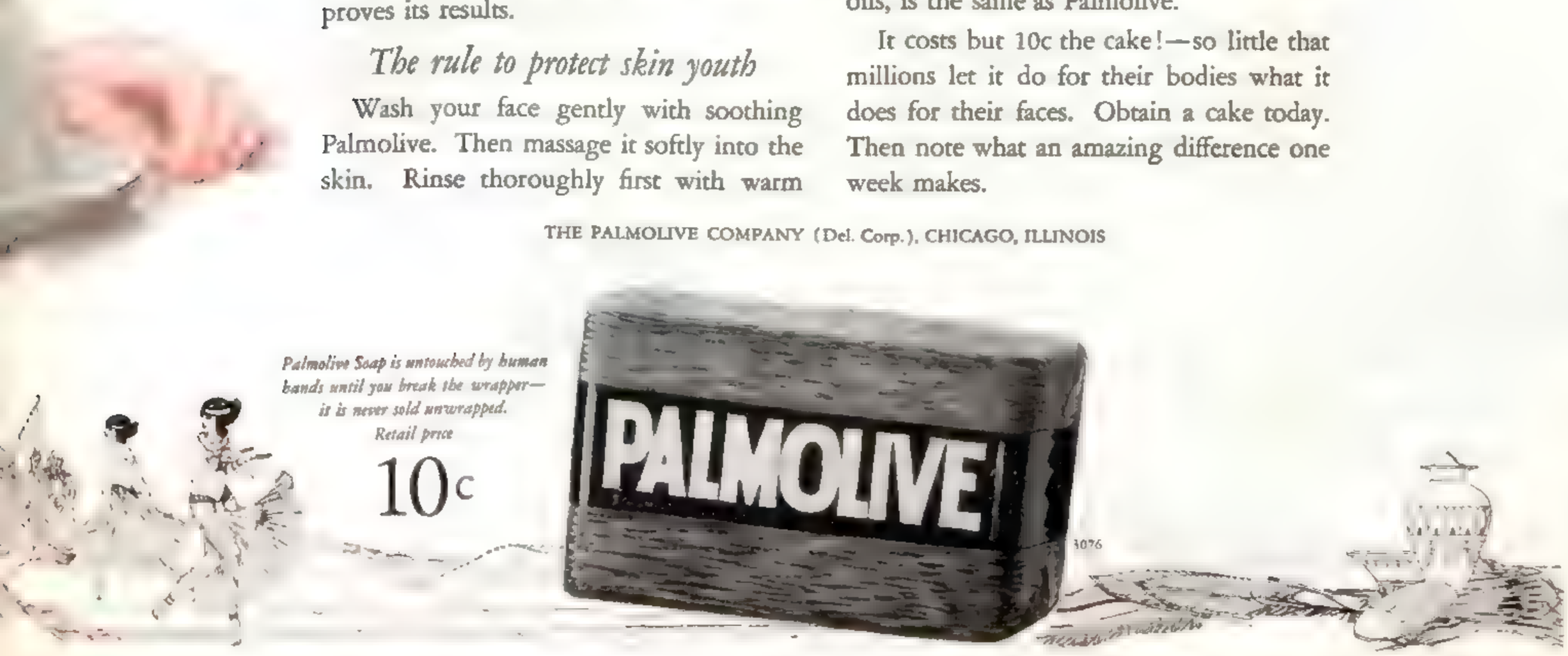

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From gentle rinsing — to full city pressure

when the VITAL SPOTS *are Muellers*

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Some faucets are like that—yours, perhaps. Like the old-time automobile, they refuse to respond to adjustment—won't give a full stream for a hurried bath or for quickly filling the dishpan—won't "idle down" to a gentle rinsing stream. They're seldom *fully off;* never *entirely on!*

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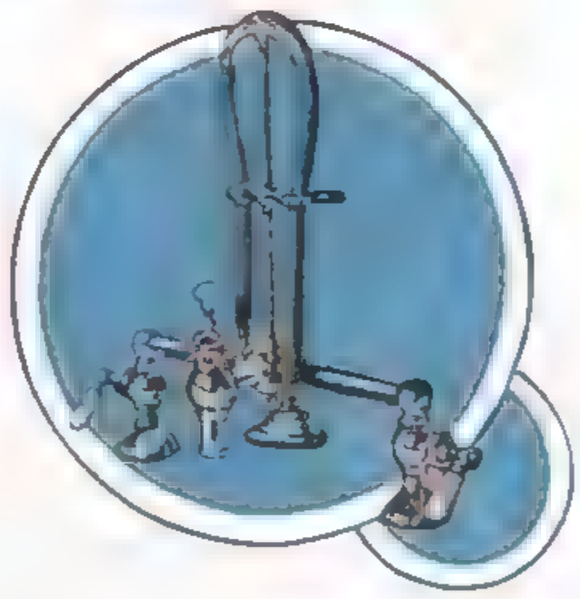
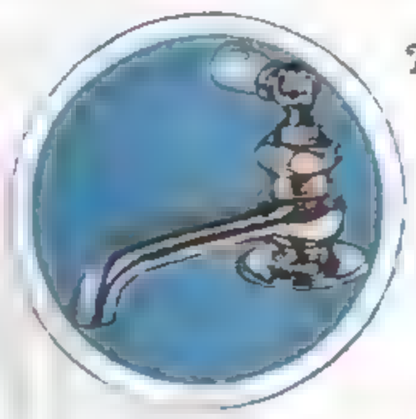
Here are faucets that give every shading of adjustment from a tiny trickle to a large splashless stream of full city pressure. And this precision of operation is combined with beauty that makes Mueller Faucets a crowning touch to the finest fixtures. They are faucets that will help to modernize old fixtures—that will eliminate sources of trouble and expense—that will give you a new conception of how well faucets *can* work.

Through the *merchant* plumber in your locality you can secure Mueller Faucets for all *vital spots* in the plumbing system—for the bathroom, the kitchen and the laundry. If your plumber does not carry them he can quickly get them from any one of the 250 Mueller jobbers. *Insist* on Muellers.





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MUELLER FAUCETS

faucets without a fault

(Continued from Page 88)

prove to both that the old city wall is a mythical barrier. This is only one more manifestation of the effort toward acquaintanceship, which may be, after all, the strongest argument in favor of civic clubs. The man who keeps himself buried in his shell is provincial in a city-wide sense as well as in a nation-wide or world-wide sense. The civic and booster organizations tend to batter down provincialism between man and man, and between cities, states and nations.

By the same token they have had a tendency to put down race and religious prejudices. Constant and friendly contact is a pretty sure cure for the auto-intoxication of isolation.

A typical expression of Boosterburg is the Booster Train, which goes out every spring to cultivate the acquaintance of the trade territory. About 100 men, of various lines of business, through the chamber of commerce charter a train of sleeping cars to which are attached diner and baggage coach, and this train makes a circuit of about 1000 miles, stopping at every town and village along the way. The tour usually takes about a week.

At each stop the members detrain and usually march in parade up Main Street, where they distribute souvenirs to the children and perhaps make speeches and listen to welcome addresses. Perhaps they have a band or quartet to attract the populace. If that be a good target for the burgher-biters, let them take good aim. Only a flagrantly naïve person would believe, however, that the boosters take these things seriously. To the confirmed cynic such an excursion would be a frightful bore, no doubt; but if one cares to go below the surface, he finds that the froth is the least important thing there. The performance wears away provincialism and promotes the building of Boosterburg by the cogent facts of outside contacts, and it brings some stimulus to the towns visited. In the large sense it is like the apparently aimless confusion of the newspaper office—it is an expression of a peculiarly American way of doing things which may be more or less incomprehensible to the foreign mind.

Universal Flapdoodle

There is a lot of horseplay, singing and ritual in Boosterburg that seems entirely superfluous. Very likely, and no one realizes it any more than the average civic clubber. He is under no illusions about it. I have seen college presidents, preachers and others with Ph.D.'s, D.D.'s and other imposing titles singing, "I'm a little prairie flower, growing wilder every hour." They have the ability to laugh at themselves, which is a good counterirritant for the desperate seriousness of the intelligentlemen who build reputations by destroying straw boobs.

There is probably as much superfluous conversation and childish make-believe per square inch on a lower Fifth Avenue corner at the noon hour or in the average Broadway cabaret at night as there is in the Boosterburg Luncheon Club. This small change of civilization's economy takes different forms in different places, but it is all out of the same common stock of universal flapdoodle. No doubt the output of piffle and ponderous nothing is as great in the German Reichstag or English Parliament as in the United States Senate or the meetings of the Cobb's Corners Improvement Society.

Personally, I object to the "Now, felluz" of the pep leader, Persimmon Week, the closing ode, the parade, the drive and the convention badge; but the evil has the proportions of an international rather than a local scandal, and I suppose there could just as well be objection to the bal masque, confetti-throwing, race-track style show, Deauville and the affectations of the Byron-collar, whiskers and Windsor-tie crowds. It is all the wagging of the dog's tail. The trouble is that in looking at Boosterburg the supermen insist upon looking at the tail and not the dog. In looking at their own divers and sundry holy shows they see the dog, but ignore the tail.

Johnny Appleseed, Civic Clubber

The blatant boosters, cited as typical by the burgher-biters, are not typical, but exceptional. If it were not for the boosters there would be no hinterland to buy clothing and produce wheat, therefore there would be no metropolis. There would be no packing houses or Carnegie libraries or state universities or art museums; no concert shouters to buy the Down-With-America magazines.

One of my impressions is that of an artist of the intellectual cast who reviled the crowd on the street as the rabble-gabble and ants. But he received a goodly number of thousands of dollars for a canvas which was paid for by wheat produced by the crowd. And when the new art museum is built, some of the money from the rabble-gabble will go to pay for one of his paintings, no doubt.

Another is of a cowboy artist who came out of the West with a flaming facility for the picturesque. He satisfied every want of those who lament the taming of the frontier, with chaps, sombrero and Indian blankets in his Greenwich Village *atelier*. He was quite the vogue. But in his Western home, his neighbors said, he wore a sunbonnet while he shocked corn.

The charge of sham and hypocrisy is lodged against the Boosterburg churchman and uplifter because he sometimes preaches one thing and practices another; but to my mind the most repulsive form of hypocrisy is that expressed in prurient literature and drama which is produced on the pretext that it portrays real life. If that excuse were sincere, the writers and producers would proceed to the logical conclusion and portray some of the imbecility, disease and suffering that frequently come from the violation of the recognized moral codes. They would show the inside of institutes for feeble-minded and infirmaries. They would show such vital and essential facts as sewage and offal and the processes of packing-house disposal. But the prurient writers hold their products within the realm of the alluring and suggestive, because that way is the big money. While exposing hypocrisy, the supermen could find a broad field for operation in that direction.

Johnny Appleseed, characterized by John Sherman as "one of the most striking figures this republic has produced," was one of the first of the civic clubbers, refined to a high degree. He worked alone in his ambition to put service above self. There is no way of accounting for him by a cynical philosophy, but he really did exist, and he was a well educated and charming personality.

He devoted his latter life to the planting of apple seeds throughout a large portion of the Middle West which is now the locale of numerous Boosterburgs. Shortly after the year 1800 he pushed westward from Pennsylvania into Ohio and Indiana, planting as he went.

"My mission in life is to have the apple trees ready for the settlers when they come," he told one of the pioneer women.

He played his part and disappeared, but when the settlers arrived they found, all through the wilderness, patches of trees that bore pink-and-white blooms in the spring and ruddy fruit in the autumn. Perhaps, in the course of time, some of his trees had to be cut down.

Boosterburg has its counterpart all through the country, in all sizes and shapes—in New York, Minneapolis, Shreveport, Portland, Alkali Creek and Billville. It is the logical community successor of the individuals, Johnny Appleseed and Buffalo Bill. In all these communities there is the same diversity of individuals and the brave determination to bring order and ultimate beauty, even though some of the passing intermediate stages result in ugliness. If the supermen would get below the surface and really know America by travel and contact, they would see a different picture. Now they see the American arena as one in which a few gorgeous bulls are engaged in a continual and cruel goring or trampling of a horde of pitiful sheep. It is a spectacle which was worthy of Nietzsche, but the American, who is a sportsman, does not take to the neurotic mind that delights in torturing inferior beings.

The Ugly With the Fair

They would see the marvel in the fact of cities budding out of prairies and mountains and woods, with spires and steel towers and concrete-and-glass factory buildings, with a healthy and growing appreciation of art under the catalysis of sunshine and rain and wind. The frontier is still here, inviting pioneers. It is true that in these communities are individuals who let others do their thinking for them. They are concert shouters and followers, but they are not peculiar to any given group. They are found among Bolsheviki and on boards of directors; among intellectuals and slant-brows; in study clubs and civic clubs; in vigilance committees and in churches. They belong with the sterile apple trees.

The community of Boosterburg is the ugly with the fair. It is the covered wagon, logger's cabin, sweaty horses, district school, jails and dark alleys, town meeting, frontier church, ten-furrow gang plow, city park, section gang, art museum, iron mine, shipyard, concert series, country store, factory, jobbing house, the struggling college on the raw prairie. It is human friendship and tolerance. It is the ferment of our peculiar civilization, and it is the youthful spirit of the country-bred girl who sailed away last spring in a bright haze of anticipation, humming the Jewel Song.

NO THOROUGHFARE

(Continued from Page 5)

"Pa," she called over her shoulder, "get your clothes changed. And for goodness' sakes scrub your hands."

"I dunno as I want any supper," Buck said crustily.

And she retorted: "You won't get any, the way you are."

"You might have kept him for supper," Buck reminded her, looking after Stackhoe's departing figure.

"I don't know a thing about him," Millie replied.

"He's all right," Dave Budd told her surprisingly. "He's all right, Millie."

Millie looked at him with sudden attention.

"Oh," she said. "Is he?"

Before the sheriff could say more, a dog barked in the road beside them, and a girl laughingly bade the beast be still. They turned to look at the car which had stopped there, from which now two people were alighting. Two girls, pleasantly dressed, pleasantly smiling, wearing that assurance which somehow fails to give offense. Three dogs—a Scotch terrier, an Airedale and a black-and-white setter. The terriers were on leash; but the setter, free, immediately approached Dave Budd to make friends. One of the girls, with straight, short dark hair and pleasant black eyes, approached them, looked from Millie to the sheriff.

"The driver says you are our last chance," she said smilingly. "I hope you can take care of us."

Millie met her eyes.

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To this achievement the New York Central Lines contributed a notable measure of public service
The very heavy program of rehabilitation inaugurated by the New York Central Lines immediately following the termination of Federal control—involving the expenditure of many millions of dollars for new equipment and larger facilities—placed this railroad system in a position to meet the growing traffic demands of the great territory it serves
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—and *again* in 1925

"The heaviest traffic in the history of this country is being moved this year (1925) with less cars and fewer locomotives than used in any recent previous year."

"In a period when more than a million loaded cars are being moved weekly, we find the service department of the Interstate Commerce Commission reduced to a skeleton organization."

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From the report of the Committee on Public Relations of the National Association of Railroad and Utilities Commissioners, as presented by Mr. E. I. Lewis, of the Interstate Commerce Commission, Washington, Oct. 14, 1925.

New York Central Lines

Boston & Albany—Michigan Central—Big Four
Pittsburgh & Lake Erie—New York Central
and Subsidiary Lines

"Last chance for what?" she asked.

"We want to go in to the old Delemay farm," the girl explained. "I'm Peg Delemay and this is Miss Lutrow. We're going to spend the summer there."

Millie looked at Sheriff Budd.

"In on the old road?" she asked. He nodded. "No one uses it now, do they?" she inquired; and he said slowly:

"Guess not. Used to be a county road, but it's closed now. There's a 'No Thoroughfare' sign on it."

"Everyone we've tried has refused to drive us in because the road is so bad," the newcomer agreed. "But they said there was a young man here named Sam who might take us."

"Sam?" Millie repeated, an edge on her tone.

Buck had drawn near, curious to hear.

"Won't hurt that rattlebang of his," he reminded her.

Millie hesitated. "I'll see what he says," she agreed reluctantly at last, and she stepped inside the garage and called:

"Sam!"

A moment later Sam appeared. He had been dressing for supper, had taken off his oily clothes and wore now scrubbed khaki knickerbockers and a clean blue shirt. His face was clean, his hair was brushed, even his hands were clean. Millie had taught him to put soap under his finger nails before he attacked his work. Millie had, in fact, taught him many things.

But Sam, emerging now from the garage, saw Peg Delemay and met her smile; and Millie, watching them, made a quick, impatient gesture with her hand.

Sheriff Budd stood by with faint trouble brooding in his eyes.

II

PEG DELEMAY had smiled at Sam. Most people did as much, for he was a young man in whose eyes there usually dwelt an expression of friendly good humor. So he was used to smiles, but not to Peg Delemay's. She did not, he thought, look like a person who smiled too often; and it is as easy to smile too often as too seldom. Her eyes and her wide mouth were grave, and her dark hair clouded her brow so that she seemed at times to wear a brooding glance, remote and thoughtful. She was not so tall as Millie, nor so stoutly formed; yet there was nothing of fragility about her. He met her smile and smiled in return; and before she could speak Nell Lutrow at her shoulder said pleadingly, "Do drive us in, Sam."

So Sam looked at her, and her eyes were dancing as she drawled his name. A great deal of brown hair on her bare head; hair as short as Peg's, but full of waves and quirks and deep shadows and glancing rays of light; and her cheeks were bright and her eyes and her lips full of laughter. And Sam looked at her, and at Peg again; and he felt a dryness in his throat and felt his cheeks color.

"They want to get to the Delemay place," said Millie, no compromise in her stout tones. "I said I'd see what you said."

"Where's that?" Sam asked.

"In on the old road," Buck Fernham explained. "There ain't been a car over that road in ten year."

"It's a lonesome place, ma'am," Sheriff Budd said hopefully. "I guess you won't want to stay in there. You could board around here reasonable."

"People don't like the dogs," Peg Delemay told him.

The setter was at Budd's knee, and the sheriff stroked the creature's soft ears.

"Don't see a thing wrong with this lady," he protested mildly.

"Oh, Lady's friendly," Peg agreed. "But these two brutes ——" She twisted the leashes in her hands and bent to caress the terriers. "Hoot bites every strange leg he sees, and Whisk scares people half to death."

"I don't know as a car can get through," Sam remarked.

"I'm sure you could get us in there if you would," Nell Lutrow told him. "You look as though you could drive a car anywhere."

"All I've got's a flivver," Sam confessed, grinning faintly. "But she'll go anywhere. I've driven her over a stone wall."

The driver of the car which had brought them, waiting by the roadside, blew his horn.

Peg turned back toward him. Money changed hands, their bags were unloaded and he drove away.

"You see, I'm counting on you," she told Sam as she returned.

"Where'd you come from?" Buck Fernham demanded.

"Came by train to Ridgeport," Peg explained, "and drove down." She looked toward Sam. "We ought to be starting," she reminded him.

"I'll risk it," Sam agreed.

He took two of the bags and disappeared into the garage. Millie sniffed and went toward the house. Buck was attentive but not helpful. Sheriff Budd followed Peg and spoke to her again.

"You'll change your mind when you see the place," he assured her. "It's lonesome in there. Not where you'd want to be. You won't see a soul, days on end."

She smiled at him.

"We're not—timid," she explained, in a friendly way. "I know you mean to be kind. But to be alone is what we want. And the dogs will take care of us."

"Most folks like company on their vacations," he insisted.

"Oh, we're here to work," she assured him.

"Work?" he repeated.

"I write stories. Try to," she amended. "Nell paints pictures." She smiled slowly, as though at herself. "Wonderfully. But we haven't been discovered yet." Sam's engine roared in the garage, and she turned that way with the dogs.

Sam's was a touring car. The bags, the dogs and Nell filled the rear seat; Peg sat with Sam in front. They backed into the road with a hiccuping roar and started away in what was by contrast silence as the engine took up its load.

Sheriff Budd said doubtfully to Buck, "Kind of wish they hadn't come along."

"Why?" Buck inquired. "What difference it make?"

The sheriff made a noncommittal gesture with one hand, and the two men moved toward the house. They found Millie watching Sam's departing car resentfully.

"He'll miss his supper," she said. "He won't get back in time. Must be five miles in there."

Dave Budd surprisingly touched her shoulder in a reassuring way.

"Sam's all right, Millie," he told her. "Been girls around here every summer, right along."

"Sam's a fool about girls," she reminded him ruefully.

"About you," he agreed gently; and he added with a grin, "You might as well tie him down, Millie."

She hesitated, then smiled.

"You shut up, Dave Budd," she bade him, but there was an old affection in her tones.

Half a mile down the main road, Sam had come to the entrance of that disused country way which led to the Delemay farm. A rude trestle of birch logs blocked the entrance; it was set upon a shoulder of bare ledge which lay sprawling across the road; and beyond, thick-growing alder and poplar hid the farther way. Sam stopped the car and Peg got out while he alighted, and helped him move the trestle aside.

"No Thoroughfare," she said aloud, reading the sign the barrier bore.

"County closed the road," Sam agreed. "So's not to be responsible if folks go this way." He returned to the car.

"Shall I put it across again after you pass?" she asked.

"Fix it when I come back," he explained; and she got in beside him. The car climbed the ledge, dipped down the other side, and the bushes received it, cutting off their

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"YANKEE" No. 15
Ratchet Screw-driver, with thumb-turn on blade for starting worthy screws.
Right and Left Ratchet and Rigid Blades, 2 to 8 inches.

"YANKEE" No. 10
Ratchet Screw-driver
Right and Left Ratchet and Rigid Blades, 2 to 12 inches.

"YANKEE" No. 41
Automatic Push Drill, with Nickel Plated Frame
to fit 4 drills and
Bores holes evenly by pushing on handle

"YANKEE" World-Standard Spiral Driver
No. 30-A Standard Pattern
No. 31-A Heavy Pattern
No. 35 Light Pattern
Spring in handle makes it the Quick Return
No. 130-A Standard
No. 131-A Heavy
No. 135 Light
Three blades with each tool.

Chuck and Drill Points
enable you to drill holes with spiral screw-drivers.

Customer at the dealer's counter trying the "Yankee" Demonstrator.

Like play! –when you work with "YANKEE" Tools

Look for this "Yankee" Demonstrator on dealer's counter

No need to ask questions. Learn for yourself how easy, quick and sure "Yankee" Tools will work in your own hands.

Grasp the handle of No. 15. Then revolve thumb-turn on blade with thumb and forefinger. You will find it easy to start pesky little screws.

With "Yankee" No. 10, turn handle to and fro, without ever releasing your grip: and find out what it means to have a "Yankee" Ratchet Screw-driver in your kit.

Push down on the handle of "Yankee" No. 41. See how handy it is to bore holes in wood, when you have this "Yankee" Automatic Push Drill.

And on this Demonstrator you can operate the "Yankee" Spiral Screw-driver—the world-standard, high-speed screw-driving tool!

Your hardware dealer wants you to feel free to try "Yankee" Tools. That is why he displays on his counter this new mechanical Demonstrator.

Write us for "Yankee" Tool Book showing all the "Yankee" metal-drilling, wood-boring and screw-driving tools. Free. NORTH BROS. MFG. CO., Philadelphia, U. S. A.

"YANKEE" on the tools means the utmost in quality, efficiency and durability.

"YANKEE" TOOLS *Make Better Mechanics*

(Continued from Page 94

view of the main road. Their wheels struck sand; and Sam, watchfully nursing his decrepit machine, said in a tone of faint surprise:

"Somebody's been in here. See the ruts in the sand."

"Don't people use the road at all?" Peg asked.

"I didn't know they did now," he explained. "It used to be a cut-off, saved fifteen-twenty miles that it would take to go around the Point Road, but the bridges got bad and one of them broke down, and the road's been closed quite a spell. But someone's been in here." He dismissed the circumstance. "Probably picnicking," he suggested. He was having some faint difficulty controlling his voice, its composure threatened by the emotions which filled him. Sam had a boy's fine awe toward an attractive girl; an awe commingled with a man's longing.

"I haven't been here in years," Peg told him. "My uncle was here two years ago, though; and he patched the roof. He says things were all right then. Even the well was clean."

They crossed a bridge over a sluggish stream, the planking rattling under their wheels, and began to climb a shoulder of low land grown with dwarf oak twisted by the shore winds. The narrow road opened before them, closed behind them, as though their passage left no more trace than a swimmer leaves.

"What you going to eat?" Sam asked.

"We've some things in one of the bags for tonight," Peg explained. "I thought we could send out for things tomorrow."

Sam grinned. "Won't get them delivered in here. You ought to have a car."

"This road!" she protested, laughing as a particularly atrocious bump lifted her from the seat. Hoot, the small Scottie, barked in her ear, and Nell quieted him soothingly.

"We'd need a donkey," Peg told Sam.

"I could fetch stuff in once in a while," Sam offered, and blushed to the ears; but she received the suggestion delightedly.

"Would you? I'll give you a list before you go back."

"I could come in after supper," he explained. "Pretty busy through the day." He thought of Millie doubtfully. "Sometimes I could," he amended.

"We could order things ahead," she considered. "You wouldn't have to come often. Once a week perhaps."

"Guess I could do better than that," he replied.

The way led downward again, the car descending cautiously over ledges and bowlders. They passed another bridge, and Sam said curiously, "I thought these bridges were in bad shape. Look all right, don't they?"

But Peg's eyes had been upon the stream; sluggish deadwater to the north, a quicker current to the south. Birches, leaning like tall maidens swaying in the dance, met across the water.

"How lovely," she said.

"It's the same brook we crossed back there," Sam explained. "Makes a circle through the bog and runs down to Lonesome Inlet."

"It's like a wilderness," she commented. "We might be miles from anywhere."

"Nobody lives in here," Sam agreed. "Some folks climb up on Old Bald to pick berries, or spend a day, or something. But mostly people stick to the water."

"Where is Old Bald?" she asked; and he explained.

"That's what we call the ridge down the middle of the Point. There's no trees on the top, mostly. They say there's a nice outlook from up there. Pines and spruces on this end though. Where the farm is." He added thoughtfully, "Funny, those bridges."

"Why?" she asked.

"Looked to me someone had been working on the last one. The road was dug up, like they'd put a new timber under the right-hand side."

"Maybe the county's going to open the road again. There used to be another farm in here."

"Nobody lives there now," he told her. He added thoughtfully, "Where you're going is nearer the other side of the Point. Maybe you could go out that way."

"Would that be nearer for you?" she asked.

He laughed. "No. A long ways around." They were climbing steadily, passed an abandoned farm and climbed again, and the engine boiled. "I didn't fill that radiator," he said regretfully. "Hope we strike water soon." His attention concentrated on the car, which steadily slowed down and at last, with a hiccup, stopped. "Gas too low for this grade," he said. "We'll have to turn her around."

"Go back?" she asked.

He shook his head. "Back her up the hill," he explained. "She gets gas going that way." They were on the ground, and the Airedale barked with excitement.

Nell Lutrow asked, "Want me to help? I'm afraid I'm not very strong."

"I can do it," Sam assured her. They had stopped on a ledge where the road was of moderate width, and he cramped the front wheel and worked the car forward and back by the leverage of his grip on the spokes until the machine stood across the road. Then after some pains with the crank the engine responded and he completed the maneuver under power. While they backed interminably upward, the dogs barked excitedly and the two girls were full of laughter. Backing thus, they came into an opening where a little meadow overgrown with young pines lay below the road and the paler green of apple trees in new leaf shone against the rampart of the spruce wood along the hillside. Sam turned the car and thereafter went normally, and the dogs quieted. The road was now moderately level.

"We're pretty near there," he said. "I guess it's just around the hill."

"I remember," Peg agreed. She spoke over her shoulder to Nell. "Isn't it beautiful the way the country falls away," she suggested. "I remember thinking it was lovely, even when I was a child."

Nell nodded, her eyes looking through the tree tops on the hillside at their right. Below them lay level valley land, a bright green patch of bog here and there; and beyond, mile on mile of dark green forest, spruce and pine, with here and there the brighter colors of the hardwood, the gay plumage of the spruce and the occasional smooth color of a meadow. Far to the north a white smoke plume was laid across the countryside where a train passed by; and against the bright sky to the northwest, where the sun's broad strokes of color burned, rose higher land and an occasional blue eminence, remote as a cloud.

"Sun's set," Sam remarked. "We've been longer than I looked for. Pretty near an hour coming in here."

"The road is terrible," Peg agreed.

"There's been a car in that farmyard," Sam remarked. "Funny. I didn't know anybody came in there."

Peg cried, "Look, Nell. We're here!" An orchard had abruptly appeared at their right: scattered apple trees in new leaf gleamed among the young pines on the hill above them. "It's just beyond," she explained; and as she spoke they emerged from the trees into more open land. The farmhouse was below the road, the great barn on a spur behind it. Sam stopped the car, jamming gears till the engine stalled; and Peg leaped to the ground, moved quickly toward the house while Sam watched her go. The setter hysterically licked his right ear; and Sam grinned and reached back and opened the car door and the dog bounded to earth and circled at a gallop. The terriers, released, followed at even madder speed, the three dogs raced desperately; and the Scottie tumbled over his own feet and rolled in a brindled black ball, yelping with delight.

Nell said laughingly, "They'll love it here. Watch them run."

"Good place for dogs," Sam agreed uneasily. He was uneasy at being left alone with Nell. One girl was twice as terrifying as two; and he was relieved when Peg called from the veranda:

"The key sticks."

"I'll do it," Sam offered. He found Nell at his side as he went toward the house and her hand touched his arm.

Peg saw his color and said amilingly, "Stop it, Nell. Sam, you must look out for her. She's merciless."

"You had him all the way over," Nell said protestingly; and Sam understood that they were enjoying his discomfiture, but the retorts he knew seemed inept and crude. So in silence he devoted himself to the key, and the lock yielded with a grating protest to his vigorous handling. The two went inside; and Sam, returning to the car for their bags, heard blinds rattling and windows opening behind him.

Peg called to him from one window, "It's wonderful, Sam."

The Airedale leaped at his throat with a silent intentness; but Sam understood dogs, and he cuffed the beast aside, and the dog leaped again and they tussled together, the dog growling happily. Hoot worried Sam's ankles with ferocious threats, and Peg called commandingly, "Boys, behave." They swung like light to race toward her; and the setter lapped Sam's hand as though to apologize for their rudeness, before swinging to follow them, overtaking the Scottie and tumbling him over and over as she ran. Then they were off again in their furious circlings while Sam prosaically carried the bags toward the house.

Nell met him at the door.

"You're awfully good to us," she said warmly. "Weren't we lucky to find you, Sam?"

"Pleasure, miss," he said uncomfortably.

"There's even wood in the woodshed," Peg called from the kitchen. "I'm going to light a fire."

"I better do that," Sam suggested; and they watched while he did so, and choked with coughing laughter when the cold flue smoked and filled the kitchen.

Peg flung open many windows, and Nell said quizzically, "I don't think you understand stoves, Sam."

"Too rich a mixture," Sam retorted. "That's all that's the matter with her." Their laughter thrilled him.

"He's going to bring us some groceries tomorrow evening," Peg explained a moment later. "I must make a list for you, Sam."

"Just tell me what you want," he suggested. "I'll remember."

"Can you?" Nell asked. "You must have a wonderful memory."

"Stop it, Nell," Peg warned amiably. "I've a pencil somewhere. In my big bag, I think. I'll see."

Sam kept ward over the stove, which still smoked, while she went into the front room. When the even roar of the flames told him all was right with the fire, he tentatively closed the drafts a little and a little more, while Nell watched him, sitting on the kitchen table with swinging feet.

"She'll go now," he promised.

"You must stay to tea," she urged.

"Got to get back," he replied. "I don't want to drive that road in the dark if I don't have to. My supper's waiting." He thought of Millie and his heart failed him. "I ought to go right along," he repeated.

Peg came back from the other room, a bit of paper in her hands.

"Is this everything?" she asked, consulting Nell; and the other girl glanced at the list.

"Chocolate," she amended. "Fudge is the only thing I can cook. I'll be dishwasher mostly, Peg."

"I forgot that," Peg agreed, "and condensed milk." She wrote quickly, gave Sam the slip and a bill. "If that isn't enough money, you can open an account for us," she told him. "We'll be here all summer."

Sam folded the money in the paper and stuffed the packet into his pocket.

"I'll get over tomorrow early as I can," he promised. "You'll need some of this before tomorrow evening."

"Oh, we can get along," Peg assured him. "We've crackers, and a cheese, and tea, and sugar, and bacon. I thought it might be a day or two. Getting here on Sunday."

"Tomorrow evening, anyway," Sam agreed.

"I tried to get him to stay to tea," Nell explained. "But I expect he's anxious to get back to that nice girl at the garage."

"I don't have to hurry," Sam said disloyally, defending his independence. "But I don't want to drive that road in the dark."

"You won't meet much traffic," Peg cheerfully reminded him. "Thank you for bringing us in, Sam. Oh, and we haven't paid you. How much?"

"Two dollars," Sam suggested. He was immediately afraid he had set the figure either too high, so that they would think him grasping, or too low, so that they would think him impertinent. But Peg paid without comment the amount he had named, and they went with him toward his car.

"I wish you'd stay," Nell said wistfully, but there was a twinkle in her eyes.

Sam, emboldened, smiled in his turn; he said boldly, "Ask me some other time, in the middle of the day."

"I will," she promised. He cranked the car and the setter bounded into the rear seat. Peg dragged the dog to the ground.

"She loves automobiles," she assured him, her tones clear above the engine's staccato. "She'd elope with you in a minute."

"Good dog," Sam agreed. "I'll bet she can hunt. Looks as though she had sense."

"Because she'd elope with you?" Nell asked. "Why, Sam!" Her voice drawled derisively, "Are all men that way?"

His eyes twinkled; he was safe in the seat, secure from her.

"I guess you know about men," he retorted, and stepped on the pedal and bounded away. As he wheeled into the road he looked back and saw them standing together, their hands lifted in farewell. And he saw Peg speak, and heard Nell's quick and lovely laughter.

The young man's pulse was missing on two cylinders, but it steadied as he devoted himself to the difficulties of the road.

III

FROM the Delemay farm around the northwest shoulder of Old Bald to that other abandoned farmhouse may have been a mile, the road climbing through a young but thick growth of pine and spruce among which still stood a few birch trees, then dropping steeply down again. It was not yet dark when Sam left the farm, but as the wood received him the gloom thickened, and the way was so arduously beset with ruts and dotted with small bowlders that he wished for some illumination. So he switched on the headlights and their pale gleam danced along the tumbled way.

But save for this considered action the young man drove automatically, his attention not so much concentrated on the business of getting home as absorbed in retrospect. Sam was an imaginative and a fanciful young man, whose life may have been prosaic and commonplace, but whose dreams had a way of wandering. He had, for some time past, found a certain pleasure in Millie; but there was nothing romantic or glamorous about his contacts with her. She was too substantial, too sensible, and above all too near him for him to perceive in her anything but a stout-hearted young woman who chided him for small errors with a tongue which bruised when it chose, who, nevertheless, gave him a grudging kindliness upon occasion. Sam never thought of her in any tender fashion; scarce thought of her, in fact, at all. She was simply a part of the background of his life.

But his fresh remembrances of the two girls in the farmhouse behind him were of a very different order. Nell in particular he

(Continued on Page 101)

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BECAUSE of the opportunity given me by THE FULLER BRUSH COMPANY to establish myself in business in my community, I pledge that:

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GOODYEAR

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Yes, history repeats itself

And SUPERTWIST *adds a new chapter*

The history of tire-making in America is starred with examples of Goodyear contribution to the public interest.

Those who remember the early fabric tire days will remember, too, that it was Goodyear that developed the straight-side tire.

Years later, when the cord tire was yet an experiment, it was Goodyear that perfected the structural principle which gave it supremacy.

Now, with the balloon tire sweeping into general favor, history repeats itself as Goodyear once more responds.

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Designed to solve the special needs of the low-pressure flexible-sidewall tire, SUPERTWIST does this in remarkable degree.

Its superiority lies in its greater elasticity; it far outstretches the breaking point of standard cord fabric.

When the Goodyear Tire made of it strikes a stone, the SUPERTWIST cords *give to* rather than *resist* the blow, yielding and recovering, like rubber bands.

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Being extra-elastic and extra-durable, it provides Goodyear balloons maximum protection against carcass rupture and similar damage.

It is today an increasingly important reason why "more people ride on Goodyear Tires than on any other kind."

All Goodyear Tires, and Goodyears *only*, are now made with SUPERTWIST—yet Goodyears cost you no more.

Good tires deserve good tubes—
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BALLOONS

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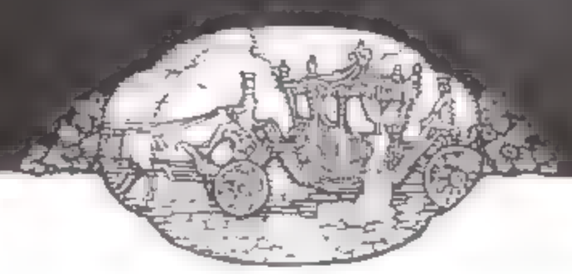

Cinderella's Coach and Yours

You will remember, in the old fairy story, that Cinderella's coach was, in reality, only a pumpkin.

In other words all the fine fittings and all the sumptuous furnishings were glittering to the eye, but unfortunately dissolved after only one night's use.

In selecting your new closed car, view the upholstery with the idea of finding out how long it will last.

To make definitely certain that you get upholstery that has stood the test of time—select the type that has done so in your living room and thousands of other living rooms all over the country—plush made of mohair, or a velour, or a velvet, but *some* type of plush.

At a cost greater to them than other upholstery materials motor car manufacturers have selected C & A plush because:

It lends an air of refinement to any vehicle.

It wears better than any other upholstery material that can be had.

It will not injure the filmiest frocks or cause wear to clothing by friction or rubbing.

It is soft, colorful and beautiful.

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C & A PLUSH

(Continued from Page 96

found, even thus in retrospect, pleasantly disturbing; there was something about her which thrust itself into his consciousness, clouded his senses, filled him with a delightful turmoil and produced a kind of blindness, as though her fragrant finger tips had pressed the lids down on his eyes. He thought of her tremulously; yet smiling too at memory of that last retort of his. He had had, he told himself, the last word and the best one; she would remember him. And he began to dream, to imagine their next encounter, to guess what she would say to him, and he to her; and he went further, building adventures which they should share, in which he should bear heroic part while she clung trustingly. He was never a modest and deprecating young man; never doubted his own wit and his own worth. It did not occur to him now that there was any overpowering reason why he should not please her; he thought of her, in fact, with a sort of complacent delight, imagining vain things.

Peg he remembered less comfortably. She had a discomfiting poise and reserve, so that, although she had been as friendly as Nell, he did not venture to include her in his dreams. He was in fact, even now, a little afraid of Peg; perceived in her a certain remoteness. Nell had touched his arm; he could not imagine Peg doing so. Nell had in every word and smile and gesture flattered and cajoled him, while Peg had accorded him a frank equality which had at the same time the effect of making him perceive his inequality. He felt her spiritual aloofness and vaguely resented it, and thought Nell much more attractive. Began already to consider how soon tomorrow he might be able to come this way again.

It occurred to him, once he was free from the spell of their company, to find it curious that they should choose the old farm as a summer abiding place. Most girls, he thought, preferred to be where they could see people, have certain contacts; and he thought, too, that most girls would have been afraid of the loneliness of the spot and of its isolation. This seemed to him the sort of thing to be expected of the feminine mind, even while he reminded himself of the folly of such fears. No one came this way; not even a wandering tramp was apt to use the abandoned road. Such gentry stick to the more traveled ways, where habitations cluster and where their living lies; and certainly this was not a road to invite other traffic. Thus it was most unlikely that the two would be disturbed. So unlikely, in fact, that Sam thought they might soon weary of their bargain and come seeking lodgings in the village. He perceived this possibility regretfully. So long as they stayed where they were, he might to a certain extent monopolize them; he could make frequent occasions to come this way, find fashions of serving them and so make himself welcome. No one else was likely to seek them out, and no one was likely to discover them by chance. But if they should come into the village, where in a fortnight or so the summer folk would begin to swarm, Sam knew that they would very soon be surrounded by so many competitors that he would be forgotten. He preferred to have the field to himself.

There were other considerations. For example, Millie. If they were in the village, she would know whenever he saw them. So long as they stayed here, he might come this way without always accounting for his movements. This was not on Sam's part all disloyalty; it was simply that though he recognized the fact that Millie assumed to direct his life, he did not recognize her right to do so. It was true that he remembered her now with a faint sense of guilt; but he put the feeling aside, resenting his own weakness. After all, he had merely transported them for hire, and with this she could have no just quarrel.

The road had been climbing steadily, at an easy grade; but now the ascent became more arduous, calling upon Sam's attention. He humored the car upward, and he remembered regretfully that he had neglected to fill his radiator when he had a chance. The water must by this time be low. Also, the tilt of the road was increasing; and he was not surprised when the engine sputtered, caught again, sputtered and died. At the same time his lights fed by the magneto were extinguished and darkness fell upon him crushingly, so that, till his eyes became accustomed to the change, he was blind. He had forgotten to put gas in his tank before starting from the garage; there could not be more than two or three gallons now. He alighted and considered the possibility of turning around so that he might back up the hill as he had done before; but here the road was narrow, and thinking backward he remembered no easy turning place in his rear. Sam grinned a little, sat down beside the road and whistled between his teeth. The evening was very still, no whisper of breeze now stirring the trees above his head, and far sounds came to him with a curious clearness; the rumble of the breakers on the beaches south of the Point toward Pegg's Inlet, where the long surges rolled in unhindered from the open sea; a high faint harmony of many sounds that he knew for the song of the city across Marsh River; the stilled vibration of a bell buoy, hardly perceptible as sound at all, yet impacting lightly on his eardrums; the occasional blare of an automobile's horn; the hooting of an owl in the lowlands below him, and the squawk of a blue heron in the bog, and a bittern's booming cry. A dog barked in shrill tones, somewhere behind him; and he recognized the voice of Hoot, the busy little Scottie, and chuckled again.

All these sounds he heard and identified, picking each one out of the stream which came to his ears; but after a moment he heard another, a curious singing whine, abruptly stilled. It puzzled him; sounded, he thought, like nothing so much as the self-starter of a car turning over the engine. Yet it had seemed to come from the foot of the hill below him, and no road lay there, but only wilderness, running from where he sat down to Blood Brook and the river.

Some strange bird's cry, he decided. Meanwhile, he must get on; and an expedient occurred to him. He rummaged in his pockets, failed to find what he sought, and at last removed the laces from his shoes. To the ends of these he tied his spark-plug wrench, the handle of a socket wrench, a pair of pliers, two or three other bulky but slender tools. These he lowered into the gasoline in the tank, displacing enough of the liquid to raise its level a little. Then switched off the lights, cranked the car, and when the engine started drove safely over the last rise and coasted down to the farmyard beyond. Stopped there at the well to fill his radiator.

As he approached the well it occurred to him that he would hardly be likely to find a bucket here, but somewhat to his surprise there was one, a new galvanized pail tied to the end of a new rope. This seemed to him extraordinary, seemed to attest the fact that someone had lately made a habit of using this well. While he filled his radiator, he considered the evidence; remembered that during the inward journey he had seen traces of travel over the road. These indications had ceased at this farm; there had been no tracks beyond. So now when he started on once more his thoughts were busy. A picnic party might have come this far, but they would hardly have come provided with rope and bucket; or if they did so, it was unlikely that they would have left the gear behind. Sam was puzzled, and the young man's lively imagination began to race. Perhaps Peg and Nell would have neighbors after all; yet if people were living here, it was curious that no one knew of the fact in the Cove. This farmhouse could be seen from the town, even from Buck's garage, and a light in the windows must before this have been remarked. He himself might well have seen it; he seemed to remember having looked, on more than one night, at the black bulk of Old Bald against the sky, and he was quite sure no pricking point of light had appeared anywhere along its flank.

When presently he resumed his homeward way, he recovered from his preoccupation with Peg and Nell in the new conjectures aroused by these small matters of the rutted road, the repaired bridges, the used well. Yet his curiosity did not dig deep beneath the surface; he perceived in the circumstances nothing the least sinister, nor did it occur to him to remember that Sheriff Budd had shown some concern when he heard the two girls were coming in here to live. The young man had in fact been blind to the shades of expression in the sheriff's eyes, blind to many things. So his inquiring thoughts centered now simply upon the fact that someone appeared to be using the old farmhouse, and he wondered who it could be. It occurred to him only casually that they must have taken pains to hide their presence there; he had only an indifferent perception of the fact that there might be in the matter something purposely obscure. In the end his thoughts turned elsewhere, reverting pleasantly to Nell again.

By and by his headlights, uncertain at best, began to flash on and off. Somewhere there was a loose connection, perhaps a broken filament in one of the bulbs. He found that, by throwing his clutch into neutral so that the engine raced, he could make the lights burn; the heavier current jumped whatever gap there was. He had brought no flashlight and it was not feasible to attempt to remedy the trouble in the dark without a spare bulb, and this he lacked. So he drove on, easing his car carefully down the hill, and thus he came at last to the bridge at the foot and to the next episode in his adventure.

For as he reached the bridge, from a distance of better than a hundred yards, he caught a glimpse of a red light moving out of sight ahead of him; and Sam knew at once that it had been the tail light of another car. The young man felt a quickening thrill of interest at this certainty; he increased his speed, intent to overtake the car ahead and discover its occupant and inquire into his business on this untraveled road. But he was hampered by the fact that his headlights had altogether ceased to function, so that he had to drive with some care, and it may have been a mile before he saw the red light again.

The night was dark; he realized that since his own headlights were out the other man was not likely to discover him, and the situation appealed to Sam and tickled his fancy. He was an inquisitive young man, and it seemed to him that he had happened upon a small mystery. He drove as swiftly as he dared, but the road improved and the other man drew ahead. Once or twice Sam caught a glimpse of him, and saw by the faintness of the illumination along the road in front of the other car that the other was driving with dimmers only. This suggestion of caution increased Sam's interest, whetted his eagerness to discover the answer to the puzzle.

They crossed the second bridge with the other car not two hundred yards in the lead; and Sam guessed that the driver had slowed down to avoid any undue rattling of the loose planks on that bridge. Such a sound might have been heard for miles on a night like this when no wind moved. But beyond, the other machine gained once more and though Sam made what haste he could, he must normally have lost his game. A small circumstance played into his hands. The other stopped to replace behind him the barrier which bore that sign, No Thoroughfare; and when Sam rounded the last curve in the road, the car, its lights now all extinguished, was just rolling into the main highway. Before it turned to the left toward the village, Sam saw its lights come on; and he understood that the driver had wished his entrance from the back road to go unremarked.

Sam's own pursuit might have been delayed by the barrier, but he grinned a little and swung into the ditch, his wheels rocketing over the slanting ledge, and brushed past into the road again. So a moment later he reached the highway and turned toward Sunday Cove. The machine which had attracted his curiosity was now moving more sedately on its way.

A car came from behind Sam and passed him, and he thought he must have been silhouetted in the glare of its headlights, so that the man he followed might have discovered his pursuit. A moment later his suspicions were confirmed when the other machine began to draw away. It was, he could now see, a closed car, a four seater, he guessed; and he identified the maker in his thoughts. He was so absorbed in this amusing game that he did not even notice when they passed the garage, though he might have seen Buck smoking on the porch in front of the house, might have seen through the kitchen windows Millie busy with the dishes. They drew near the village, and the car ahead suddenly slowed down to a crawl, and the driver beckoned to Sam to pass. Sam grinned and slowed his car, perversely keeping behind the other. It amused him to persist in this pursuit; he had forgotten his curiosity, willing that it should wait a little while. So he kept his distance in the rear; and when the other started ahead again, with a burst of speed which seemed to express irritation, Sam called on his decrepit machine and it responded handsomely.

They passed through the village not fifty yards apart; and from the corner of his eye Sam saw Ote Feemer wave a warning hand at the man ahead. Then Ote shouted something to Sam; and Sam grinned, guessing that the traffic officer was reminding him to turn on his headlights. Ote had been standing under one of the street lamps before the post office and his car was not in sight, so Sam did not fear pursuit. Beyond the village he devoted himself to keeping pace with the car ahead. The other machine might have distanced him; and he knew this, and found a new surprise in the fact that it did not do so.

There were other surprises in store for Sam. A mile beyond the village, at a moment when the road was clear of traffic, the car ahead slowed; and as Sam slowed likewise, the other car stopped. So did Sam. Yet carefully held his clutch in neutral while his engine roared.

A man alighted from the other machine and came back toward where Sam sat; and Sam tingled a little with the uncertainty of the moment, wondering what would happen next. He could see the other man only in silhouette. A stocky chap, a little above his own height, with a faint suggestion of swagger in his stride. He approached Sam's car on the left side, and he extended his hand toward Sam.

"Here," he said. Sam made no reply. It was so dark that even at this close range he could not distinguish the other's features.

"Here," the other repeated. "Boss said to give you this."

Sam doubtfully extended his hand, and he felt a little twist of crisp paper pushed into his palm. His fingers closed over it, and the other turned and strode away and got into the car ahead and began to move on. Sam wondered what it was he held in his hand. It felt, he thought, angularly like a piece of money; and he found a match and lighted it. His guess had been right. The man had given him a hundred-dollar bill!

The discovery of this fact at first startled Sam, and then amused him; and it was characteristic that his first reaction was to take up the pursuit again. He had not the slightest idea of the meaning of the incident, but as he drove a thousand possibilities occurred to him. He stuffed the bill into his pocket beside the money Peg had given him, and her grocery list; and he drove on, grinning delightedly.

"If he's shedding them like that," he told himself, "I'm going to stick around."

The other machine was going sedately; he had no difficulty in keeping pace with it. Had no least desire to pass, nor any intention of turning back. He wanted, first of

(Continued on Page 105)

It is unlawful to use this label except with GENUINE CHASE Velmo MADE BY SANFORD MILLS SANFORD, MAINE The Luxurious Mohair Velvet Upholstery

This Mark Identifies the Upholstery as the Genuine Chase Velmo

Look for this label between cushion and back of front seat in new Nash models described below

In designing the two new Nash 4-Door Sedans just introduced—one a Special Six, the other an Advanced Six model—particular and specific thought was exerted toward achieving enclosed car interiors of artistic luxury.

For the seat upholstery the Genuine Chase Velmo Mohair Velvet is used exclusively.

Skillfully loomed at Sanford Mills from the silken fleece of the Angora goat, this animal fibre fabric unites the richest attractiveness with the intensely practical quality of exceptional durability.

In these two striking new Nash models this superb fabric deftly shaded with soft, Duotone colors, together with the beautifully patterned Colonial silver-finished hardware, creates an atmosphere of rare distinction and contributes no less pleasingly to your restfulness and comfort.

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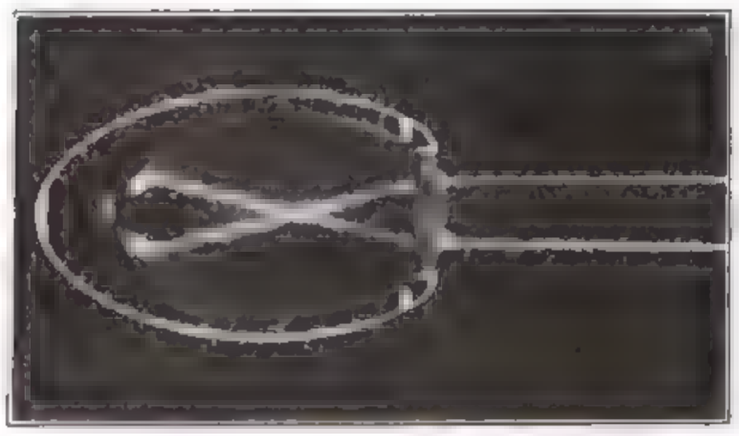
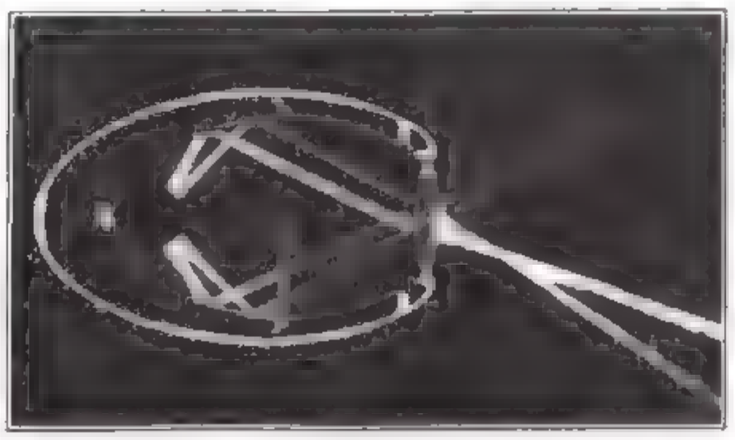


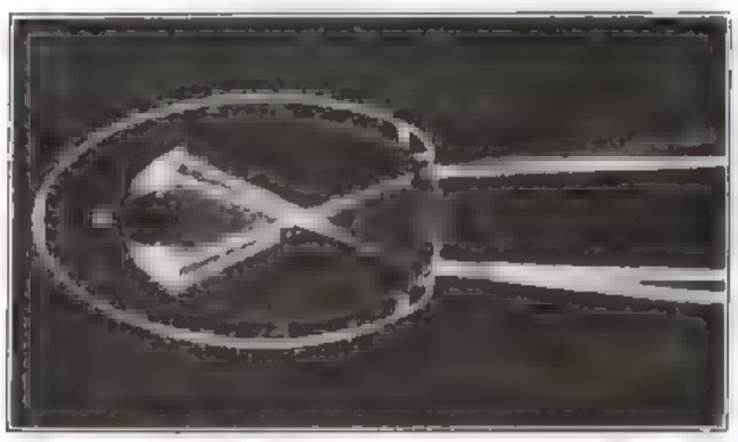
Here you see the long, straight, low beams which illuminate the road for 500 feet or more. These do not pass through the semi-circular amber filter lens at the center of the lamp.



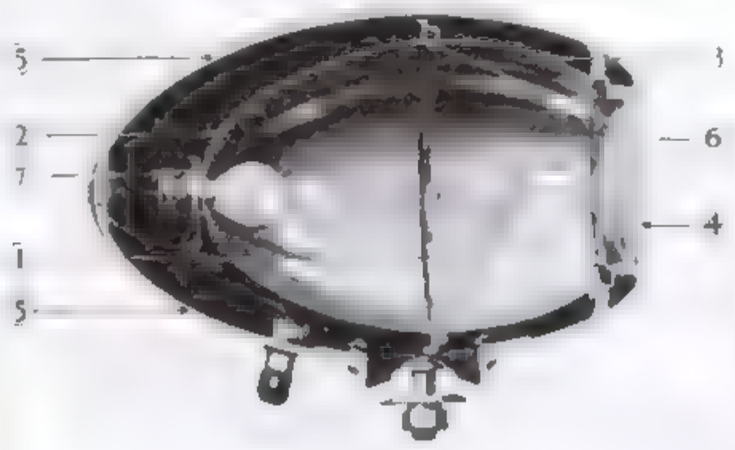
Path taken by short driving beams, which illuminate from 10 to 12 feet in front of car. Note how the amber color filter absorbs the glare in the upper beams and how the aplanatic front lens corrects the direction of the beams, diverting them from the vision of approaching drivers.

NOTE: These photographs were obtained in our laboratory from a cross section of the lamp and with all other light blocked off so as to show only the paths taken by certain rays.

The downward beams here illuminate right up to the front of the car. These beams are utilized as actual road light because of the ellipsoidal reflector, which is far more efficient



The topmost beam shown above—which otherwise would glare—passes through the amber filter lens, which shuts off the glaring violet ray. Because the violet rays are shut off, the approaching driver sees Type 20 headlamps as two softly glowing amber balls.



Illustrating all the beams—for long distance illumination, short distance, roadside and immediately in front of the car. Every beam which would glare in the eyes of oncoming drivers passes through the amber color filter before reaching the aplanatic front lens.

THE RESULTS

Which make Type 20 worth more than it costs

You may see headlamps which resemble the beautifully slim E & J Type 20. But the resemblance stops there. *The real difference is on the inside and in the results.* When you approach cars equipped with E & J Type 20 headlamps, they look to you like two glowing amber balls, without glare or dazzle.

Yet to the driver behind those Type 20 headlamps, every object on the road for 500 feet or more, shows up with sunlight sharpness.

The explanation is simplicity itself. The flood of intense light from a Type 20 headlamp is really divided into upper and lower parts. The upper part, which meets your eyes, first passes through the E & J amber filter lens. *This filters out the violet rays which cause glare.* The lower part is highly intensified. It gives two to three times greater illumination and also enables you to see in fog, dust and smoke.

Type 20 harmonizes superbly with any body lines, and you can use the same set on several cars in succession. It meets the non-glare and full-illumination requirements of every state.

E & J distributors and service stations, and hundreds of motor car dealers, demonstrate, sell and install E & J Type 20 headlamps. If you do not know your nearest E & J dealer, write to the factory.

See how the Type 20 (sectional view shown above) is made to give, *without glare*, results which never before have ever been even remotely approached in motor road illumination:—

① The amber filter lens—a costly and difficult lens to manufacture—filters out the blinding violet rays in the upper light zone.

② The reflector is ellipsoidal in design.

③ The reflector is made in two sections, the rear section for the far-reaching beams and curb or roadside illumination; the forward section for close-up illumination.

④ The aplanatic front lens directs and distributes the rays, producing powerful and far-reaching illumination that does not glare.

⑤ The shells (or body) are die-cast aluminum of heavy gauge.

⑥ Positive seal between the two reflector sections. This feature, with the seal at the aplanatic lens and the precise fit of the shells, provides three positive safeguards against moisture and dust.

⑦ Focusing device gives complete control over the adjustment of *any* bulb.

E&J

(Manufactured under Bone patents, 8-30-21 and 1-5-24, other patents pending)

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Detroit, Michigan

For Twenty Years the World's Largest Manufacturers of Quality Motor Lamps

Type 20 Complete per Pair $50

(Continued from Page 101)

all, a look at the face of the other man; wanted to know who he was. And he wanted to know what his business had been on the abandoned road, and whether he went there often, and whether he had put a new bucket in the old well and repaired the bridges, and why; and why the other now sought to divert pursuit by dropping hundred-dollar bills: and who "the boss" might be.

"Dirty work at the crossroads," Sam told himself; and his grin was broad. He was enjoying himself hugely. "Why didn't I know about this before?"

He settled back in his seat, driving easily, wondering when the other car would stop again, and where it was going, and why.

By and by they began to meet machines once more; and Sam caught the other car in silhouette and saw that it carried a passenger. A man sat in the rear seat; a man obviously of a certain moderate bulk, not too tall, wearing a soft hat of conventional shape. And Sam saw this man turn his head to look behind them, and he caught a glimpse of a mustached profile. No more than a glimpse, yet he was sure of the mustache, and when they passed another car, in the glare from the headlights Sam perceived that this passenger and the driver were talking together.

"Talking about me," he guessed. "My nose itches. Talking about me, I'll bet a pretty."

It amused him to puzzle them; their obvious uneasiness touched his sense of humor and it did not at all occur to him to be afraid. He might feel a certain fear at being left alone with a pretty girl, but he was not in the least alarmed at the possibility that he was incurring the displeasure of two men with mysterious affairs, and presumably with reason for wishing to keep these affairs to themselves. Without being in the least assertive in the matter, Sam was not at all afraid of any man. He was impelled now by an amused and lively curiosity, but it was quite possible that this motive might be displaced by events, might give way to a bold aggressiveness. Sam was not red-headed for nothing.

They were involved in one of those clots of traffic which sometimes occur even on a country road; a dozen cars coming toward them, two or three passing from behind. It occurred to Sam that the presence of these other cars might be an embarrassment to the two men whom he was trailing. He was not surprised when presently, the road having emptied itself once more, the other machine slowed and stopped. They were at this point near the water; on the right a bulwark of great bowlders separated them from the churning tide surges, and even above his engine's tumult Sam could hear the beat of the rising swells and feel their faint salt wetness on his cheek. The swaggering man—Sam thought he would be able to recognize that walk anywhere—was coming toward him once more; and Sam sat in his seat and watched and waited; his nerves tingling a little, grinning with anticipation. It was not likely to be another hundred-dollar bill, he guessed; more likely questions, perhaps threats. He mustered his wits to meet whatever the other might have to say.

The other came close beside the car.

"Say!" he exclaimed, in a reproachful tone. And at the same moment turned the beam of a flashlight on Sam's face. Sam grinned in a friendly way; and the other man said, half to himself, "Oh! That's it, is it?"

"That's what?" Sam suggested.

"Your lights are out," the other man suggested obliquely.

"I'm on my way to a garage," Sam assured him. "Got to get a new bulb."

"There's no hurry," the swaggerer told him. His tone was no longer uncertain as for a moment it had been.

"A good place to stop here, by the water," Sam agreed. He was blinking, half blinded by the light. "Turn that off," he suggested.

"Need a new bulb, do you?" the other challenged, his tone truculent.

"Yes," Sam agreed.

"You'll need a new bulb your own self," the man told him.

"Why?" Sam asked cheerfully. He saw the other faintly shift his weight, without understanding the movement till too late.

Then the man said, "Because you're going—out!"

Sam's hands were on the wheel. One of them jerked upward, but not in time to guard. The swaggerer's fist met his chin fairly and effectively. Sam's muscles slacked, his senses fled in vast confusion. His foot on the clutch released its pressure and the car hiccuped twice and stalled, and Sam slid limply sidewise in his seat and lay still.

The other brushed at his knuckles; and after a moment, as though upon impulse, he lifted the hood of Sam's car and busied himself thereunder for a space. Then as Sam began to gasp back to consciousness again, the swaggering man strolled back to his own machine and got in, and drove away.

IV

SAM choked back to life again, slowly and painfully. His head was ringing and there was a lump on the angle of his jaw which, as memory returned to him, he fingered gingerly.

He found some difficulty in remembering what had happened, in piecing together the incidents immediately preceding these few moments of oblivion.

"He nailed me," he said at last. "That's it; the guy nailed me." And indignation rose in him at the recollection.

"Why," he thought stammeringly. "Why, I'll—why, you shrimp, I'll —why, say ——"

Then some perception of the humor of the affair returned to him and he grinned at his own discomfiture.

"Yes you will," he told himself. "You'll do a lot, won't you? One poke and you're out"

His recollections broadened their scope.

"Out like a light," he reminded himself. "Just like he told me. And I sat and took it. Say, I'm a hot one, what?" He touched his jaw again. "Boy, what a wallop." And his chin set a little, for all the fact that he still grinned.

"All right, kid, that's one I owe you," he murmured. "I'll keep count. Pay it back some day."

Even though his thoughts were beginning to function, his body was still inert; he sat under the wheel, and the surges battered at the rocks below the road, thundering painfully through the echoing corridors of his aching head. He did nothing, but his thoughts raced swiftly, and after a moment he fumbled in his pocket. The hundred-dollar bill was still there, along with Peg's grocery list and the money she had given him. He remembered with fresh perplexity that it was on the back road he had first seen the car which later he pursued.

"Mighty queer, sure," he told himself. A car might have strayed into that road by accident, but there was no honest reason why that car should have emerged so stealthily; nor did Sam readily understand why anyone, discovering himself pursued by another machine, should stop to hand out a hundred-dollar bill. He dismissed these fruitless conjectures at last, considering his present situation.

"That crack on the chin was coming to me," he decided ruefully. "I stepped right into it. Never even put up my hands. Might have known something was dusty in this business."

He decided that the other machine was by this time safely away; there was no use of attempting further pursuit. He might as well go home, and he remembered that Millie would be angry with him for missing his supper; that she would have questions to ask, to which he must make reply. Best if he got home quickly. He stepped down to the ground to crank the car, but as he did so saw that the left-hand side of the hood was raised, and moved around to look

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He paid 50 cents a day just to *hire* a RED EDGE

A RED EDGE representative was trying to sell a lot of shovels to a Chicago contractor when a seven foot darky shoveler stepped up. "Mister man," he asked, "will you sell me one of them Red Edges?"

"I'm trying to sell the boss here some, now," said the Red Edge man, "but why do you want to buy one?"

"Well, you see it's this a way," the darky replied. "You can get more work done with a Red Edge and be readier for a party in the evening than with any other shovel that ever was. The way that Red Edge bites into the dirt and the way she balances so pretty—it shore makes a heavy load lighter and a long day shorter. Yes, sir! On my last job I paid a boy 50 cents a day just to lend me the loan of his Red Edge."

Did the Red Edge representative get his order from the contractor? You guess the answer. We will give you a hint, though. He is the sort of contractor who knows that a good shovel lifts more dirt in a day than a poor one.

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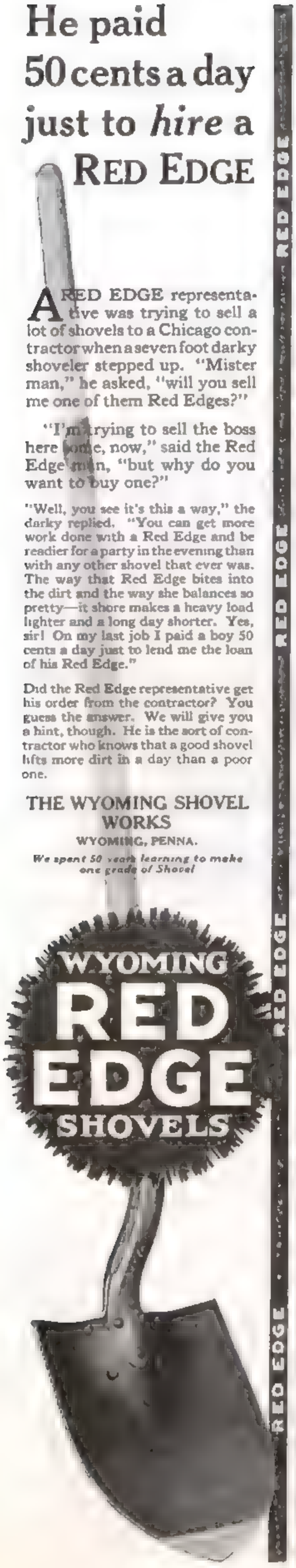
We spent 50 years learning to make one grade of Shovel



at the engine. And at what he saw, he felt a sudden surge of rage entirely unmixed with any humorous sense of the justice of the punishment which had come to him. For the car was out of commission, and the car was the apple of Sam's eye. He had nursed it through such crises as must have deposited another machine on the junk heap; he knew its whims and its crotchets, and he loved it, from the engine block to the least cotter pin.

"Blast him!" he whispered. "There wasn't any sense in that."

The man who had so expertly dealt with Sam had done a similar service to the car. It was so dark that except when passing headlights gave illumination, Sam could see very little, but his groping fingers, knowing every shape and contour of the engine, readily catalogued the damage done. Two spark-plug wires had been wrenched out, were gone. But they must have been stubborn, for the other man had adopted simpler means thereafter. The rock he had used as an instrument lay on the road at Sam's feet; with it he had battered into uselessness the remaining plugs.

Sam might have begged a tow back to the village, but he was a self-sufficient young man and he was not willing to submit his car to such a degradation. In his tool kit there were odds and ends of wire, and he found a spool of tape and wired the two spark plugs which were still intact. Tried then to crank the car, got no response beyond a single spit and cough. He had no spare plugs; the two still in the cylinders were useless. There was nothing to do save crank again and again. One of his makeshift wires was short-circuited; it spat flame against the cylinder head till Sam pieced it out with a wire from one of the ruined plugs. Then it occurred to him that the compression in the two cylinders which were not firing would prevent the engine's running, and he took the battered plugs out and threw them into the sea and cranked again.

The engine coughed and ran, unevenly but strongly; and Sam grinned with delight.

"That's the baby," he said approvingly. "Go it, old girl. They can't stop you."

The open holes where the plugs had been belched raw gas in his face and one of the loose wires sparked viciously. The gas, contained under the hood, might well explode, so Sam took the hood off and put it in the back seat of his car. Then, on two cylinders, with no headlights, spouting gasoline as a whale spouts vapor, he turned and drove slowly back toward the Cove.

In the village Ote Feemer stopped him.

"Where's yore lights, Sam?" he protested.

"Haven't got a spare bulb," Sam explained. "I'm taking it easy."

"Wan't taking it easy when you went through here back a spell," Ote argued.

Sam grinned. "I was trying to catch up to the car ahead of me," he explained. "Thought the fellow that was driving it owed me something."

"Lin Ruble?" Ote asked.

"That his name?"

"Yeah. Drives for a man named Sloughter has a place on the Point. I'm going to have to run him in some day. He rips through here scandalous. What'd he owe you for—gas?"

Sam shook his head.

"Private matter," he replied.

"Collect, did you?" Ote inquired.

"You bet," Sam assured him. "Got what was coming to me."

Ote peered curiously at the naked engine.

"What you running her this way for?" he asked; and Sam said gravely, "I'm saving them two cylinders for spares." He went into low and moved slowly off, grinning to himself.

"Go easy till you get your lights fixed," Ote called after him; and Sam responded sardonically, "I'll hold her in all I can!"

Ote shouted, "What's the matter with your jaw?" But Sam only waved a hand, made no more definite reply.

Beyond the village he came presently to the garage and turned in; and when, having stilled the clamor of those two faithful cylinders, he got out of the machine, Millie was in the door calling to him.

"You, Sam?"

"Sure it's me!"

"You been long enough," Millie said accusingly.

"Might have been longer," Sam told her cheerfully, crossing toward the door.

"You come from the village?" she reminded him.

"Went up there to see a man," Sam replied, chafing a little at her questions. Millie tossed her head.

"I hope you made him give you some supper, if you figure to get any," she told him.

"He give me enough," Sam assured her.

"Car sounded like there was something wrong with it."

"There was," Sam agreed.

"More fool you, trying to drive that old rattletrap in over that road. It's a wonder she didn't fall to pieces."

"Ran like a bird," Sam declared, "till the lights went out. Then she came home on two cylinders. I just wanted to see if she would." They came up on the kitchen porch, into the light from the open door, and she saw his face.

"What's happened to you?" she demanded, in quick solicitude. "What's the matter with your face?"

"I run into something," Sam explained cheerfully. He saw then that Dave Budd was sitting in the shadows on the porch, Buck on the floor with his feet dangling over the edge.

"Still here, Dave?" he asked.

"Et so much I can't make out to move," the sheriff agreed mildly. "You been long enough. Get in to the farm, did you? Thought I saw you go by, awhile back."

"Guess you did," Sam agreed. Millie had gone into the kitchen; and he drew nearer the sheriff. "Here's a funny thing, Dave," he said, and reported what had happened to him. "What do you make of that anyhow?"

Buck's interest had been aroused; he spoke before the sheriff could reply.

"Give you a hundred dollars?" he demanded.

"Take a look," Sam rejoined, and fumbled in his pocket. He produced first the grocery list, then the bill in question; and it passed from hand to hand, came back to him again. "What do you think, Dave?"

"What'd he give you that for?" Buck insisted.

"Said the boss told him to," Sam replied. "I thought it'd be another one, next time. He caught me with my hands down."

"Guess you got your money's worth," Buck suggested; and the sheriff said slowly:

"Funny, all right."

Sam thought the other's tone surprisingly heavy.

"You don't sound like you was laughing," he suggested.

"There's a lot goes on it's just as well to keep out of, Sam," Dave Budd advised. "I wouldn't go trailing any more cars, if I was you."

"Ote Feemer knew him," Sam said. "Name's Lin Ruble. Drives for a man named Sloughter. There was a man in the car. Sloughter, maybe."

Dave nodded. "I know him."

"What's he doing in on the old road?" Sam demanded.

Dave hesitated. "Thing I don't see," he commented, "is why he give you money. Wan't any point to that that I can see."

Sam remembered his wrongs.

"Ruble busted up my car," he remarked. "I'm going to cuff him up to a peak for that."

"Better leave him alone, Sam," Budd advised. "Leave him alone."

Millie stood in the doorway.

"Your supper's ready, Sam," she said harshly, "if you're ready to eat it. Leave who alone?"

"You'll see him again all right," Buck predicted.

"I aim to," Sam agreed, moving toward the door.

"He'll be asking for his change out of that hundred," Buck prophesied; and Sam grinned.

"I'll give him change," he promised.

"Who?" Millie insisted. "What you been into, Sam? A body'd think you'd learn some sense."

Sam, between mouthfuls, told her what had happened. When he had finished, she seized upon one point.

"Followed him just because you saw him come out of the old road?" she demanded.

"Yes," Sam agreed.

"What business was it of yours?"

"Them two girls in there alone," Sam said seriously. "They're apt to be bothered. If this roughneck is going in there regular."

"It don't hurt you if they are," she reminded him.

He felt the accusation in her tone.

"Is that so?"

"They're the sort that brag they can take care of theirselves," she said, almost bitterly. "Acting like men. I bet they wear pants."

"What if they do?" he retorted.

"You took 'em in. That's all they hired you to do. Did they pay you?"

"Yes, they did."

"Well, you leave 'em alone."

Sam said rebelliously, "I'm going in there tomorrow. Take some groceries in to them."

"Who said so?"

"She asked me to. The black-haired one. Give me a list and the money, and I said I would."

"You do it on your own time," she warned him.

"Is that so?"

"Running around after a pretty girl."

Sam grinned. "I been running after you a spell, but it hasn't got me anything."

"Won't, either, long as you're a fool," she told him. "Eat your pie."

"Don't know as I want any," Sam retorted.

"What's the matter with it?" she demanded.

"Oh, it's all right. Good enough, I guess."

She whisked the plate from before him.

"You're a choosy one."

He said contritely, "Can't I kid you, Millie?"

"Man two hours late to supper ain't in a place to make many jokes. Not if he expects to eat." She began to wash the dishes.

Sam grinned at her broad back.

"Guess I'll take them groceries in tomorrow afternoon," he said thoughtfully. "They'll need 'em for supper."

"Get your supper from them if you do," she warned him. "I won't keep it hot for you."

"I guess they can dish me up something," he agreed.

"I should think you'd stay there, if you like 'em so well."

"Might if they asked me," he told her, suddenly angry at her insistence.

"We'd get along," Millie assured him. "Get out of here now, out of my way."

Sam, disgruntled, returned to the porch; and a little later Dave Budd caught a passing car.

His last word to Sam was a warning. "I'd stick to my own business, Sam, if I was you."

"I've got a little business with the man that smashed my car," Sam reminded him.

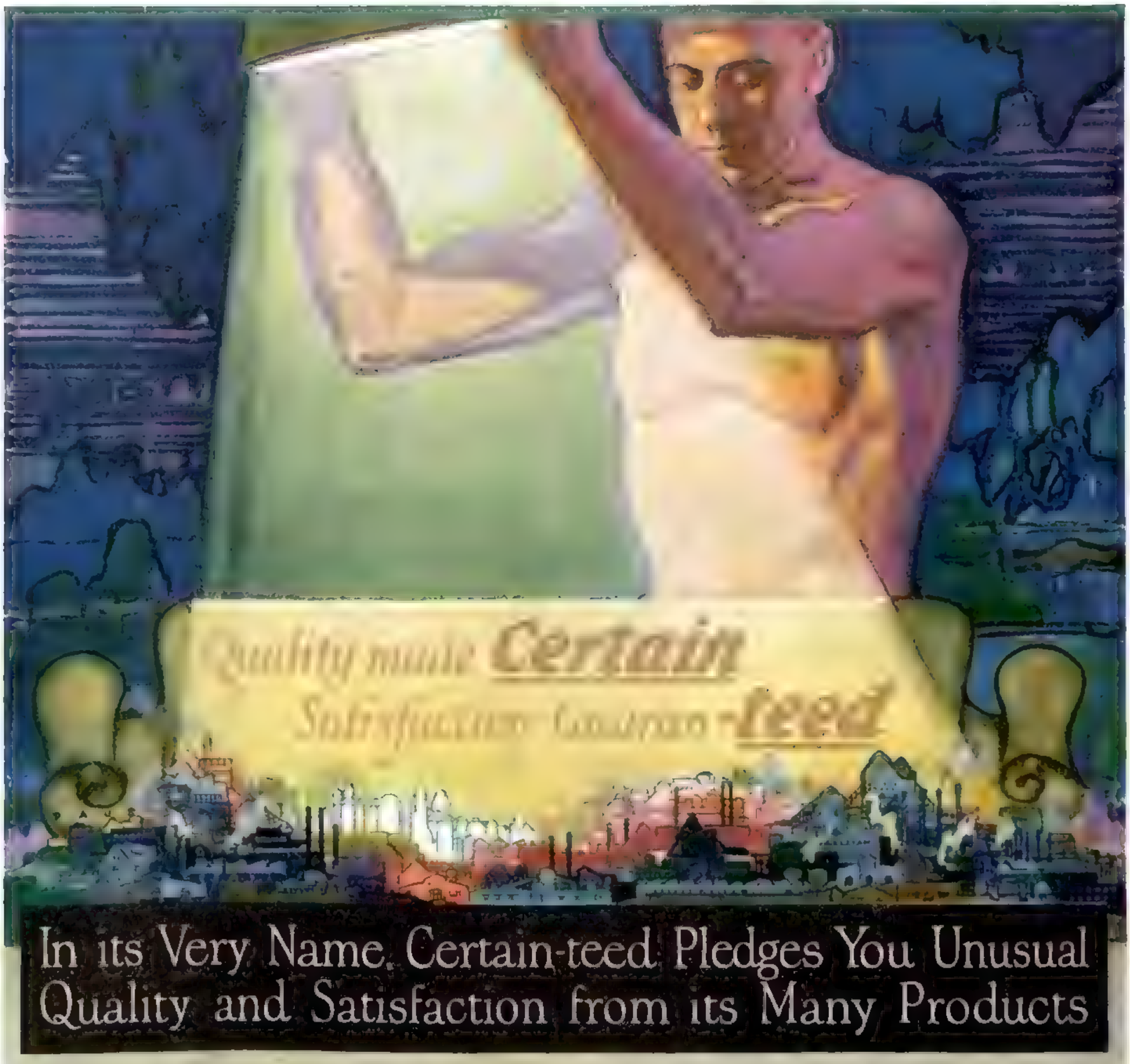
"You can take it out of the money," Dave rejoined. "Better take my word for it, Sam. Night."

After he was gone, Sam sat with Buck; and Buck went over and over the incident, attacking it with many questions repeated and repeated endlessly. "What was he up to? What did he give you the money for? What did he knock you out for? What's he doing around here?" Sam, now and then, ventured a reply, but Buck did not seem to hear. He was, in fact, merely thinking aloud in interrogatory form.

Sam was thinking just as actively, but he kept his thoughts to himself.

Millie did not join them on the porch at all.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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OILCLOTH
GYPSUM PLASTERS AND BUILDING BLOCKS

A START IN LIFE

(Continued from Page 15)

on the bolster, a bag of grain for upholstery. He was going up "west"—he indicated the general direction with a jerk of his head—to get his horses shod, and to stop by to see what Jake was doing here at this time of year.

"How'd you know I was here?" asked Jake.

"I saw someone was drawing water," said Orlo. By such simple tokens Orlo knew what was going on all about him. When Jake opened the bulkhead gate of his pond to draw water for his turbine, he advertised to all the world downstream that he was here.

"This fellow is all right," Jake was whispering in an aside to Nate, "but we've got to give him some good excuse why we are here." They moved across the wet grass. "Orlo, shake hands with Nate," he said, resting himself against a wagon wheel that moved uneasily back and forth as the horses stretched to pick grass. "I've got a good bunch with me this time, Orlo," said Jake. He considered for a moment. "You've got that coon dog yet, haven't you?"

"Nope," said Orlo with significant brevity. He looked up quickly. "Percy Manchester has got a dandy," he said.

"I thought Percy was hiding out, Orlo. Wasn't he wanted for stealing that lumber?"

"Well," considered the constable, "he thinks he's hiding out. He's over in back, behind the coal kilns. He's out of mischief, so I don't bother him. I'll send his woman around if you want I should."

"Would Percy come along?" asked Jake.

"Sure. Else the dog won't work. You have to pay him something—five or ten dollars maybe." Orlo stopped. "I'll come along, too," he added, "if it's dark enough so I couldn't see to read a warrant." He grinned. "It's the dangdest coon dog you ever saw, Jake. Ain't that just like it, a dog like that holing up with a skunk like Percy?" He sat up suddenly and clucked, and his team wheeled into the road and started forward. "I'll tell the Miner boy to go get her and send her around," he said over his shoulder.

It was ten when the two men rejoined the group in the house. The others were already seated about the long table, and Jake and Nate fell into their waiting chairs.

"I would suggest," said Horace, affixing his nose glasses and instantly becoming a statesman in spite of his *petit fours*, "that we will begin by setting down the points on which we are in unanimous agreement. In other words," he added slyly, "we won't have to argue with Sam at this session."

"Where do you get the 'we'?" demanded the mild mannered Sam. Even in his most violent blasphemies he never raised his voice, or changed his face. He broke off the head of a split of champagne against the mantelshelf and drank from a glass. They worked for two hours with that prodigious suavity of logic that is a gift of the gods to the few. The clock was striking noon, in tune to a distant sawmill whistle, when the sen—when Horace gathered together the loose leaves they had written and arranged them in an orderly sheaf. They pushed their chairs back, refilled their pipes. Nate, the younger man, who was sitting among these giants for the first time in flattered inclusion in this circle, found himself amazed at the pleasant amity of the scene. Knowing them and their bloody wars, one had to be a part of it to believe it. It was a tribute to the sagacity of the little man in the torpedo beard. By his genius for regrouping essential details, what might have been monuments of difference had become mere trifles.

And even Jake, who probably had a more solemn realization of the difficulties of the task before them than anyone else at the table, felt the glow of elation. Nevertheless, even at that instant, a presage of impending evil seemed to obtrude itself on his complacency, for the sound of the softly creaking hinges of the woodshed door brought him to his feet in nervous alarm. Someone in bare feet was crossing the kitchen floor.

II

SAM had risen to get another split of champagne from the window ledge, and he knocked off its head dexterously. As he poured the beautifully effervescent stuff into a tumbler, he invited the others, but they declined.

"Why, damn it! I can drink alone and be in better company," he said in his bland tones. He was raising the glass to his lips when his eye caught the figure of the barefoot woman peering in. She had paused at the open kitchen door and was gazing through with the curiosity of a wild thing. Her hair was raven black, and a hard knot of it that hung over one ear caught and reflected a glittering splash of light from the window. She was startlingly picturesque, beautiful, in that velvety-eyed, creamy way of the gamins Raphael found in the gutters as models for his cherubs. She had on a voluminous kilt skirt and a shawl of many colors, which she wore falling jauntily off one shoulder. And beneath the skirt her bare legs showed as smooth and round and solid as marble, but not so cold and white; warm, instead, with tints of the sun.

With the glass midway to his lips, Sam stared at her. His eyes narrowed as they fed avidly on the primitive lure of the picture.

"Come here, Salammbô," he commanded her. She advanced at once to his side, staring boldly at the others as if daring them to forbid it. "Drink," he said. "It is good." And he thrust the goblet into her hand.

"No, no, Sam!" exclaimed Jake. "Sorry, old chap, but that won't do ——"

"Who's doing this?" inquired Sam amiably, thrusting Jake back with one hand. "Drink! Drink!" he laughed. She lifted the glass, peering over it, with a certain defiance of the others, for an instant between the cup and the lip. She swallowed the half of it in a gulp, and rising on tiptoe she drew herself together with her elbows shivering deliciously, and showing a row of hard short teeth.

Jake took her brusquely by an elbow and led her to the kitchen.

"What do you want?" he demanded. She held herself silent, sulky.

"That stuff will make you sick," he was saying. "It is cider with pop in it."

"Champagne," she corrected him, with a sneering smile. She smiled without dimples. Her cheek bones were too high for dimples.

Then he suddenly recollected.

"Oh, you must be Percy's wife," he said. "Where will he meet us?"

She leaned toward him and whispered, showing her short teeth again.

"At the keel—tain o'clock," she said.

"How much money?"

"Tain dollar, pleea."

Jake thought better than to haggle over the sum. He had only eight dollars, he said, counting some silver. Her slight contemptuous shrug was her only reply. He went inside to borrow two dollars. He counted the money into her hand, and she put it in her bosom, all the time her eyes on him like those of a wondering child. Suddenly closing one fist as if on a dagger, her eyes blazing fiercely, she rasped a question.

"You no catch heem?" she demanded.

"No. We catch heem dog," Jake assured her. "Good-by."

"Goo'-by," she said, and with a flash of her eyes and a flirt of her skirts, she turned to go.

"Oh, Salammbô," said Sam, coming out. The girl turned, looking at him boldly enough for a moment; then her eyes fell and her long lashes brushed her luscious olive cheek, and she wrote bashfully with a little round toe on the floor. It was bad business. Jake, disquieted, ran an arm through Sam's to draw him into the other room, but the big man pulled away.

"Now, young fellow, I'm the cook and bottle washer this evening," he said pointedly. "Don't—butt—in! I'm marketing." He sat down astride the kitchen table. "Come here, Salammbô!"

She approached as before and stood beside him, assuming again the air of the nut-brown maid. His eyes appraised her, and she, sensing the intimate scrutiny, flashed a look up at him and bent her head again, with that faint dimpleless smile of hers. Sam began to tell her what he wanted, in pidgin. She would have understood it simply enough had he used the king's English, but with pidgin he must help out with gestures. He was indicating something about as big as a new baby, and evidently quite as naked. Its head would be thrown back, and its hands—or feet—curled up under its chin. And in its mouth would be an apple—he took an apple from the dish and illustrated. And in its nose would be a spray of something—he picked up a sprig of mint and balanced it on his upper lip as he threw his head back. She laughed soundlessly at this pantomime. His watch fob attracted her childish curiosity, and the creature took it up in her fingers. Sam took out his bill fold. It held only yellow money—new, crisp yellow money. He conferred one crackling slip upon her with a gesture to impress her with its trifling amount. With a dart of her eyes and a flirt of her skirts she was out of the door. It was odd to think of that flaunting savage as the mate of the wretched little jailbird hiding out in the woods up there behind the old kilns.

"Sam, if you wouldn't show your money ——" Jake had begun, when the big man cut him short.

"Why, you fool!" he cried. "I'm buying dinner, ain't I? You eat what I provide—and shut up."

Jake gave him a level look.

"And you are my guest," he said in a low tone. "There are certain responsibilities in that relationship which must be observed as our safeguard. Don't risk our anonymity with champagne and yellow money."

Sam's slow smile had a touch of derision.

"Oh, Jake, you'll always be an amateur," he said.

The high, the middle and the low impulses that actuated this man were always a source of wonder to the even, contemplative Jake. In a deal or a poker game Sam ruined his opponents with hilarious glee. He drank men to death who tried to play boon companion with him. And as for his amours——

"Thank God for the women!" one of his bitterest opponents had said. "Had he no distractions, there wouldn't be any Wall Street." The man who said that was cursing the crystal clarity of the mind that could get ahead of him at all times.

"It is fortunate," said the sen—Horace, who wiped the dishes after lunch with a prim old maid's nicety, "that we are in accord. I thought it would take a week. I believe we will get out of here tomorrow morning."

This was the unspoken hope of all. Should Sam lose interest in the upper brackets, the potentialities of the situation were enough to daunt the stanchest of them.

But when they sat down for the afternoon conference, it was Sam, with a devastating acuity, who began to uncover flaws. On paper the thing was perfect. But his mind followed through. He possessed that rare faculty of putting theory to the test of practice in his imagination, trying it out as it were; and returning to the charge with what seemed almost an empirical knowledge. Where this morning it was simple, this afternoon it was hopeless. There was no argument. Sam dominated them completely. He could think not only in terms of himself, unscrupulous, the plutocrat; but in terms of the multitude, of the little man who had only suspicion and envy to inform his logic. It was an amazing spectacle of the great gambler revealing the marked cards with which he dealt—a magician turning back his sleeves. There was a depressing silence, as if the spirit of the group had been hammered into submission. They must begin all over, work from the bottom up.

It was four o'clock when the woodshed door creaked in its sly way on its hinges and the pad of bare feet sounded on the scoured maple floor of the kitchen. An uneasy glance traveled around the circle and rested on the big man, who was still demolishing axioms of taxation with his marginal notes, which he wrote in an almost microscopic hand. It wasn't the woman. It was the Miner boy, barefoot and hatless, a jaunty little fellow with a loaded gunny sack slung over one shoulder. And with the surety of an animal picking a master, he went to Sam and whispered to him, grinning, and calling him Sam.

"Well, fellows," said Sam, rising and putting an arm about the proud boy, "me and my pard take charge from now on. Everybody chase himself—don't come sneaking back till you hear the dinner bell."

Sam went out to rummage in a scrap pile that was behind the woodshed, and reappeared armed with an old grindstone mandrel that he swung menacingly by its crooked handle.

"Chase yourselves!" he said. He locked himself and the boy in the kitchen, and large sounds of sudden industry sifted through the door—the placid profanities of the man and the vivid eagerness of the boy. That boy's fortune was made, though he little suspected it. That is, if Sam took a liking to him, and he seemed to have done so. Sam, child of nature that he was, would probably take the boy back to town with him and ease him into a career with a prodigal godfatherliness that would read like a fairy story.

Jake nodded over this twist of chance as he ran out the car. The exiles motored away silently, along leaf-strewn wheel tracks under the bare boughs of the November woods. This was the country of the gentle New England poets, and their pleasant cadences whispered again in the bright sky, the crisp air and the dun colors of the plaid hillsides. They were coming home, in the evening, a single clear star peering at them over the scarp of the mountain. White smoke pointed skyward from the chimneys. The sen—Horace was moved to quote, loosely:

"I knew, by the smoke that so gracefully curl'd . . .
And I said, 'If there's peace to be found in the world . . .
It is here.'"

There was no dinner bell. But the complete Sam was blowing lustily on a large conch that bathed the hills in sonorous echoes. He left off to spell the Miner boy with the cocktail shaker. Shaking a cocktail was a rite with Sam which must be continued until his fingers frosted. The pièce de résistance was a roast suckling pig, turning on a spit—the old grindstone mandrel—over a glowing bed of hickory embers. It was laid out on a huge trencher board—a slab of oak from the mill—with embrasures of yams, carrots, salsify, peas and parsley, roasted chestnuts and apples. And in its parted mouth resided a rosy apple, and from its pink snout emerged festive sprays of mint and winterberry. The broad table lay white and glistening with linen and silver, and the flames of tall candles danced a little minuet in the mellow light of the tinseled log on the hearth. Oh, it was peace and perfection! Even Horace, with all his qualms, the man who had most to lose, found himself warming to the cheer and plenty. It was good to be alone by themselves with no smug servile lackeys peering over their shoulders with saturnine docility.

(Continued on Page 113)

Every check you write takes a dangerous round trip

TODAY you write ten checks and send them on their way. Out of sight they are probably out of mind. But do you realize that the minute they leave your desk your checks start on a dangerous round trip? They come in contact with people you have never seen—whose reputation you do not know—whose honesty you must not take for granted. Always there is the chance that your checks will be "side-tracked" and "held over" by the check raiser or the forger. To tamper with the unprotected amount line is easy for the skilled check crook.

What precautions do you take as you make out your checks? Are you trusting to luck—or the fact that you never had the unpleasant experience of covering the raised amount some bank has paid?

Consider this: According to an estimate made by the American Institute of Accountants, business men annually lose $100,000,000 through check fraud. Naturally the man who contributes his share to this amount is not caught again. This means that a new host of losers answers the roll call each year. Isn't it worth something to you to be missing from this unhappy assembly?

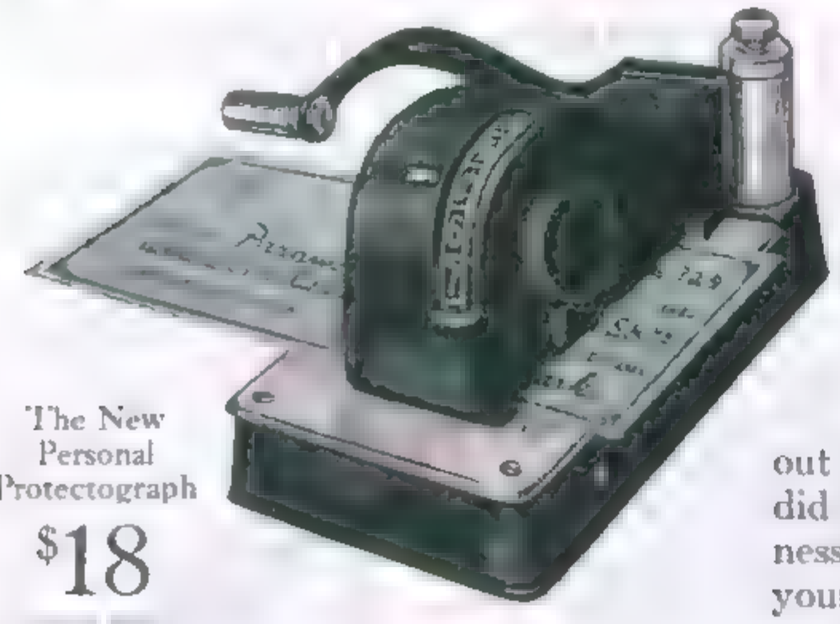
Danger begins the minute the check leaves your desk.
You can never tell into whose hands it may fall
The check raiser can make the amount line read for many times the sum you intended
His trickery may never be discovered until your bank balance is received — many — many dollars short

Positive protection for your personal checks

There is one sure way to guarantee yourself against loss by check fraud. The Personal Protectograph, most modern of banking aids, has been designed to protect your personal checks by the same method used so successfully on the checks of the nation's leading business firms.

Though it is so compactly built that it takes up little space on your desk at home or office, it works with true Todd thoroughness and accuracy. It shreds the amount line into the very fiber of the check paper. Its large, legible figures, written with indelible ink, are thus made proof against erasures. They eliminate even the chance of "pen changes," the clever method of check raising that does not need erasures.

The performance of the Personal Protectograph recommends it to all who have personal bank accounts. Its reasonable price of $18 places it within reach of all. Whether you keep $100 or $500 or $1000 in your checking account, whether you write one check a month or fifty, you cannot afford to be without this newest Todd Invention. If it did no more than make your checks businesslike in appearance, a compliment to your signature, it would be worth far more than it costs!



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TODD SYSTEM OF CHECK PROTECTION

1 The Protectograph is made in a variety of standard models, one for every type of business, prices from $37.50 up. Only Todd can make a Protectograph.

2 *Todd Greenbac Checks*, with their patented self-canceling features, are reasonable in price—even when purchased in small quantities. For business and personal use.

3 *Standard Forgery Bonds.* Qualified Todd users receive policies at the most advantageous discounts from the Metropolitan Casualty Insurance Company of New York City.

1866 CURTIS

Section through stile in cabinet door showing molding and "twist" in panel that give an interesting play of lights and shadows on the doors

PERMANENT FURNITURE IN THE HOME

Built-in furniture gives an interior dignity and interest that nothing else can equal. It is important in the decorative scheme because it may be of great value in mass and color. It is reposeful, because it keeps its place as a part of the room. It is durable, because it cannot be mauled about by the careless. It is economical, because it is built with the house and once finished requires no further outlay. And it saves space. At the right is Curtis China Closet C-700 as it is used in the home of Mrs. Della Thompson Lutes, Director of Priscilla Proving Plant, 710 Commonwealth Ave., Newton Centre, Mass., Author of "The Gracious Hostess" and "A Home of Your Own;" Harry Ramsey, architect, furnished by Wm. C. McConnell Co., Cambridge, Mass. The Curtis catalog shows a number of interesting styles These pieces, as Curtis makes them, are made better than much of the fine furniture on the market. They represent modern cabinetmaking at its best; there is quality in both materials and construction that you cannot see on the surface. The Curtis trademark is your assurance that it is there Priced under $90

Beautiful interiors must

It is the woodwork that forms the connecting link

FURNITURE, rugs and curtains come and go, but the woodwork *stays.* It cannot be moved about or discarded. It is the foundation and keynote for all decorative effects. Woodwork does even more in the successful house: it seems to join the whole house into one harmonious unit, leading you gracefully and naturally from one room to another, from one floor to another.

The walls, floors and ceilings are the background. By themselves, they are bare, blank, dead. But finish them with tastefully molded "trim"; fill the openings with inviting doors and interesting windows; and thoughtfully place here and there a few pieces of impressive, dignified, built-in furniture, and you have gone a long way toward building a beautiful interior.

A beautifully proportioned entrance door for the small house, with enough glass area to make a light vestibule or hall. Curtis entrance C-119: Door 237. Door priced at about $12.00

Good woodwork enhances the beauty of good furniture

No single item of architecture or decoration is more important than woodwork. That is why you can well afford to save on your furniture and decorations, if need be, in order to have the best woodwork and enough of it.

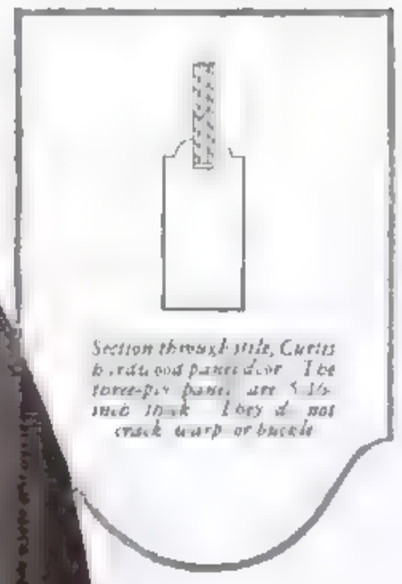
And in spending your money that way you will lose nothing. You will gain, for you will find that your furnishings will appear to all the better advantage when set off by good woodwork. The house with beautiful woodwork is attractive even when sparingly furnished or empty—an advantage when renting or selling.

Now easy to have beautiful woodwork

Builders of expensive homes have always realized the importance of beautiful woodwork. To make sure of having it, they employed archi-

The grace of this stair (C-900) is due to its small banister and newel post. Yet Curtis stair parts allow construction methods which make a balustrade of exceptional sturdiness

DOORS · WINDOWS · FRAMES · MOLDINGS



Section through stile, Curtis hand-carved panel door. The stone-grey panel are Solvinet finish. They do not crack, warp or buckle

1865 CURTIS

We cannot legally prevent [illegible]

NEW BEAUTY IN THESE POPULAR DOORS

Everywhere you see two-paneled doors You seldom see one as beautiful as this two-paneled door by Curtis. Why is it that this Curtis design is so much better looking? The answer does not lie in ornamentation, for there are no ornaments. Nor in thick molding and huge stiles and rails. On the contrary, this Curtis design is beautiful because of its perfect proportions. Compare the width of these stiles and rails with those in doors of other makes. These are narrow, especially the bottom rail. And the lower panel is neither too large nor too small for the top panel. The inset shows the Curtis ovolo molding that holds in the panels; it is simple, and of just the right curve for pleasing lights and shadows. Note also the thickness of the plies in the panel —another hidden quality in Curtis doors This door, C-304, can be either painted or stained to suit the architectural and decorative style of the house It is available in many sizes in hardwood and softwood and in softwood stiles and rails with hardwood panels. Price, average size, softwood stiles, rails and panels, less than $5

be built into the house

between the structure of the house and the decorations

tects to "detail" it especially for them.

Today builders of homes of all sizes can have beautiful woodwork, too. Curtis Woodwork, authentic in design, substantial in construction, will save the extra expense of made-to-order manufacture.

You and your architect or builder can now select appropriate designs of Curtis Woodwork from the Curtis dealer's stock or from his Curtis catalog. These items will be delivered right—no errors in production—no disappointments—so common with made-to-order millwork.

A mantel that has refinement without being ornate; for the living room either painted or stained to match the woodwork. The fireplace opening 3'11" wide; height of [illegible] Design C-617; Priced at $50.00

Why Curtis Woodwork is not high priced

While Curtis Woodwork has been designed by well known architects of high standing with ideas drawn from the finest houses in England and America, this masterful work has not increased the cost. For Curtis Woodwork is produced in large quantities.

Although not to be compared with ordinary woodwork in design, workmanship, quality of materials or strength of construction, Curtis Woodwork costs practically the same. Yet when all expense is included, such as sanding and cutting and fitting on the job, it usually brings an actual saving.

You can secure Curtis Woodwork east of the Rockies through lumber dealers who handle the line. Consult our catalog in the Curtis dealer's office. "Curtis Woodwork" (40 pages) contains valuable information. Write for it and for the name of the nearest dealer.

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Founded 1792

Winter brings few joys to the fire-fighter. It means not only added difficulties in the path of duty, but also more fires—due to overheated or defective stoves, furnaces and heating pipes, open fires and hot ashes deposited in wooden boxes.

A property loss of many millions of dollars is occasioned by such fires every year. Yet they are largely preventable. Have your heating plant regularly inspected. Guard against overheating. Screen open fires. Use only metal ash containers. The householder who observes such practical precautions has little to fear from the fire hazards peculiar to the winter season.

Let the North America Agent assist you in controlling these and other fire hazards. Fewer preventable fires will mean greater safety for every property owner and lower rates on insurance protection.

Insurance Company of North America

PHILADELPHIA

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write practically every form of insurance except life

(Continued from Page 108)

"This kid," said Sam, "doesn't know it, but he is going back to town with his Uncle Dudley and see the elephants."

He had the boy seated beside him, and he patted him affectionately. The boy drank it all in industriously, his bright little eyes blazing with the fires of the moment, little dreaming what the future might hold in store for him.

"Now, damn it!" said Sam, rising with the carvers. "I want everybody to eat! Eat!" he repeated. "Never mind the bouquets! Just eat!"

He was carving. The air grew indolently heavy with the aroma of the burnt offering of poetic meats. It was like a family festival.

For years afterward Horace still retained the picture of Sam and the boy seated there at the head of the table as if they were the only two beings on the face of the whole world—the infinite charm of the man for the child. The sen—Horace found himself vaguely speculating what were the beginnings of this man. Merciless, undisciplined, a man who was a law unto himself. And yet with a magnetism that was incomparable.

Sam was drinking a good deal—not for him, but a good deal for anyone else. The boy watched him, half furtive, half in awe. Sam's poker face never changed. The tones of his voice never altered. He never paused for a word or a thought. Toward nine, replete, he folded his hands across his apron, which he still wore tied around his neck, and slept cherubically, his back to the fire, in his Windsor chair.

The others quietly removed the feast and talked in whispers, nodded among themselves to the soft clink and tinkle of the dishes and silver. It was ten when Orlo came for them, his car shivering in death agony at the gate. Jason was with him, a neighbor, his inseparable. They had on coonskin caps and sheepskin coats, and they carried lanterns and guns. They came into the kitchen, nodding and laughing, and tilted themselves in chairs against the wall while they waited. The Miner boy buttonholed Orlo and told him in whispers of the feast, now and then nodding through the open door to indicate the wonderful Sam, who still slept.

Sam woke up suddenly, staring.

"Dam it! Who's stomping on the tin roof?" he asked. He started up, but his instep gave way and he settled on the couch with a groan; he made another effort to walk, but couldn't. He had overdone it yesterday in the woods. He sat down, sagged; and then, like a weary child, he was asleep again. Jake shook his head; it would be cruel to urge him to go. They replenished the fire, and they slipped out one by one. The cars rolled up the road to the old kilns where they were to find Percy and his dog. Percy came slinking out of the shadows like a reprimanded ghost, his mean-looking cur shivering at heel. Percy was a miserable wretch, not half so bad a bad man as he prided himself on being. He lived mentally in an eternity of boisterous deeds, while he hovered in hiding back there in the forest, priding himself in the belief that the whole world sought but could not apprehend him. He glanced apprehensively at Orlo, but Orlo obviously had laid aside his constabulary attributes for the coon hunt.

III

THE dog that men came hundreds of miles to hunt behind had been running silent for some time now, and they sat down in a stand of oak to wait for it to come in. The bright moon shone down on the pale circle of their lanterns through the bare branches. Percy began to tell about himself, stepping out into the lantern light. All evening he had been suspicious of Orlo. Now he came out in the open, and strutted and crowed like a rooster as he vaunted himself and his exploits. He was telling about the time he dived through a window into the river, carrying glass and sash with him, when officers from Barrington came to a dance at the Town Hall to take him. His monologue would have made him a star overnight on Broadway. But in the midst of his gasconade an owl hooted dismally off in the hollow forest, and the wretched creature, robbed of his moment of glory, was suddenly quenched; Percy faded into the shadows beyond the lanterns.

A huddled figure in sheepskin alongside Jake—it was Jason—buried his face in his hands and replied to the hoot of the owl with another so natural that the circle started in amazement.

They could hear someone coming through the brush.

"Who do you suppose that is, up here at this time of night?" asked Jake.

"It's Orlo," said Jason, speaking low at Jake's shoulder.

"Orlo! Why, he's here, isn't he?"

"Not for the last hour," said Jason.

"I didn't know he'd left!"

"He didn't want you should," replied Jason laconically. Then with a note of sharpness Jason called, "Percy!" There was no reply. Percy of the ecstatic fears had rubbed himself out of the picture.

An indrawn silence held the hunters.

"What's up?" whispered Jake.

"I don't know," replied Jason. In a lower tone: "He went down to see," he said.

The crashing of the brush came on. Then a tall figure walked out into the cathedral-like aisle of tree trunks where they sat. The circle of lanterns arose as if the darkness had suddenly become buoyant.

"Who was that big fellow we left behind at the house?" said Orlo. He was standing by Jake.

"Sam, you mean?" It was Jake who said it.

Orlo took a lantern from some ghostly hand and held it up to the staring faces.

"Where's Percy?" he asked shortly.

"Faded," said Jason.

"That Hunky woman stuck him with a knife," said Orlo.

"Sam!" It was the sen—Horace.

Someone cursed in seething anathema, blind rage.

"Bad, Orlo?" asked Jake quietly.

"He's dead," said Orlo. And before the frozen circle of lanterns began to sway again, he turned away abruptly, saying, "Follow me, you fellows."

They fell in behind him mutely. He plunged into the brush where alders whipped their faces and bog holes sucked at their footsteps. Here there were no stars to guide them, but they thrashed ahead by ear. They came out on an old meadow, and crossed it as if fearful of the moonlight. Then again in the cover, and in another moment they were scrambling down an almost precipitous declivity. They came up at the house, with a start of surprise, when they had thought themselves miles away. In the unfamiliar darkness they did not fully realize where they were until they were entering the kitchen. Nothing there. Only homely peaceful quiet, the soft play of firelight, the old clock with its sedate tread, the thin whine of the kettle on a muted string.

"Wh-where is he?" Jake's voice was deep.

"Up above," said Orlo.

When all eyes turned to the stairs he said, "No, no. At her shack—up the river road."

"Sam—he went up there?" It was unbelievable.

"She come for him," said Orlo. He went on: "I found her wheel tracks back of the mill. She was hiding there when we left." He jerked his head in one of his vague geographical gestures. "The Miner boy followed them," he said. "He heard it. He come for me. Didn't you hear the owl hoot when we stopped at the spring?"

So that was it, the Miner boy. They were standing there in the glow of the fire. The candles that had lighted the feast were burned out long ago. Jake turned on the lights, and in the swift luminescence these men did not look at each other. They weren't thinking of Sam. They were thinking of themselves.

The senator—it was his party, after all was said and done—the senator was the first to break the spell. He began gathering up the loose sheets of the afternoon conference. He was a person of niceties, his every act trimmed as meticulously as his correct torpedo beard. He arranged the sheets deliberately by number, tapped them into a neat sheaf. One was missing; and he went down on his hands and knees looking for it: it was lying under the buffet and he dragged it out and opened the sheaf to insert it again. Some microscopic marginal note in Birkenhead's handwriting caught his eye; and even at that moment its value attracted him, and he adjusted his glasses at the proper angle and held it up to the light to read it. Nothing was so important now to save out of this red ruin as this manuscript, Sam's legacy; a stark revelation of a mind that had the curious faculty of projecting itself ahead of theory, and looking back while others still groped blindly forward.

The senator's bag lay open in one corner. He began to throw in his things. Orlo, the constable, regarded him oddly. A sort of traumatic apathy held the others. It was not death, nor the manner of it, that daunted them. It was the audacity of death in striking here and now.

"Uncle Charlie is trailing her," said Orlo gruffly; and they started at the sound of his voice. Uncle Charlie was one of his competents. He shook his head. "He won't get her! That woman can live in a hollow tree!"

"We don't want her, Orlo," said Jake with finality.

Before the startled Orlo could reply Jake was saying, "Senator, you can take Pink with you." Orlo's eye flickered at the title. "Drop him off at that milk stop on the Naugatuck Division. You can go on through alone. Frank, you drop Scotty at Canaan. There is an early train on the Housatonic. You take the first right-hand turn. You'll be across the state line by daylight." Thus, like a general to whom every foot of the strategic terrain was an open page, he dispersed his army along rivers. "Better figure on not arriving in town all at once," he added.

"I am going through to Boston," said the senator, shutting his bag with a click.

"I ought to be in Buffalo tomor—tonight," Scotty said; he corrected himself, looking up at the clock. It was half-past four.

"That's all right, isn't it, Orlo?" Jake asked.

"It's all right if you stay behind, Jake," said Orlo.

Jake turned to Nate, but Nate intercepted him.

"I'll stick on the job with you if you don't mind," he said shortly.

"Who was the big fellow—that's what I want to know first," said Orlo.

"Man named Birkenhead," said Jake.

Jason said, "Not Cutthroat Birkenhead?"

Jake pierced him with a look.

"Samuel Cuthburt Birkenhead," he said.

There was a dead silence.

"What's your name, Jake?" asked Orlo. "It isn't Drummond," he added.

"No, Orlo," said Jake. "I bought this place in my wife's name—a place I could come to, to get away from things. I am J. Hanson Watkins."

Jason's chair came down on all fours, and Orlo regarded him in surprise.

"Now, who are these others, Mr. Watkins?" he asked.

"My name is Jake, to you—if you don't mind, Orlo," said Jake. He named the fugitives, one by one. "Senator Horace Calvert, J. Beverly Storm, Franklin Hodenius, Scott Hammill, and Nathaniel Edgerton," he added, reaching out and patting the younger man on a shoulder.

No one was thinking of the dead man. Hurrying feet tapped the floor boards overhead. Men grabbing their belongings—barons of coal, iron, oil and money.

"Sorry, Jake ——" began the senator. Jake checked him with uplifted hand.

"We must get these lights out before people begin to go by," he said; and lifting

(Continued on Page 115)

He'd take his hat off to

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(Continued from Page 113

his voice he cried, "Move fast, you fellows!" There was no leave-taking.

The four left behind sat motionless until the drone of the cars died on the still air. Then Jake, Nate, Orlo and Jason—they climbed into Orlo's car. It was astonishing how stealthily the old rattletrap could move when called on for caution. They avoided the main road, going around by the precipitous hill of Beech Plain. They came on Cold Spring by the pond road and hid the car behind the ruins of the old charcoal kilns. A dog rushed them, retreated for fresh courage, came on again. Its essay ended in an agonized howl, and the Miner boy came to meet them, armed with a billet of stove wood. He had Percy back of the shack, laid low with that same bludgeon when the shivering ecstatic creature crept up like a ghoul to see what was to be seen in the light of the moon.

Jake had gone inside. He came out almost immediately.

"Percy," he said, bending over the cowering shape in the woodshed. Percy cautiously opened his ratlike eyes. What he saw was a peaceable-looking stout man squatting beside him, counting yellow money from a bill fold.

"There is eight hundred dollars, Percy," said Jake. "Bring me his watch and his cuff links and his stick pin by noon, today, and it's all yours." He lifted the cowering bad man to a half-sitting posture, shook him roughly. "Now let's see if that dog of yours is worth its salt." The startled Percy, hardly believing he was free, slunk into the shadows.

Jake turned to Orlo.

"Orlo, is there any reason why Sam wouldn't be as dead down at my house as up here?" he asked. "We can move him, can't we?"

Orlo shook his head.

"No, Jake," said Orlo, and his no was absolute. "I'll telephone for the medical officer as soon as it gets light. He's just over in Tyrington."

"Tyrington?" said Jake with a gleam of hope. "Tyrington?" He seized Orlo by an arm. "We will go get him, Orlo. We'll leave Jason and Nate here on watch."

He drew Orlo to the car. They started out on the state road now, a winding luminous stretch of macadam along the river that slowly revealed itself from the depths of night as the east took on the tints of morning. They drove in silence. There were a number of things Jake might have said. But he left them all unsaid. If it had been a matter of money Jake would have summoned golden galleons of it. That wasn't the way out.

After a little while they came to a wide village street, with a double row of bare elms and neat parks swept clean of leaves. At a pillared house standing stark from its hillside, Jake touched Orlo on the arm.

"We'll stop here a minute," he said.

"This is Judge Trainor's," expostulated Orlo. "The judge won't thank you to mix him up in this," he said. Jake climbed down.

"Come along, Orlo," he said. "You are in charge, you know, until the medical officer takes over."

They quietly mounted the broad steps. Jake punched the portentous bell. They listened. After a long wait a frightened servant peered through the chained door. And then the stupefied Orlo held his breath. The judge himself, in his nightshirt. Judge Trainor had sat on the bench for a brief period early in his career. In the late 80's this district had sent him to Congress and had returned him zealously ever since. But he was always "the judge"

"Well, well!" cried the judge, coming to at sight of Jake. He seized his hand, wrung it. He dashed sleep from his eyes. His face lost its surly irritation. This was one of the judge's great friends in the great world he had so long decorated to the everlasting honor of this little community of pleasant hills and streams. "And Orlo!" cried the judge, who knew every maid and man of them by their first names. Jake spoke swiftly the name of Birkenhead; and the judge paused, his face clouding an instant.

"He was up coon hunting with me," said Jake. "It was too much for him, I guess. He keeled over on us—stroke. We carried him to a shack in the woods." Jake shook his head gravely. "He was dead before we laid him down." He paused, looking at Orlo, and there was a heart-beating silence. "There will have to be an autopsy, I suppose," said Jake wearily. "I thought—maybe you would like to put it through for us"

Tremulously the judge assured him that he would indeed. He was gone, and returned again, dressed, in no time. They started out once more, Orlo driving, catching vaguely the voices in rapid flow in the back seat.

The note of agitation in the judge's voice mounted. The talk was of the country, and the President, and business. They roused out Doctor Kirk, the medical officer, carried him off breakfastless. It was the doctor who now occupied the back seat with the judge.

It was ten o'clock, with the warm November sun still pursuing the remnants of the frost shadows in hidden places, when the medical officer came out from the shack, where he had been alone for two hours, and sat down with his blanks. He shook his pen, adjusted his glasses, smoothed his beard, cleared his throat. His lips formed a word.

"Aneurysm," he said to himself, and began to write. He spelled it out painfully as he wrote it—"a-n-e-u-r-y-s-m. Fifty-six years? Native of—what? Vermont! Indeed? Oh, was he? Married. H'm. Attending physician—what's that? Stiloh? Oh, my word! That makes it all right. He is the greatest heart specialist in the country." He pointed at them with his pen. "Thoracic," he explained, in a professionally abstract tone, "at the top of the arch—hidden!" He wrote again. "Heavy drinker," he muttered. He shook his head. "These heavy drinkers ——" He affixed his seal, folded the paper, handed it to the mute Orlo. "Lucky chap, to go this way," he muttered in his beard. "He'd been dead on his feet for a year, and didn't know it. Everything gone inside." He shook his grizzled old head. "I don't know how they keep it up."

He got up and buttoned his cloak under his matted beard.

"Well, judge, we'll be going," he said. "Well, well! I never thought I'd have the privilege of shaking hands with you, Mr. Watkins!"

"No thanks, Watkins," the judge was saying. "I am most deeply grateful to have had the opportunity to serve."

The judge turned and rested a hand on Orlo's shoulder, to help his steps to the car.

"You are my great reliance, Orlo," said he gravely. "Men die so selfishly," he said. His voice was lost as Orlo helped him into the car.

Later in the month, Watkins—Jake—was called to appear before the hearing of the committee, in the matter of the upper brackets. It was the same day that Senator Calvert delivered his now famous exposition of the theory of taxation as applied to modern industry. He spoke from notes, tapping them with his ribboned spectacles. He stilled the burst of applause that broke from even those hardened economists and politicians who sat about the table in the committee room.

"I don't want to take credit to myself," he said, "for the good we are so prone to bury with another man's bones. Birkenhead"—he turned his statesmanly head on its pivot, letting the name sink in—"Birkenhead, Samuel Cuthburt Birkenhead!" He drew it out for dramatic effect. He said, "The man was always an enigma to me. There have been certain acts in his life that brought down rebuke from the great masses of the people. But we cannot deny," he said with emphasis, "that he possessed, above all others of his time, the ability to think in terms of mass mind—to see through and beyond theory into practice." He tapped his manuscript with his spectacles and looked for a moment at Jake, who sat far back in the room. "The marginal notes on this draft," he said, "are in the handwriting of Birkenhead. He was patriot enough to set aside his advantage, his prejudices, and give me the benefit of his counsel, a few days before he died."

Republics forget. You may remember that Calvert's name went before the convention on the strength of his reputed authorship of a perfect tax bill.

Jake took the Miner boy to a military academy up the Hudson one fair afternoon late in the year. Boylike, with air castles rising unseen about him, he was in the middle of a scrimmage on the football field before Jake's car turned to go away.

"He is in the rough," said Jake to the headmaster.

"That's the way we like to get them," said the headmaster.

You see, this isn't the story of the upper brackets, or of a presidential campaign, or of Cutthroat Birkenhead. It is the story of the Miner boy. Sam would have taken him back to town with him, installed him, in his grand way, in a bountiful career and set him on the road to ruin or riches—a few of Sam's boys had the mettle to come through the fire.

But the gods in their circuitous way gave the Miner boy Jake for a godfather instead. And even if anarchists do take a pot shot at Jake now and then on the grounds of abstract theory, there is something homespun and dependable about Jake. His mother worked out, when she was a girl, in a Swede family where she had to iron the dish towels.

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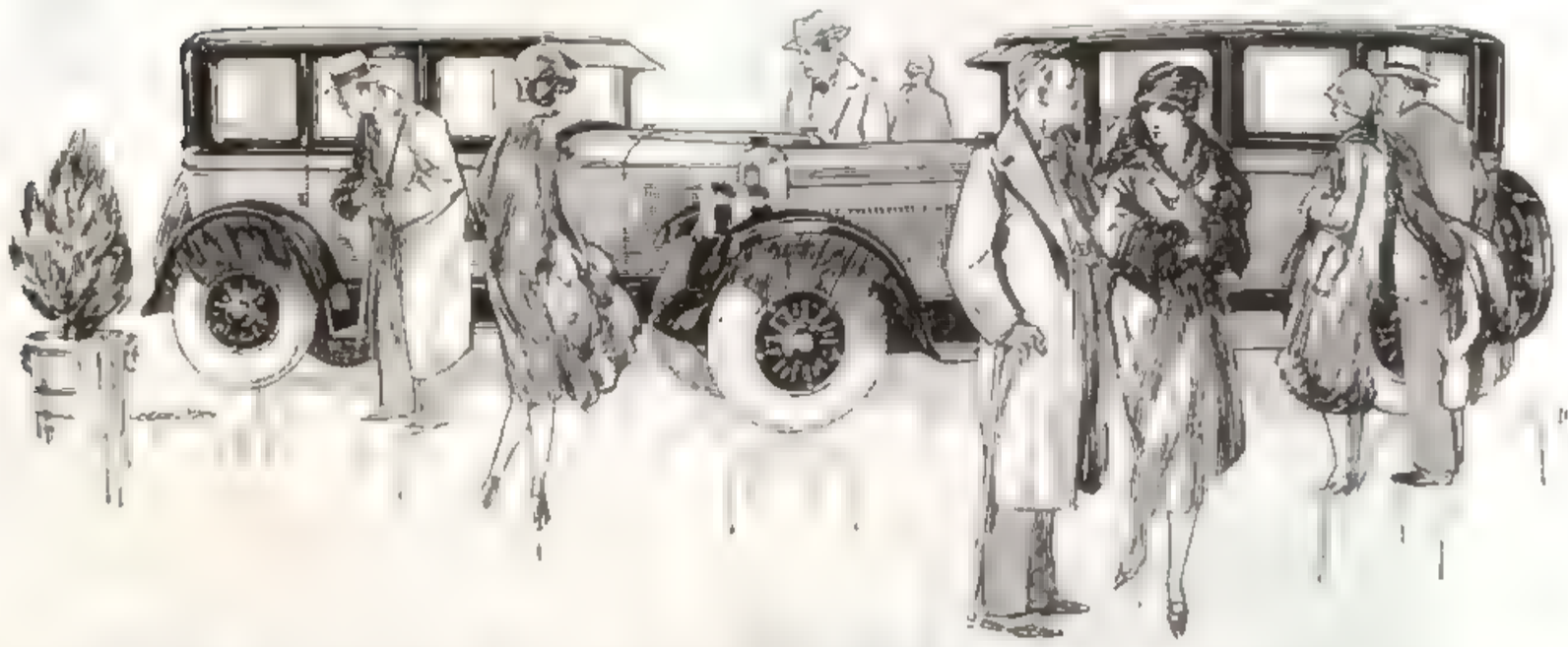

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CLEVELAND SIX

ON POLITICIANS

(Continued from Page 25)

admired more or less extravagantly. My emotions were a thermometer of their victories and defeats and rose and fell with them. But now that it is all over, I cannot truthfully say—I do not even believe—that the men I hated so fiercely were crooked or disreputable. I do not think they were out to rob the people, or that they did rob them. They were good average citizens, with the virtues and defects common to humanity, who stood well in their respective communities. And mostly they were men of property who were considered good at the bank.

I think now they averaged about as well as the men I followed and admired. The mean level of politics is about the same everywhere. The reason for this is that it is always shaking down. By that I mean that the bitter enemies of one campaign are likely to be buddies in the next. Quarrels between politicians are, to a considerable extent, stage business. They are put on for the benefit of a public which demands hokum—and gets it.

The point toward which I am zigzagging by easy stages is that twenty years of close observation led me to believe that men in politics average about as well as men out of politics. I would go as far as to say they grade a little higher. They have one cardinal virtue which is much less meticulously observed in lay circles than it is in politics—they keep their word. It is a sort of shibboleth in politics that once a word has been passed it must be kept. Those who disregard it seldom travel far.

Speaking in general terms, I think politicians are as much concerned for the welfare of the country as those who decry them, and I think they will work much harder and go much farther to achieve it. With the lay citizen the welfare of the country is speculative and theoretical. With the politician it is, as often as not, pressing personal business. There are crooks and shysters in politics, as there are crooks and shysters in every other line of human endeavor, but the financial rewards of politics are grossly overestimated; in fact, they are to a considerable extent mythical. I know fewer than twenty men who have taken money in any amount, considerable or otherwise, directly from politics. I know only three or four whom I have good reason to believe took dirty money from politics, and not one of them was able to keep it.

Why is a Politician?

My interest in my own personal affairs is largely selfish. I am chiefly concerned in working to my own advantage and my own vainglory. I must, as a matter of fairness, concede to the man who makes politics his affair an equal right to be selfish, which he is

But I am persuaded that men get into politics—and stay there—through widely varying motives, the most remote and least considered of which is financial aggrandizement or material gain. A lot of men show unflagging interest in politics from year to year and from campaign to campaign because they like the game and enjoy playing it. Many others are animated by the lust for power or a craving for the distinction which goes with officeholding.

The game, too, has its social allure. There is a boon companionship—a sort of camaraderie—in politics which men who lead narrow lives find nowhere else. And finally, sheer partisanship keeps fully half the men who devote themselves to politics lashed to the party wheel. They believe implicitly in the virtue of the party with which they are aligned—or which they inherited—and they regard the success of the opposition party as a calamity, which they work in season and out of season to avert. I am persuaded, too, that comparatively few men get into politics deliberately. Most of them are pitchforked in.

There is Ed Mastin. His case is typical. There must be two or three hundred thousand Ed Mastins in this country, and they split most of the wood and carry most of the water for politics. Ed lived across the river, in Pecan Township. He was a young farmer, then about thirty years old, with a wife and two or three children. He owned a farm and owed a mortgage. He was a good worker and probably a little above the average of his neighbors in education and intelligence. But the distinguishing thing about him, then as now, was that he made friends easily and was well liked by everybody.

It was an off year in politics, with nothing but the county ticket at stake, but Kapioma County, as usual, was in doubt. Normally, the county was Republican by three or four hundred majority; but a fused and belligerent opposition often slashed the Republican majority to ribbons and not infrequently wiped it out altogether. The Republican County Central Committee had held a meeting that morning and word had come to it that Jerry Shell, of Pecan Township, was off the reservation. The news was disquieting. Counting in-laws, Jerry controlled twenty-one votes. That meant a shift in the political complexion of Pecan Township. Conceivably, Jerry's apostasy might seriously affect the destiny of the Republican county ticket.

Closing a Gap in the Ranks

So far as anybody knew, Jerry had been subjected to no outrage or indignity at the hands of the Grand Old Party. He was just piqued about something. He was an ignorant old coot, filled with a vast sense of his own importance, which feeling probably was due to the fact that he had contributed a large family to posterity. At any rate, there was nothing else to distinguish him. He hadn't even sent a son to high school. But plainly it was a situation that called for handling, and Sim Bross, who was chairman that year, drummed on the table a moment before he spoke.

Then he said, "Who can get next to Jerry?"

Jim Holland thought a moment. "Ed Mastin is as close to him as anybody," he replied.

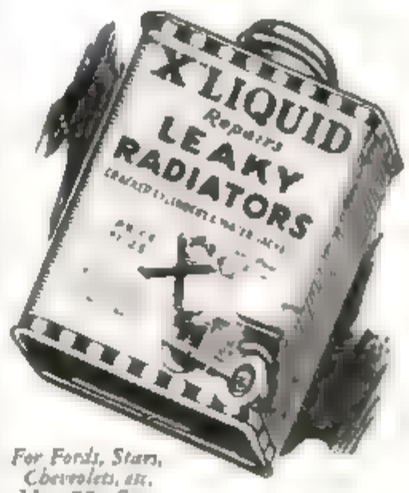
"All right," said Sim, "I know Ed. He's a good Republican. I did him a little favor once. I'll drive out and see him this afternoon."

What passed between Sim and Ed—and what subsequently passed between Ed and Jerry—is not a matter of public record. The Shell family voted the Republican ticket that fall, as usual. The personal touch again vindicated the esteem in which it is held by all politicians. Incidentally, Kapioma County was saved to the Republican Party for another two years. But the really significant incident of that long-forgotten campaign was the quickening of what had previously been a nominal asset of the Republican Party. Ed Mastin had delivered and he was marked for further work.

Trivial detail work it was in the beginning—unofficial messenger service, the straightening of little kinks in Pecan Township. In five years Ed controlled not only his own township but all the country southwest of the river. He had some capacity for leadership and he was friendly.

Ed had his political reward ten years and more ago. He served four years as county clerk at a salary of eighteen hundred dollars a year. Being thrifty, he saved part of it, paid off his mortgage and bought an adjoining eighty. He's very well-to-do now, as wealth is computed in that locality, but he made most of his money farming. He never grew above county size in politics, but he still controls the country southwest of the river. Because he has a certain amount of power, he has personal and political enemies. But his friends continue to

You can get home on a flat tire BUT *you can't* with a dry radiator



For Fords, Stars, Chevrolets, etc. Use 75c Size
For Larger Cars Use $1.25 Size

"X" is a LIQUID which cannot clog.

It can even be poured through a cloth as "X" contains no meal, glue, powder, cement, shellac or solder and is harmless to metals, rubber and leather.

"X" works just as well with alcohol in the radiator

"Over Three Million Cans Sold Every Year"

MINOR mishaps won't stop you. You can get home on a flat tire. *But a dry radiator means a stranded car.*

"X" *Liquid*—the guaranteed radiator repair, is the safe, sure cure for those winter radiator leaks.

Keep a can of "X" Liquid in the tool box. When leaks occur just pour "X" in your radiator.

In ten minutes your radiator is as sound as the day it left the factory. And the cure is *permanent.*

"X" not only seals the leaks, it also removes the clogging rust and scale from the delicate tubes of the radiator.

Be sure it is "X"—the liquid radiator repair that large fleet owners and car dealers have used for years.

"X" is absolutely guaranteed on a money-back basis. If your dealer cannot supply you, write us direct.

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25 West 45th St., - New York
Factories BOSTON AND TORONTO

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For years "X" Liquid has been used in the Automobiles and Trucks of the United States Government, Standard Oil, General Electric, American Tel. & Tel., etc

LIQUID

Permanently repairs leaking auto radiators

Rats! Rats! Rats!

Write us about your rodent and insect troubles. We advise without charge or obligation on your part.

CYANOGAS A-Dust kills rats on the run by giving off a deadly poison gas they can't escape. They don't have to eat it—or even touch it. Apply a small quantity with a Cyanogas Duster to the ratholes—and your rat troubles are over.

Kill them with

CYANOGAS
REG. U.S PAT. OFF.

Cyanogas should not be used in dwellings or confined spaces where the fumes may endanger human beings.

Just as quick and simple, cheap and sure for groundhogs, woodchucks, prairie dogs, ground squirrels, moles and ants.

Go to your dealer first. If he cannot supply you, we will send either of the following combinations on receipt of price—or a 5-lb. can of Cyanogas A-Dust, without the duster, for $2.50, express collect.

(A) 1—5-lb. can Cyanogas A-Dust. 1—Cyanogas Foot Pump Duster.
Both for $7.00 express collect

(B) 1—5-lb. can Cyanogas A-Dust. 1—Cyanogas Hand Duster.
Both for $5.00 express collect

Write for Leaflet 204

AMERICAN CYANAMID SALES COMPANY
INCORPORATED
511 Fifth Avenue New York, N. Y.

"It's the gas that kills them"

outnumber his detractors in the ratio of about four to one.

These observations were taken in a prairie state. In contradistinction to the political activities of the great cities, I write of rural subdivisions. I do not pretend to know anything of city politics. But within the scope and meaning of this article, three-quarters or four-fifths of the politics of the country is rural. So far as the fundamentals are concerned, I doubt if there is much difference between city and country politics. There is only one formula. There doubtless are more crooks and shysters in any given area of the cities, because there are more people in the area. I suspect, because of the congested nature of the population, that city politicians have more five-dollar men with whom to contend. A five-dollar man—the definition is mine—is a member of the party or faction who expects a little help now and then. He wants it expressed in the form of a sinecure, as some purely ornamental job of fetching, watching or carrying. Usually he is a drone in the hive and of absolutely no value to the party on which he has fixed himself.

Checking Against Friendship

Carter Wild, editor of the Grigsby City Clarion, is my oldest friend. He was the printer on the Clarion when I went into the office. He was a youngster then, seriously engaged in contemplation of the holy estate of matrimony on an honorarium of ten dollars a week.

Carter has been in politics continuously for nearly forty years. He has been a power in state politics—one of the strong men of his congressional district—for thirty. He is as typical of those who grow beyond county size in politics as Ed Mastin is of those who remain precinct workers throughout their political careers. The political genesis and evolution of Carter Wild is interesting because it happened. It is interesting, too, because it is a blue print of the equations of American politics.

Hen Funk, Sim Bross, Len Redway and two or three others had run the Republican politics of Grigsby City and Kapioma County for a generation. They were the old-soldier crowd. There was nothing against them; they were good, reputable citizens. But they did hog the game, which is to say they dominated the party caucuses, named the delegates to county conventions, picked the men who were to go to congressional and state conventions, and to some extent dictated the nominations for county office. Meanwhile another generation had come along and had begun to feel its oats. It grew restive under the iron hand of the Funk-Bross-Redway crowd. The old-timers made the mistake dictators have made from the beginning of time and which they will continue to make to the end of it. They did not benevolently assimilate the young crowd; they continued to disregard it.

It must have been in 1890 that the young crowd, having perfected an organization, set out to capture the Grigsby City caucuses, and did capture them. They selected a delegation of young Republicans, and neither Hen Funk, Sim Bross nor Len Redway went to the county convention that year. Carter Wild was on the delegation. He had helped plan the revolt and that was his beginning in politics. Thence on he was increasingly a factor in Kapioma County and in the state.

But he was smart enough to see both the philosophy and economy of politics. He was content to serve his apprenticeship and did not press his game. When the Republicans nominated a ticket he did what he could to elect it. The seal and insignia of his party were enough for him. If a candidate carried it, Carter neither sulked nor bolted, no matter what his personal opinion of the candidate may have been. He worked and voted for him. In a small way at first, and with increasing power as the years went by, he helped men here and there. And always and ever he made friends and kept them. As he went about over his congressional district and state as a delegate to the conventions or for political conferences, he extended his acquaintance and cemented additional friendships. By 1895 he had a large fund of friendship, good will and favor in the bank of politics. There were many notes of obligation for personal services performed and he hadn't even spent the interest on them. Then he drew his first check against the fund.

In midsummer of 1895 I was sitting one day in the Clarion office talking to Mrs. Gurney, the editor. Carter had come to have a good deal to do with the conduct and policy of the paper, but he was still foreman of the back shop and his salary was fifteen dollars a week. Grover Cleveland was President and the election of his successor was fifteen months to the windward.

Carter came in from the street. He stood in the doorway, laughed his sharp staccato laugh, and catching sight of me, said, "If we elect a Republican President next year, you see before you the next postmaster of Grigsby City. I made up my mind this morning to be a candidate and"—turning to Mrs. Gurney—"I'll want your indorsement."

By nightfall he had been in touch with half the politicians of any consequence in the county and had their indorsement and promise of support. In a month he had the leading business and professional men of his town and county lined up. Before McKinley was nominated or elected, he had secured the indorsement of virtually all the prominent politicians of the state. There was no squabble, no contest, over the appointment of a postmaster to succeed the Democratic incumbent at Grigsby City. Carter Wild had got it and gone. He had taken pains and was on his way.

Carter Wild went from the post office to a state office, to which he was twice elected, in 1903. He was still checking against the fund of friendship and good will he had accumulated and still had a large balance in his favor. He had continued to be a regular depositor.

He might have gone right on holding office of one sort or another, but when his second term expired in 1907 he said to his friends, "I've had mine and I'm through for a time—probably for all time. What I want to do now is help the boys who helped me."

The Odyssey of Carter Wild

As far as the gratification of any personal ambition was concerned, he was out of politics for eighteen years. But he never stopped battling for his party and his friends and never ceased to be a power. Last winter the governor of Carter's state had an important appointive place to fill—a state bureau in which a good executive is needed and a good politician is desirable. He asked Carter to take it. I saw Carter in April. He was head over heels in the reorganization and extension of his bureau and ten years had fallen from his shoulders.

And that is the political Odyssey of Carter Wild. There is nothing unusual, sensational, significant or important about it. It is just typical. Politically, it is commonplace because the political careers of so many men exactly parallel it. There are thousands of Carter Wilds and thousands of careers like his. His detractors in his home county call him Boss Wild. They mumble things against him. And they go to him when they want a favor—and get it. But I am perfectly certain Carter Wild never had a dirty dollar, and he has been, for more than thirty years, the most valuable citizen of his town. He has done more for it materially and morally than any other individual.

I am perfectly certain, too, that Carter Wild's long connection with politics has been to his financial advantage. I do not know how much he has, and, except that his newspaper is profitable, I do not know how he made it. But any man who makes strong and influential friends, in politics or

(Continued on Page 121)

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Where Summer Comes Early and Stays Late, is America's Coolest Summer City
Average Summer Temperature 58°
San Francisco is also the industrial and commercial capital of the Pacific Coast and the largest port in volume and value of all tonnage. The industrial area of the San Francisco Bay region is the manufacturing and shipping focus for more than half the population of the Pacific Coast and the gateway to the Orient.
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How an Ingersoll Radiolite looks in the dark

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The Waterbury, a thin model, 12-size, open-faced watch made in America. Accurate time-keeper. $6.50

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Continued from Page 118

elsewhere, profits by and through them. Here and there is a financial superman who goes along under his own steam and exacts a fortune from his personal endeavors. But most of those who rise above the financial level of a comfortable living have the favor of powerful and influential friends. The friendly office is one of the commonest gestures in American life. It exists in business, in society and in politics. It is as prevalent in one as in another.

Morse Alton was the wisest and most resourceful politician I have known. He helped set up political dynasties. He was a master of political strategy. I met him first in 1898. In the later years of his life I knew him very well, indeed, sitting often with him at cards or in the little office where he thought his thoughts and wove the variegated threads of politics into the warp and woof of political achievement. And because he was a master strategist, I watched him closely, listened intently and learned what I could from him.

He was the simplest and most unostentatious of men—the loosely built and gangling type of genus homo—and never ceased to resemble the country school-teacher he had been at the beginning of his career. He died prematurely and in the full flush of his years, and he died in an hour of triumph. He had just made another governor. It was Morse who had gone to the battle-scarred fields of France and picked Herbert P. Atley as a candidate for the post. It was Morse who started the spontaneous movement for Atley's nomination and who assembled the political machinery which made the nomination and subsequent election little more than a formality.

Interpreting the Straws

I watched Morse through the ten or twelve years in which we were intimates. And I came to the conclusion that his genius for politics was not much more than a knowledge of men, a gift in assembling and cataloguing detail, and an infinite capacity for taking pains. He knew his state as a keen bridge player knows his cards. He knew the capabilities and possibilities of the men on whom he relied. He knew strength and weakness. He knew what an insurrection in Bad Ax County would cost in votes and he knew how to put it down. He knew whether Abe Goshorn of Purvis City was worth tying to. And he never left anything to chance. He either looked after it personally or sent somebody on whom he could rely. And he was always figuring. Wherever he sat was a pad on which he computed the possibilities and probabilities of the situation at hand.

I sat with him in Republican State Headquarters the night of the election of 1916. The East already had conceded the election of Hughes. Morse was jotting down the straggling returns from his own state on the inevitable pad. Not more than a dozen precincts had reported. They were widely scattered and comprehended small segments of city and country votes. When the flash that Hughes was elected came, Morse looked up.

"Hughes may be elected," he said, "but Wilson has carried this state."

The complete returns showed that Wilson had carried the state by twenty-five thousand. Morse had forecast the result on a showing of fewer than three thousand votes.

Morse Alton, first a country schoolteacher and then a country editor in a remote county, came up in politics with what was known as the Mortimer C. Bogue Eleventh District machine, of which he became the head and shoulders. He began to advance when the big fellows of the Eleventh District noticed that the vote always got out in the precincts assigned to Morse and that the results usually were satisfactory. The primary purpose of the Bogue machine was to send Mortimer C. Bogue to Congress. It went much farther—it carried Bogue as far as the United States Senate. Meanwhile it made governors, congressmen and judges and dominated the state off and on for more than twenty years.

Morse Alton never ran for an elective office of any sort, but he held appointive positions during the last twenty years of his life. He never had a job of any sort that paid more than three thousand dollars a year. His estate amounted to about twenty-five thousand dollars. Were politicians as venal as the popular conception of them, and did politics present the opportunities for financial accretion attributed to it, Morse could have accumulated a million dollars.

Keeping Faith With the Party

I have spoken of his capacity for taking pains. It was his fortissimo note and I have occasion to recall it. In one of my own campaigns for office Morse was attached to my headquarters force in the capacity of counselor and adviser.

Two or three nights before the election we were going over the estimates and unofficial polls. Morse lived in a small precinct in the Third Ward. As I recall it, there were fewer than two hundred and fifty votes in it. The unofficial poll indicated that I would carry the precinct by about thirty votes. There were twenty-four names on the polling list to the ultimate destination of which there was no clew. They were apparently anybody's meat. Morse wrote the names on his pad—and he didn't send anybody; he went himself. During the next two or three days he saw them all. He lined up nineteen of them for his candidate. Three of them failed to go to the polls at all. I carried the precinct by fifty-four votes.

I have referred to the fact that fealty to party is often the mainspring of a politician's efforts, the inspiration of his abnegation. I buttress the observation with a leaf from Morse Alton's life. He told me about it long afterward; I doubt that many have read it. Morse was state chairman in 1898, when the Republicans came back to power after a period of obloquy and defeat. The unwritten law of politics is that the man who leads a successful campaign may have his choice of the spoils of victory. That of public printer then was the most remunerative office in the state. It was a fee office and the law fixed a good margin of profit on a large product. Nobody ever told what he took from the office of state printer in the halcyon days, but the pickings were estimated at twenty-five thousand dollars a year. When the time came to apportion the usufruct of the campaign of 1898, Morse Alton was appointed commissioner of banking. The Bogue machine swung in behind Seth Mangan and elected him state printer.

As I have said, Morse told me about it years afterward.

"I wanted to be state printer," he said. "It meant something I had never had—financial easement. But Seth wanted it too. The party was just getting back on its feet. A row over the state printer's office might have hurt it. So I let Seth have it and took commissioner of banking."

I have written at some length of Morse Alton because so many of the political figures set up for inspection by a reading public are either legendary or wholly fictitious. Here is one who lived and breathed and had his being. He is authentic to the ultimate adjective. He was neither a hero nor a crook. He was a politician.

I haven't much sympathy with the notion that a man is greatly hampered in the administration of public affairs by his political friends and followers. If a man musses up a job of officeholding, I think it usually is due to his own defects and limitations. A politician is always concerned for the popular success of the man he has supported for office. He has given hostage for him to his followers. It reflects on his judgment and weakens his own influence if his candidate turns out to be a dud or becomes a sorry figure in the public mind. Taking them as they come and go, the politician who lasts longest is the one who lands oftenest with strong and effective public servants. The mantle of a good public official keeps a lot of supporters warm.

In my own campaigns for office I had the support of the leading politicians and the public-service corporations. I didn't have all the politicians, but it still gratifies me to remember that I had the greater number and the more notable array. I wish to set it down here that neither the public-service corporations nor the politicians ever asked a special favor from me. The politicians were particularly helpful. They had supported me and were concerned for my success. They were always smoothing some rough place for me or liberating me from some jam into which my inexperience in public affairs had plunged me. Once in talking to Ad Stuhrm, I commented on the fact that the public-service corporations had never asked anything from me except a fair hearing.

"Well," he said, "we figured you'd be fair with us. That's the reason we supported you. I don't know any bigger fool thing than pressing a public official who wants to be fair for some special favor."

A Candidate's Two Requisites

The politicians elected me to office. Few men are strong enough to get into office under their own canvas. They need organized effort, and the politicians supply it. That is their game. Knowing I was beholden to my political friends for my election, I was curious to know what they would expect of me. I found they were interested in only two things. They wondered whether I would stand hitched. In other words, whether, having given my word, I would keep it. The other was, did I play the game? In making appointments and distributing the largess that fell to my hand, would I favor my friends or try to curry favor with my enemies? The officeholder who curls up quickest in his public career, and is most speedily forgotten by everybody concerned, is the one who tries to work both sides of the street. I managed to pass the rigid inspection of the politicians. I kept my word and I favored my friends. The result was that I had more political support when I went out of office than I had when I went into it. If my mind had been set on a political career, they would have carried me as far as I was competent to go. Their interest was selfish, of course, but I had two qualities that appealed to them—I played the game and I got votes.

One thing indelibly impressed upon my memory is that none of my political friends ever suggested or advised a course which involved the sacrifice of my own self-respect or insisted that I do a thing at variance with my own sense of what was right and proper in the circumstance.

I wish I might say as much for the plain people. They were less particular. They were not much concerned about my own feeling of self-respect or my future. I was occasionally approached, particularly in the first year or two of my public service. But invariably the constituent who wanted me to do an improper thing, or a questionable thing, was one of those who, in the grandiloquence of the written or spoken word, are described as the toiling masses. Whatever his moral or ethical standards, the seasoned politician is too smart deliberately to put the officeholder he has sponsored into an unpleasant hole.

Unwittingly, perhaps, the politician is the author of the sorry figure of himself he creates in the public mind. It isn't because he is necessarily venal or crooked. It is because he has become the victim of his own conception of the game. He believes the people must have their hokum; that the only way to galvanize them into action is to stir their emotions and their prejudices. The accepted formula is that of creating in the public mind the conviction that the political organization to which he is opposed, and which he wishes to depose, is composed of crooks, grafters, vandals and stick-up men. Thus there is always a cross fire of abuse between political organizations and factions. A political row gets quickly into the newspapers and becomes public property. In fact, the purpose of most political rows is to get into the newspapers. And the public draws the only conclusion it knows how to make. Most political rows are pure hokum. Where bitter personal feeling between politicians actually exists, it is often predicated on a matter as paltry and trivial as the identity of a candidate.

There was the row between Sim Dodson and Major Ajax Guffey. It raged for years. Major Guffey was a militant editor who, early in its existence, had dedicated himself to what came to be known as the progressive cause. Sim Dodson was a smart corporation attorney and a leader of the stand-pat faction of his party. They were both excellent citizens and men of good character. But they trained with different factions, and since for purely political reasons one political faction always opposes the policies of another, they never were in accord on anything. In his editorializing, and in his private conversation, Major Guffey never was able to glean from his very large and extensive vocabulary terms of abuse and derision sufficient in number really to express his opinion of Sim. And Sim regarded the major as a puerile and contemptible pup and made no bones of saying so.

Politics and the Personal Touch

Herbert P. Atley was in France. Morse Alton, sensing an opportunity to draw the ragged factions of the Republican Party together, set up the pins to nominate Atley for governor. Major Guffey trained with Atley's crowd in politics and swung enthusiastically into line for his nomination. The news that Guffey was for Atley created no comment. He would have been. But when, a week or two later, word came to the state capital that Sim also was for Atley, there was talk about it. But Sim had a boy in France, the war had swept his emotions, and it may be that he, too, wanted to patch the ragged holes in the party ermine.

Whether Morse Alton deliberately staged the public reconciliation of Sim Dodson and Major Guffey, or whether it was an emotional impromptu, probably never will be known. Both men attended the mass meeting at the state capital held for the purpose of launching Atley's candidacy. Both made speeches pledging support to it. Finding themselves committed to a common cause, and suddenly realizing they had nothing against each other, Sim and the major, swept as they were by the fervor of the moment, met impulsively in the center of the stage and publicly hugged each other, to the great delectation of the assembled audience. They were together behind a candidate and they had no further ground for disagreement. As far as I know, they're good friends yet. But the major can never erase from the consciousness of his readers the unpleasant impression of Sim he created there, and much of Sim's dislike for the major still holds in the minds of his followers.

I offer this as my opinion: The man who believes the business of government can be taken away from the politicians has no adequate conception of either. Running the government is the trade of politicians. They serve a rigorous apprenticeship to it before they are permitted to carry a journeyman's card. And they work steadily at it. No set of dilettantes or amateurs can compete with them or take anything from them. Movements ostensibly designed to place the plain people in charge of government come and go. They will continue to do so as the ages roll by. But behind every movement to restore the country to its alleged owners is a covey of politicians bent on dislodging the politicians in power and ambitious to take their places. Otherwise the movement, however admirable its creed, doesn't get under way. For politics is nothing more than organized effort supplemented by the personal touch.

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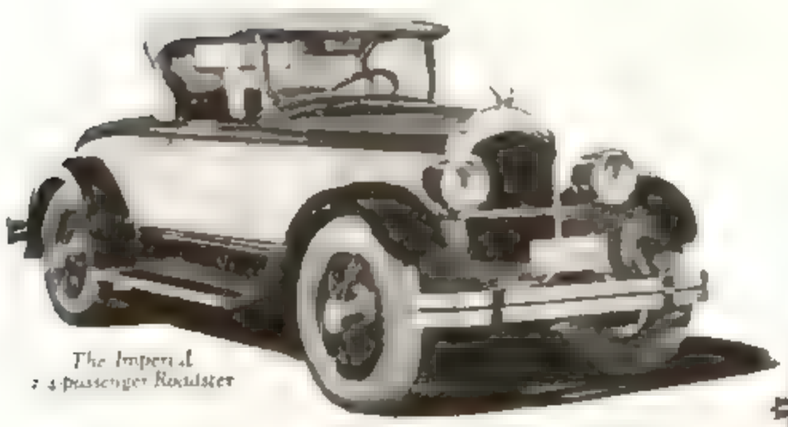

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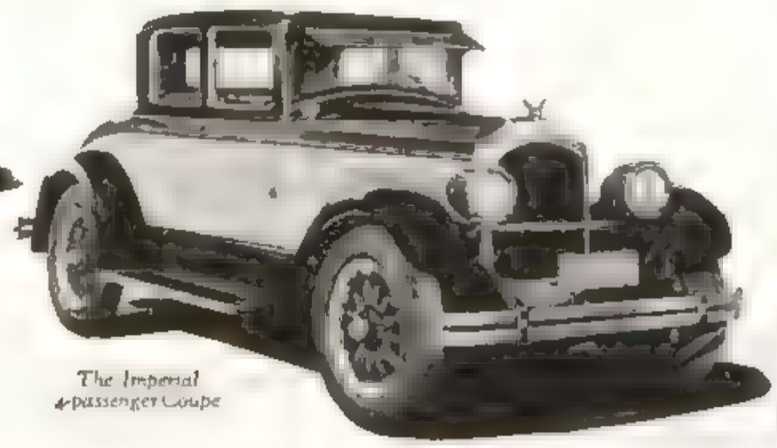

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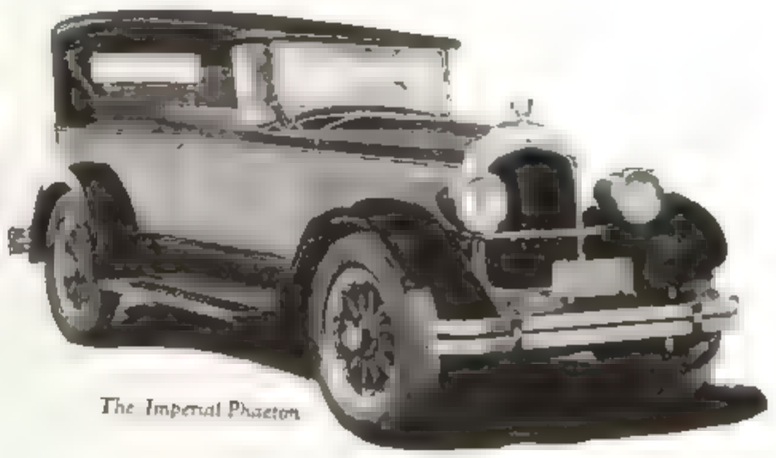

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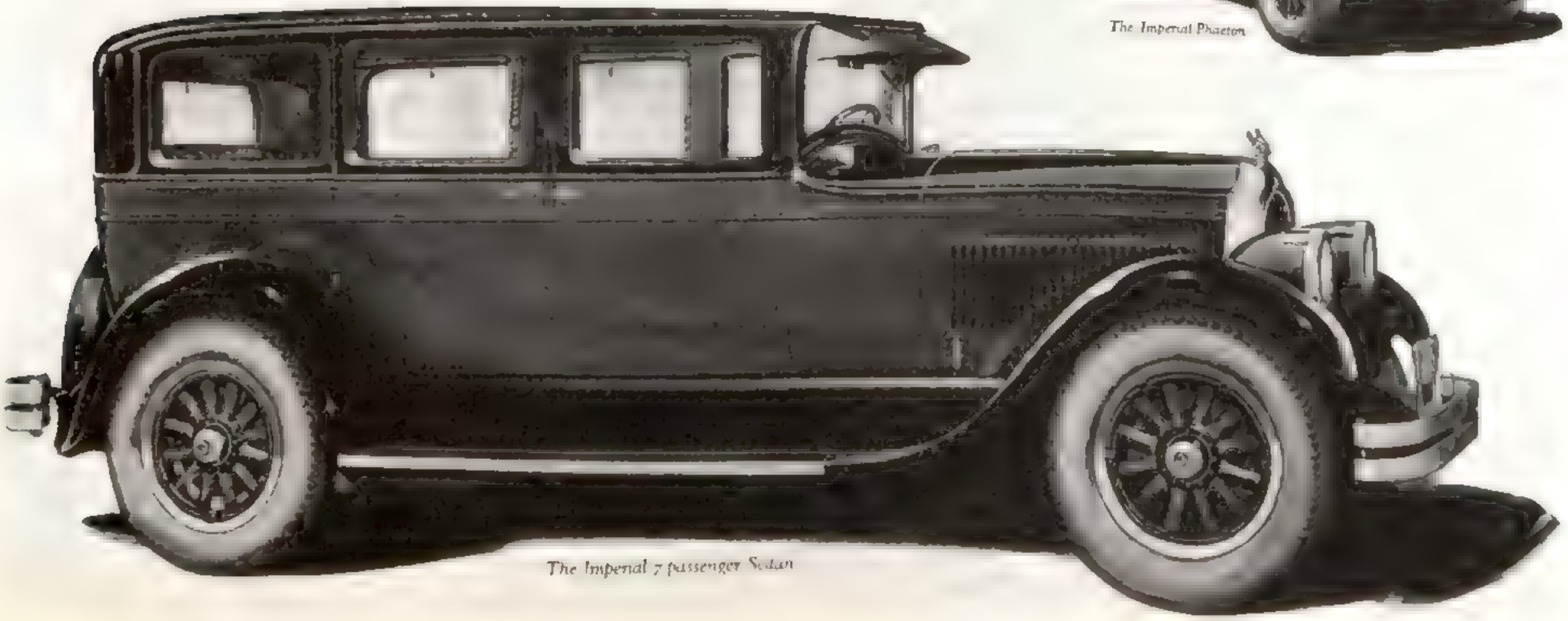

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Until you do experience this Chrysler performance you simply cannot conceive the luxury of motoring where the engine is so insulated from both running gear and body, by resilient blocks of live rubber, that there is no power pulsation apparent.

The engine is so finely balanced, so symmetrically designed, and operates with such vibrationless smoothness that it seems as if nothing further would be accomplished in this direction.

The most costly cars are the only comparison for the Chrysler Imperial. We confidently predict that such a comparison will be favorable to Chrysler after you have ridden in this latest Chrysler creation, for its vitality and flexibility, its 92 horse-power and its speed of 80 miles and more, are qualities to make you marvel as well as to delight you.

Luxurious in Bodies and in Furnishings

The new Chrysler Imperial is literally as fine as money can build, in its luxurious body types as well as its unprecedented performance.

All Chrysler closed body designs are created by Chrysler engineers, and executed by Fisher.

From the radiator on through the hood and body, the roof and fenders, all the lines flow together into an ensemble of captivating beauty, which is totally new, totally different and yet distinctively Chrysler. Thus the dynamic beauty which Chrysler so skilfully expresses has been carried to still greater heights.

The car is low. Its exquisite grace gives the impression of fleetness, and at the same time there is the impression of rugged stability and tremendous strength.

In such a car, you expect the finest in the obvious things like upholstery, furnishings and fittings, and you get it in the Chrysler Imperial, where most of the interior equipment has been produced to Chrysler's exclusive design.

No Chassis Lubrication —A Great Contribution

When you drive the Chrysler Imperial for the first time, you will wonder why it rides so differently. No matter how rough the going there will be no sense of sharp jolts or being thrown. You never have had such an experience in a motor car.

This delightful surprise is the result of the new engineering elements injected by Chrysler designers and now presented for the first time in a passenger car—

An engineering advance that not only means better spring mounting, greater ease, absolute silence in spring operation, and the minimum of road sounds, but the elimination of chassis lubrication—an invaluable improvement.

In even the costliest of cars the spring ends are attached to the frame by shackles, shackle bolts and bushings.

Chrysler engineers have eliminated all these parts, which are prone to wear and become noisy and which must be frequently lubricated.

They anchor the springs in blocks of resilient live rubber which envelop and cushion the spring ends. They do away with 12 spring bolts, 12 bushings, 8 shackles, 12 oilers, and 36 working joints. They do away with noise and squeaks at the spring ends, and with frequent oiling or greasing.

Spring leaf lubrication also is eliminated by tailored spring covers, which retain the lubricant so that it functions for thousands of miles.

Nor is lubrication required for the hydraulic four-wheel brakes, which were pioneered by Chrysler engineers two years ago. The hydraulic system is the only one that provides perfect and permanent equalization at all four wheels and that is not subject to the wear and rattles of a complicated train of metal linkages. Time has only served to demonstrate the braking satisfaction and efficiency of the Chrysler hydraulic system.

Chrysler's Advanced Engineering Features

Chrysler engineers have developed an electric fumer, controlled from the dash, which instantly vaporizes the fuel for starting in cold weather. Furthermore, by a simple control on the dash, all the exhaust heat can be diverted directly against the intake manifold from the moment of starting, enabling the engine to reach operating efficiency without the spitting and sputtering so annoying with a cold engine.

An air-cleaner excludes road dust and grit from the engine; a gasoline-filter of Chrysler design keeps the carburetor free from water and dirt; the carburetor is equipped with a simple but precise adjusting device, the first of its kind and exclusively Chrysler; and an oil-filter, original with Chrysler, cleanses all the motor oil as the engine runs.

As fine as money can build—the utmost in luxury—

The answer to that demand is the new Chrysler Imperial.

The highest ideal has been reached—an ideal that hitherto was associated only with cars of the costliest type from Europe and America and which, even at any price, lack the great fundamentals of performance which now make the new Chrysler Imperial supremely luxurious.

You will want to know these cars, you will want to experience the luxury of their performance and road ease, for without a doubt they will serve as a measure of comparison for fine motoring for years to come.

Any of the more than 4000 Chrysler dealers will gladly give you a demonstration.

CHRYSLER SALES CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

CHRYSLER CORPORATION OF CANADA, LIMITED, WINDSOR, ONTARIO

Western Electric in 1877

Part of the Western Electric of today. The great telephone factory at Chicago

Grown Great Through Service

THE men of history grew great according to the measure of their service. So with institutions.

Western Electric is an industrial institution whose growth is no miracle, but the result of greater service. Nearly half a century ago it started on a simple idea—to make the best telephones and telephone equipment that human skill could build.

In our work for the Bell Telephone System, our ideals today are the same as those that have guided us for nearly fifty years—to grow greater by serving more.

Western Electric

SINCE 1882 MANUFACTURERS FOR THE BELL SYSTEM

HER WEIGHT IN GOLD

(Continued from Page 21)

horse I pick myself. I'm buying on margin all the time—but I'm buying land. I've come to have an obsession about land. It's the only thing in the world you see which human beings have got to have."

"What about iron and coal?" said Jondough. "The great markets of the world ——"

"I don't know about markets of the world. There again, call it my vanity. I'd be nothing if I dropped my dollars into Wall Street. Down here I'm a director in two banks, and I control more mortgages than anyone in this part of the world suspects. I like to keep my finger in the pie. It amuses me—and it's also very lucrative."

It was almost two years more before Brother Ben and Alice and eight-year-old Bee came up to New York for a few days before sailing for Europe. Before their arrival Mrs. Jondough had wondered just what she could do to entertain them. She knew that everyone in New York—even the nicest people were apt to have country relatives come to town. One took them to the theater, the opera, the smartest restaurants, advised them about milliners, and went to bed for a day after their departure. But Alice and Ben didn't fit into that category either.

Alice had long lists of people to see, and exhibits to see, and things that she must buy, and, most important of all, she had to interview countless French teachers in the hope of finding one sufficiently homesick to cross with them and to teach little Bee her first foreign language.

"Of course Patricia has French and German both," said Mrs. Jondough.

"I know," said Alice, "but there's no one in our town to teach Bee, and I don't want to complicate life with a resident governess. She'll get a beginning this summer though."

At this stage of their development the two cousins were more alike than ever before. They looked almost like twins, except that Patricia wore a gold-wire brace in her front teeth. They were both thin long-legged little girls who read everything and rarely connected that which they read with the world of reality. Both of them loved poetry, even though they pronounced "isle" with an audible "s," and "misled" as a monosyllable.

After the ship had sailed, Patricia's mother did not go to bed to rest. She moved out of her social rut in three new directions—she joined a French conversation class, the woman-suffrage movement and bought the complete works of Tagore. The French conversation class and the works of Tagore may have been the direct result of Alice's influence. In another way, so was the enlistment in the votes-for-women campaign; for Alice was anti.

Everything Except Money

The only reason Alice gave was irritating. If she had declared that in the South there were more colored women than white, she would have been intelligible. But she persisted in saying that she was antisuffrage because she believed in feminism.

"And that," said Mrs. Jondough to her husband, "doesn't mean anything!"

"Nothing, darling," he reassured her. "But she's always been queer, you know. She likes Ibsen and Strindberg."

"Does she?" said his wife. "Why, she told me she couldn't bear Maeterlinck."

Miss Bendel was also reading Tagore and Maeterlinck at this time. Perhaps this is why she absent-mindedly put the bills for straightening Patricia's teeth into the pigeonhole reserved for Mrs. Jondough's accounts.

Mr. Jondough glanced at the memoranda of the year's expenses sometime in February. The perfect secretary had long since discovered that whatever items were on the list headed, "For the account of Patricia Jondough" were O. K.'d without question. But he felt, as he said on occasion, that he must keep track of the expenditures of Patricia's mother. He usually added that he was a generous man. He liked to have his wife as well dressed as any other man's wife, and he gave her splendid presents, not only at Christmas and birthdays, but usually when he had made a coup downtown he bought really good jewelry for her.

In spite of his generosity, they quarreled about money. Mrs. Jondough, reasonable woman though she was, declared that all the gowns and diamond pins in the world were not compensation for even a tiny personal allowance of her very own.

"But what do you want money for?" he would ask. "You have everything in the world money can buy."

"But that isn't the point." Before she could reach the point, however, tears would usually fill her brown eyes and Mr. Jondough would remember a client he had promised to meet at the club.

Once she scored. "The reason I want money of my own is the reason you don't want me to have it!" she declared.

"That darned woman-suffrage movement's put ideas in your head!" Suddenly he remembered that item of fifteen hundred dollars for dental work. "What in the world have you had done to your teeth?" he asked suddenly.

"Almost nothing," she answered. "A cavity or two filled—that's all. Why?"

Shaping Patricia's Future

The ensuing discussion was destined to have a curious effect upon the future of Patricia. For Mr. Jondough, who was tired and temporarily in bad humor, revealed an ugly suspicion that his wife might have padded the dentist's account so that the difference between the actual bill and the amount he paid would be returned to her.

"You needn't be so upset," he said. "Lots of women do things like that every day. A client of mine discovered the other day that his wife's dressmaker was almost doubling the cost of every item on the bill and then turning the difference over to her."

But if Mrs. Jondough's eyes brimmed over with tears her husband did not see them, for she left the room quietly, her face drained of color.

Money was never mentioned between them again. Yet this discussion was to prove very costly to him, not only in the subtle estrangement, the withdrawal of personality to which it gave a decided impetus, but in actual money.

For Mrs. Jondough determined that little Pat should never, never be subjected to the humiliation which she had endured, and that the only way to prevent it was to train her for economic independence.

By this time, although Mrs. Jondough's mental equipment was of mediocre qua'ity, she had acquired sufficient wisdom so that she expressed none of this to her husband. The only person, in fact, with whom she ever discussed it at all was a rather plain little woman named Isabel Blank whom she met in the suffrage movement. Mrs. Blank had understanding gray eyes which seemed to say that she knew everything and still found life amusing. To her Mrs. Jondough confided her theories of life, in the naïve belief that the other would consider them only theories and not experiences.

When Mrs. Blank went to France to drive an ambulance in 1915, Patricia was just ten. But she had already determined to be a sculptor when she grew up. She even began to work at it two years later when Mr. Jondough went down to Washington as a dollar-a-year man and Patricia and her mother stayed on in New York.

Mr. Jondough told his friends that, because of the shortage of coal in the capital and the difficulty of changing schools, and so on, he had thought it better to have his family stay at home. Mrs. Jondough told her friends that because of her work for the suffrage movement she found it impossible to go to Washington with her husband. Both of them enjoyed that year immensely.

Barbara and Alice came several times to stay in New York with Patricia and her mother. Brother Ben was in France or, to be more accurate, he was in Paris. He wrote erratic letters to Alice, who had become very thin, laughed at Tagore and smoked cigarettes incessantly.

Yet she and the mother of Patricia became close friends, and the two girls, who began to look quite unlike, were as quarrelsome as if they had been sisters.

Barbara made fun of Patricia's modeling. "I shall dance when I'm grown up," she declared. "It's much the most plastic of the arts."

"At thirteen she's as platitudinous as thirty," her mother sighed.

Miss Bendel made weekly trips to Washington, importantly carrying a brief case full of letters and memoranda and the housekeeping bills. Even Mr. Jondough, who was having a difficult and delightful time saving civilization from his desk in Washington, was amused by the air of secrecy with which she unloaded these missives. For some reason he happened to notice an item around a hundred dollars on one of his club bills marked "theater seats." The next time he was in New York, even though it was only for a day, he remembered to ask his wife if she knew anything about such a charge.

"Yes, they were for me," she said. "When Alice was here we went two or three times."

"Alone?"

"No." Her color was heightened a little. "Not alone. We took—some people—from one of the foreign missions over here."

He started to question her more closely; then remembering the last two or three parties to which he had gone, he said nothing. In order not to make his criticism personal, he started to say that it seemed hardly the thing, with poor Brother Ben over in France, for Alice to be gadding about with foreigners; then thought of an extract his wife had read to him from a letter written by her ambulance-driving friend, Mrs. Blank, who was also in Paris.

So he spoke of the doctor's bills. "Five hundred dollars for having Patricia's tonsils out. It's ridiculous!"

"Yes, isn't it?" she said. "By the way, the doctor thinks she ought to go to Florida for a few weeks."

"I suppose you'll go with her?"

"No, I'll stay here. I thought you might like to give Barbara the trip—Miss Elderton will take them."

One Breach Closed by Another

Miss Bendel's dispatch case bulged when she carried the bills next month. The two girls and the English governess had been outfitted in the middle of the winter for Florida. An expedition to the South Pole could scarcely have cost more. At the last moment the doctor thought a trained nurse ought to go with them as well as Miss Elderton. They had taken four bedrooms and a sitting room at a hotel. They had eaten. Looking at the restaurant charges, it seemed incredible to think they had done anything but eat. Yet, according to the bills, they had bathed, motored, gone out in a house boat, telegraphed home for more new clothes and rented horses to ride.

The next year two momentous things occurred simultaneously in the Jondough family: Patricia went to boarding school; Mr. Jondough came home from Washington. To the astonishment of Mrs. Jondough, she and her husband found more pleasure in the society of each other than they had in years. That which drew them together, curiously enough, was the distressing experience of Alice and Ben.

Poor Brother Ben he had become in fact. Something, or perhaps a combination of many things, which he had undergone in France, had wrought devastating changes in his personality, even in his appearance. The tolerant humorous twinkle had disappeared from his eyes; in place of the interweaving companionship which he and Alice had known, he had become, apparently, her antagonist. He was irritable and impatient, he snapped out unkind criticisms of her manner, her hats, even in front of Barbara.

Barbara it was who first suggested divorce. To everyone's surprise, however, it was Alice—Alice, who had always been a paragon of broadmindedness—who opposed it. In a moment of desperate unhappiness she disclosed her reason. She was convinced that Ben was in love with someone else and she was grimly determined to keep them apart.

The Diplomatic Miss Collins

On the day before they left New York, Alice went down to her brother-in-law's impressive office and asked him to help her.

"Barbara mustn't be at home this winter," she declared. "Will you lend me the money to send her away to school?"

"No," said her brother-in-law. "I'll send her myself, for Patricia's sake. Pat is dreadfully homesick. She is fonder of Bee than of anyone else."

He pressed a button on his great flat-topped desk and Miss Bendel appeared.

"Telegraph to Miss Collins, the head mistress of Patricia's school, and say that my brother's daughter wants to enter next week. Ask her to telephone her answer."

Miss Bendel, who could unblushingly tell a corporation head or a bank president that Mr. Jondough was out of town, even though he were sitting five feet away from the telephone, was unable to cope with the head mistress of Patricia's school.

The low cultivated voice, with "a's" not too broad nor too flat, with perfect "r's," but above all the assurance somehow expressed by Miss Collins' manner that the person to whom she was talking was not quite so well-bred as she, proved too much for Miss Bendel, who had always lived in New York.

She interrupted Mr. Jondough in the midst of an important conversation about a hunting trip in the Canadian woods, so that he could speak to Miss Collins personally. But even he could not hurry Miss Collins. Carefully and explicitly she told him just what the school stood for, just how impossible it was to take people outside the long waiting list. Just the week before, they had had to refuse a girl whose family had entered her the very day of her birth, because they were overcrowded.

At last, however, Mr. Jondough's patience ended. "Then you can't take her?"

"No, I didn't say quite that." The cool voice on the other end of the wire, hundreds of miles away, reproved his hasty conclusion. "By an extraordinary coincidence one of our girls had a cable this very morning saying that her mother was very ill in Rome, and she must sail at once. Your niece can come in her place."

Mr. Jondough found himself expressing warm gratitude, in the midst of which the receiver clicked. So for the next four years Miss Bendel spent a good many hours over the two accounts. The initial expenses were of no consequence, however, compared with those multitudinous items coming under the head of incidentals.

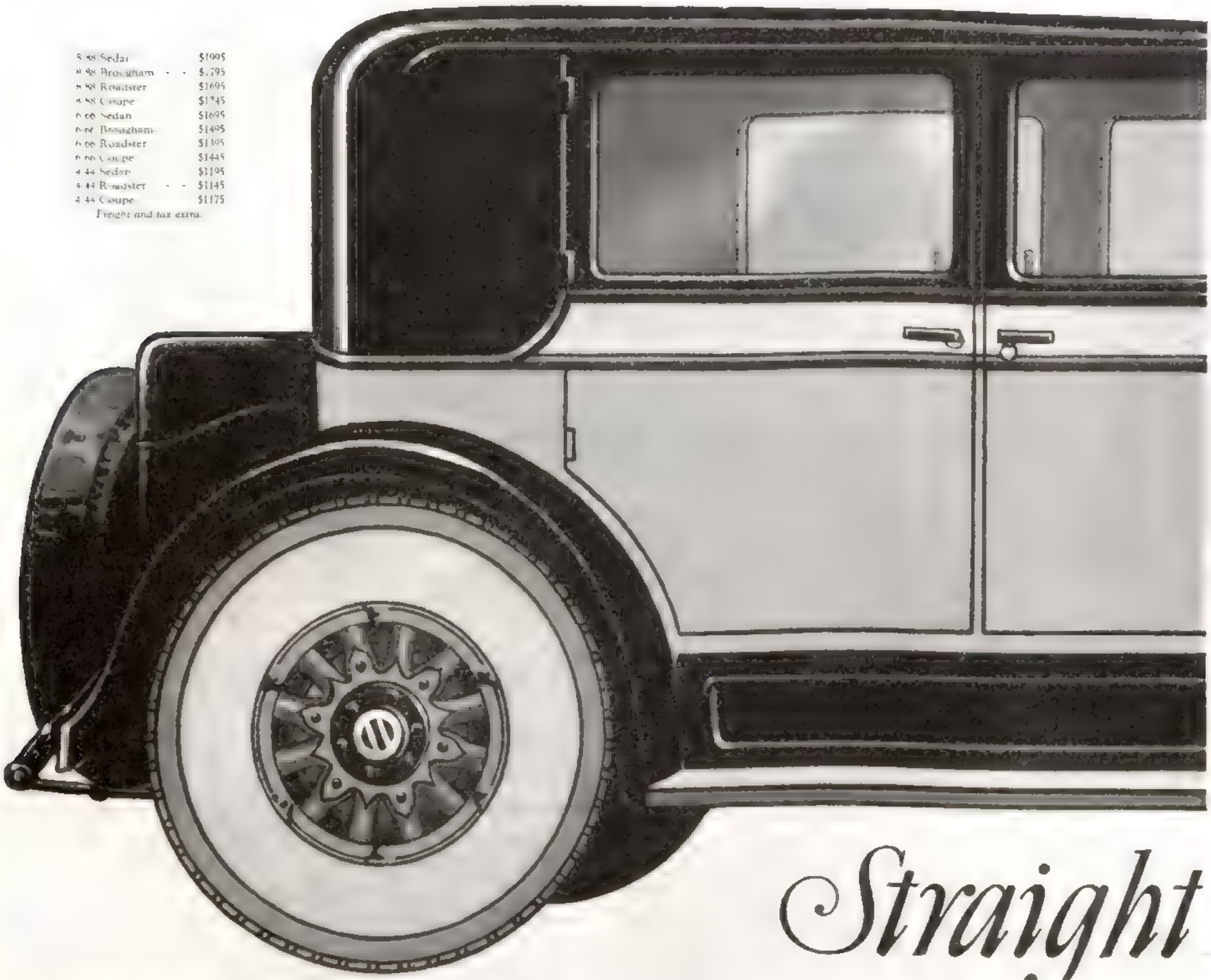
Tuition was two thousand dollars; in addition to this there were charges for laundry, books, extra coaching in a variety of subjects, rental of horses, chaperonage into

(Continued on Page 128)

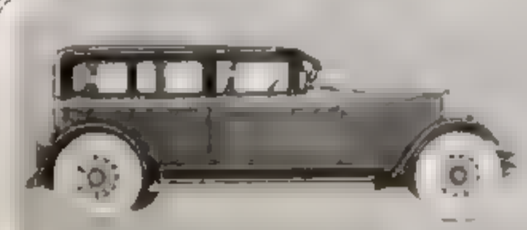
AUBURN

8-88 Sedan	$1995
8-88 Brougham	$1795
8-88 Roadster	$1695
8-88 Coupe	$1745
6-66 Sedan	$1695
6-66 Brougham	$1495
6-66 Roadster	$1395
6-66 Coupe	$1445
4-44 Sedan	$1195
4-44 Roadster	$1145
4-44 Coupe	$1175

Freight and tax extra.

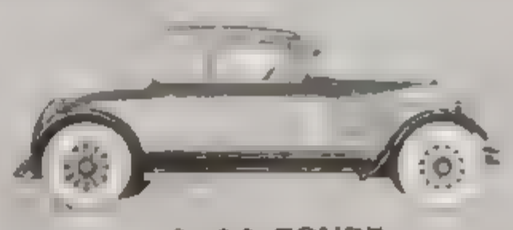


Straight



8-88 SEDAN

8-88 ROADSTER



8-88 COUPE

6-66 SEDAN

8 EIGHTY EIGHT 6 SIXTY SIX 4 FORTY FOUR

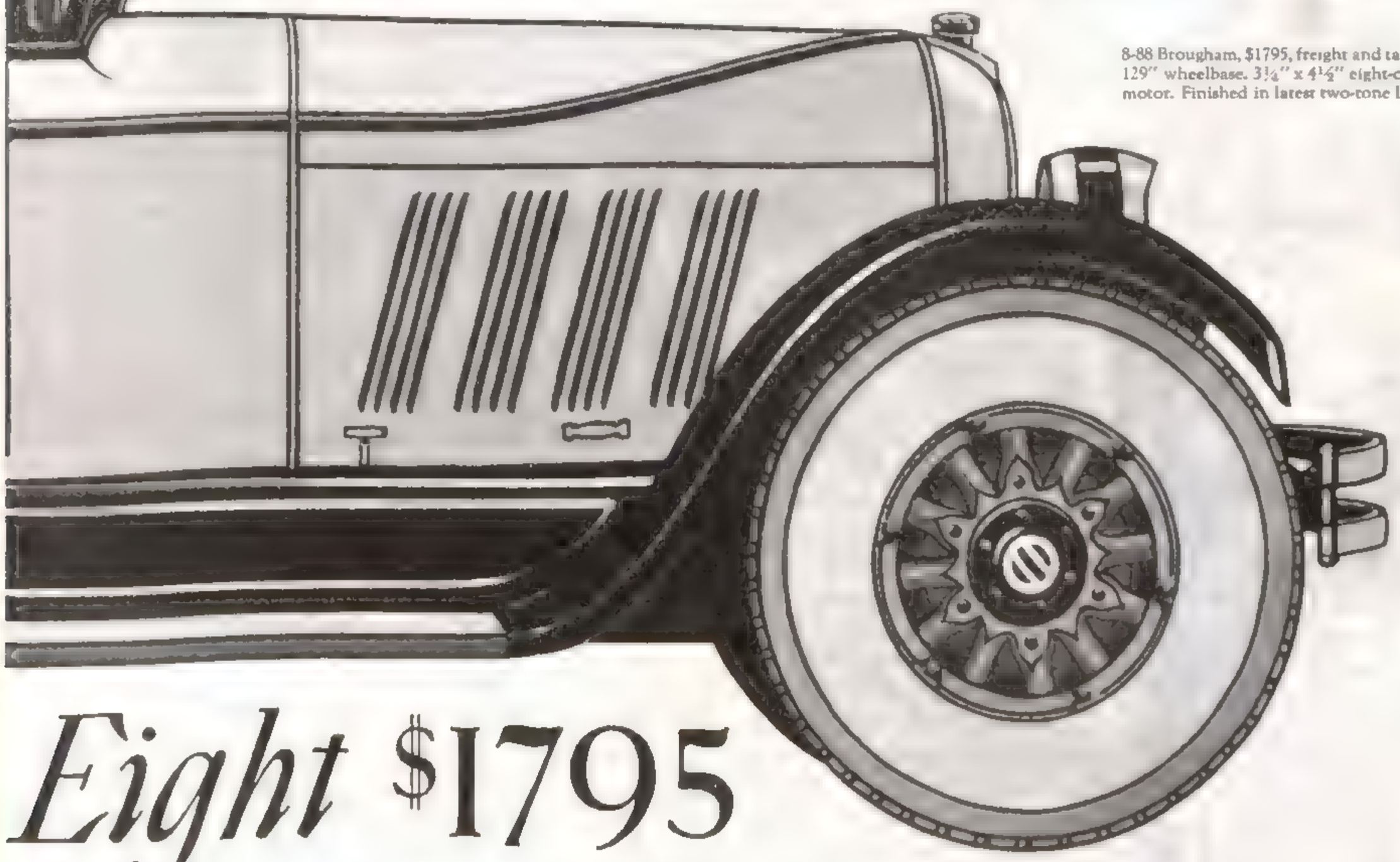
Auburn has had a good reputation for 25 years. (It had to be good to be one of the *few* cars to succeed that long.) But within the last year it has made the most sensational rise to the very top among the ultra fine, very exclusive, deluxe cars. Auburn's quality ascendency is emphasized more, as more manufacturers join the already crowded low-priced competition. It is optional with any factory whether it wants to be known as the builder of the *most* cars or of the *best* cars. *Auburn's aim is the best!*

Nearly two years ago we started working for today's unqualified quality leadership. Last year our Eight was a daring improvement. Many said it was too good; that it could not be done for the price. We said it would force price revisions among old-style cars. It did. Our sales more than doubled. We could only supply 25% of our orders. Unparalleled value did it. And, great as it was, it was only the forerunner for 1926.

This year we offer an even *better* Eight, a better Six, and a wonderful new type of Four—larger motors, stronger frames, more expensive bodies, finer finish! Although our factory production has been greatly enlarged, the early demand for the unprecedented value of these new cars warrants us in cautioning you to order at once.

AUBURN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, AUBURN, INDIANA

8-88 Brougham, $1795, freight and tax extra
129" wheelbase. 3¼" x 4½" eight-cylinder motor. Finished in latest two-tone lacquer.



Eight $1795

6-66 BROUGHAM

6-66 ROADSTER

6-66 COUPE

4-44 SEDAN

(Continued from Page 125)

town, concert and theater tickets. Clothes were to be simple and inexpensive; as it was a very fashionable school indeed, they could insist upon simplicity. But to the increased astonishment of Miss Bendel, the bills for clothes were staggering. Shoes, stockings, hats, perfumes, fur coats, evening wraps, gloves, lingerie and endless dresses. Miss Bendel could not believe that anyone would want so many dresses. She knew that the number of dresses which each girl was permitted to keep in the closet of her room was limited to a small number. The others therefore were kept in a distant trunk room. At one time she made a note of the fact that Patricia had twenty-seven dresses in storage.

"And as for shoes—the girl must be a centipede," Miss Bendel reflected as she paid the bootmaker for eight new pairs. But even all these things did not cover the full amount. "C. O. D."—meaning, of course, call on dad—was a signal of distress which time after time reached the desk of the perfect secretary.

Miss Bendel had a friend who was an accountant. When they had gone home from the movies one evening, after discussing the lives of the rich for a short time, he began to make figures on the back of an envelope. Miss Bendel treasured them fortunately, for they disclosed an interesting fact.

"Take a family whose income is a hundred thousand dollars a year," he had said; "that's an average figure in that set, if you leave out the really rich. Well, suppose they have one child and they want her to have all the advantages. I figure that one-fourth of their expenses are spent directly or indirectly on her bringing up."

Patricia's Fourth of July

"I see what you mean," said Miss Bendel. "Just take the mere matter of rent. If people have a child, that means a governess. Well, there are two more bedrooms they need. In New York two extra rooms means a couple of thousand dollars more a year. It means more servants."

"But don't forget that the real cost is for their summer home," said the accountant. "That's what costs when you've got a daughter preparing to be a debutante. I read in the paper the other day that New York society existed only outside of New York. It's too big now in the city, and so people who want to get anywhere concentrate on getting into a small group in a fashionable summer place—Newport, Southampton, and so forth." He looked down at his statistics. "I figure that all in all, if a girl doesn't marry till she's twenty she costs up to that time, including interest at 5 per cent, six hundred thousand dollars."

"Heavens!" said Miss Bendel. "Can that be possible? And yet ——"

She thought of the mountainous pile of receipted bills which had accumulated to the account of Patricia Jondough.

She sighed. "I guess you're right."

The next year, however, when Patricia was not yet seventeen, she announced that she was through with school, that she did not intend to go back, that she would not make her debut the next year, and that, in short, she was going to Europe to work in the studio of a famous sculptor. This announcement was made on the very day Mr. Jondough had signed a three-year lease for an exorbitantly expensive house on Long Island. Mrs. Jondough, whose social ambitions had again been aroused, had advanced much the same arguments as Miss Bendel's friend, the accountant. Up to this time they had either rented a house for the season on the coast of Maine or had gone to Europe for most of the summer.

"We ought to have started earlier," said Patricia's mother. "It was my fault. I wasted my efforts on schools and dancing classes and city things which don't really count. We ought to have established ourselves in a smart country neighborhood. However, Patricia will have two summers before she comes out, and with your business affiliations perhaps we can swing it."

Patricia's unswerving determination to go abroad to work was less disturbing to her father than to her mother, who had planted its seeds a good many years before.

"I'm going to be independent," said the girl. "I'd like to be a darned good sculptor, but I'm going to be on my own if I have to earn my living by making plaster copies of the Venus de Milo." She added with tremendous seriousness, "And I shall keep absolute account of all that I spend, father, while I am studying, and some day I shall pay you back."

The amount of money paid out in cables between Paris and New York during the next two months surprised even Mr. Jondough, to whom transatlantic cabling, since the war, had become as casual a matter as sending a picture post card was to Miss Bendel. Finally, after the expenditure of much money and even more energy, Patricia, carefully chaperoned, was established in a shabby flat on the left bank of the Seine.

About the time she stopped using the words "picturesque" and "atmosphere" in her letters home and got down to work, both her father and mother began to feel inordinately proud of her. Mrs. Jondough was certain that her daughter had imbibed from her her artistic impulse as well as her determination to be independent. Mr. Jondough on the other hand was confident that Patricia had inherited his vigor and love of work.

In the meantime Barbara was still at boarding school, and Alice and Ben were at home in North Carolina. Whatever solution they had found for their difficulties they did not disclose, but gradually their letters began again to express interest in impersonal things which, if not quite so vivid as it had been ten years before, was nevertheless keen. They wrote with amusement of the changes in the social life of their community, of its self-conscious sophistication and of the way in which the hectic urban civilization of New York was rapidly penetrating even the remote country places of America.

"My real estate has so increased in value that I ought to bless every man in knickerbockers down here," wrote Brother Ben. "But I'm old-fashioned enough to be sorry they've come. Life had more flavor when we were a country community; now we're only suburban. The greatest compliment you can pay the country-club set is to say they're like Long Island. But perhaps after forty one becomes automatically censorious. Alice warns me against disclosing my senility by talking of the good old days. She probably is right. She usually is."

Found—a Daughter

The coming-out ball for which Mrs. Jondough had planned eighteen years before, lying in her hospital room with little Patricia beside her, was given for Patricia's cousin, Barbara.

In round figures, Miss Bendel figured that it cost fifteen thousand dollars. This included not just the formal ball, but clothes, dinners, luncheons and theater parties. It also included a two months' rest for Mrs. Jondough at the end of the season.

"What a wonderful girl Patricia is," she declared to her husband after Barbara had gone home.

"She had more sense than we had," her father had admitted. "I wish we could go over to see her without her thinking that we'd come to—to interfere."

"I know," said Mrs. Jondough. "But if you go over on that case next month I could go with you to get some clothes."

They both wrote Patricia tactful letters explaining just why they had to go to Paris, and saying that though, of course, they wanted to see her while there, the last thing they wanted to do was to interfere with any of her plans. All the way from Cherbourg on the train they told each other that they would wait until the next day before even trying to see Pat. And then as they climbed down from their compartment at the Gare St. Lazare a young figure came out of the dusk and threw herself upon them. She flung her arms tight around her mother's neck, seeming to embrace them both at once, as if she would never again let them go.

Then, for the first time in all these eighteen years, they knew the full joy of having a daughter.

With one arm linked through one of each of theirs, Patricia escorted them to the customs, seeming at one moment a thorough woman of the world as she found their trunks and used her best idiomatic French upon the *facteurs*, and in the next breath she was fairly skipping about in her excitement at the prospect of the presents these trunks contained. After their baggage had been piled in on top of a most inadequate taxi, she gave the address of her studio to the driver.

"You can't go to your hotel yet," she declared. "I've spent the whole day fixing up the studio for you."

What Price Independence?

As they followed her across the cobblestones of the courtyard, a young man came running down the steps toward them.

"Oh!" said Patricia. Her hand tightened on her mother's arm. "Oh, this is—this is Phil—Philip Carson."

Before any further words had been said Mrs Jondough knew. Patricia's father said afterward that he, too, saw it at that moment. They all dined together at a gay restaurant.

"I haven't been in one of these gilded places for a year," said Pat. "Where we usually eat it costs only seven francs, doesn't it, Phil?"

It was the next night, when they were dining at this restaurant, that Mrs. Jondough discovered that she knew Phil's mother.

"But our place on Long Island is almost next yours," she declared. "I've known your mother for years. Your brother saw a lot of Patricia's cousin, Barbara, this winter."

"I'll say he did," declared Phil. "Mad about the girl. It's funny, but I met Pat, you know, the same night—the night of Barbara's party. She was so depressed I had to be nice to her."

"Depressed? Pat!" cried her mother. "But you refused to come out. You said you wanted independence."

"Well, independence is a nice word," said Pat gallantly as the color flooded her fresh young cheeks, "but there are other things in life."

Patricia was maid of honor when Barbara married Phil's brother in North Carolina, and a month later Barbara was matron of honor at Patricia's wedding.

Of all the spectators of this latter splendid affair, no one was more interested than Miss Bendel. Her mind was filled with weddings just then, and as she looked down at the solitaire ring on her left hand she reflected happily that her last month of office routine would be spent largely in paying out incredible amounts for Patricia's trousseau as well as the cost of the ceremony. Her thoughts were still flowing in this channel after she had left the church and was waiting in line at the house to speak to the bride and groom. Just in front of her in the procession an exuberant old man was wringing Phil's hand.

"Gad, you're lucky!" he exclaimed several times. "Why, my boy, Patricia's worth her weight in gold!"

"Diamonds! Diamonds!" corrected Miss Bendel involuntarily, though no one heard her above the clatter of the crowd

CONGOLEUM
GOLD SEAL
GUARANTEE
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK
REMOVE SEAL WITH WET CLOTH

Above is shown the "Kashmir" Design—Gold Seal Rug No. 562. The complete line of patterns is shown in an interesting booklet by Anne Lewis Pierce. A copy will be sent you free on request.

"It's one of the new Congoleum designs"

IN the picture is shown one of the most popular of the new Congoleum *Gold Seal* Art-Rugs—the lovely "Kashmir" pattern. Note how artistically its field of rich tans and the royal blue border are linked together by the graceful floral motif.

Many Beautiful Patterns

There are many other designs equally delightful and distinguished. For remember Congoleum *Gold Seal* Art-Rug patterns are picked from thousands of designs submitted to us every year. Those selected truly reflect the skill and artistry of the master rug-designers of America and Europe.

And so careful and precise are Congoleum methods of manufacture that every shade of color, every detail of design, is reproduced just as these famous artists conceived them.

Satisfaction Guaranteed

As for their hidden merits—durability, careful workmanship, first-class materials—the qualities that purchasers usually have to take on faith, they are assured you by the *Gold Seal* pasted on the face of the design which pledges "Satisfaction Guaranteed or Your Money Back."

Whatever the room, there are many lovely Congoleum patterns, in all the popular room sizes, from which to choose. And prices have never before been as low as they are today.

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Philadelphia New York Boston Chicago Kansas City
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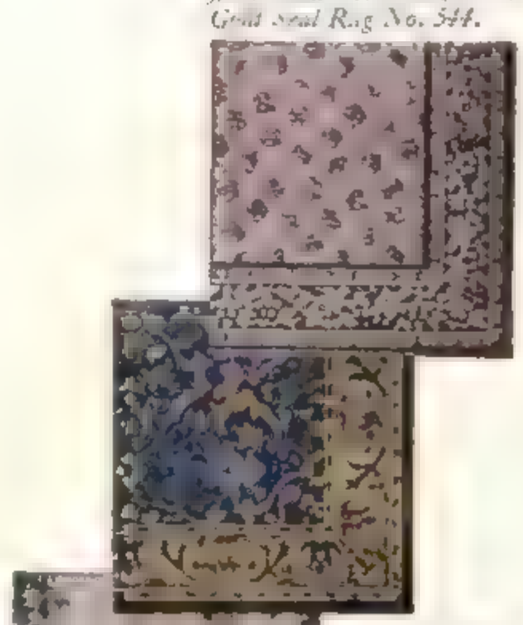
Below is shown the popular "Crome" Design—a pretty multi-color taupe leaf background with an effective floral border. It's Congoleum Gold Seal Rug No. 544.



Here is the "Capri" Design—a copy of an antique Kermanshah rug on an oriental blue background. It's Gold Seal Rug No. 534.

Above is the "Gentian" Design—a modern floral treatment on a damask ground effect in blues and grays. It's Congoleum Gold Seal Rug No. 396.

CONGOLEUM
GOLD SEAL
ART-RUGS

ALWAYS LOOK FOR THE GOLD SEAL WHEN YOU BUY

THE RULES OF THE GAME

(Continued from Page 19)

teeth from ear to ear in a smile of plumb delight. 'Why, Edmund Holsapple! Land o' goodness, I'm glad to see you! I was jest a-saying to pa this morning how I wish't somebody'd come or something, and here you are! Come right in, and give me your hat. Mercy on us, you must be tired after that long ride! Take that cheer—wait and lemme dust it off or you'll get them nice pants s'iled. My, you're all flushed up! Sun's mighty hot, ain't it? Now you set right there and don't get up and I'll go get a pitcher of cider and a doughnut and then we'll have a good visit.'"

Edmund squeaks this off so's you'd have swore it was Mis' Meekin a-talking.

"Off she waddles," he continues; "and then here she comes back with the cider, a-panting and a-gasping from the cellar stairs, but gabbing away in gasps. Down she plumps in a rocker and starts in: 'And how's your ma, Edmund? I reckon she thinks I ain't none too neighborly; but I'm a-going to see her the first chance I get. It's the hardest to get away, what with this and that. All this last week I've been a-putting up p'serves—wild plums and watermelon. Oh, you was here, wasn't you? I must think to have you take your ma a jar of each when you go, and I wish you'd ask her for her receipt for ground cherries, although it's early for them. Speaking of cherries, the chokecherry trees is jest a-loaded down this year and I thought some of making bounce; but I dunno. Last time I made bounce, pa was having spells of colic or some misery all winter long and seemed like nothing wouldn't stop them attacts but cherry bounce, and finally I says to him, "Pa," says I, "I don't aim to be unfeeling, but the next time you have one of them attacts I'm a-going to dose you with hot sage tea and put a mustard plaster on your stummick and nothing else. The more you take that there bounce the more frequenter the attacts is, and you might as well have a stummick ache as a morning headache if you've got to have something, the way I look at it." So the next time I ketched him sneaking up the jug I took it away from him and brewed up some sage tea and give it to him as scalding hot as he could bear it, and put him to bed with plenty of blankets and a couple of down quilts and a mustard plaster on his stummick, and he hasn't had an attact since. I was a-saying to Sadie ——'

"'Where is Sadie?' I asked her.

"'Oh, she's somewhere,' she says. 'Something you wanted her for?'

"Holy Smoke! What kind of a question was that to ask a man?" says Edmund, a-blushing at the rickollection. "A thing like that takes a man all aback so's a man don't know what to say, and it makes him look like a fool. 'Course I said there wasn't nothing in particular, and she starts off again: 'As I was a-saying to Sadie, I don't know whether to make bounce or not ——' And so on and so forth; and after a little Sadie comes in, and, say —— Well, you've seen her. Ain't she a little hummer? Ain't she what you'd call a world beater? Sort of takes your breath away when she smiles at you. Don't it get you thataway? It does me, and I don't make no bones of admitting it. All the same, if you go telling around what I'm telling you —— Oh, I know you wouldn't. You ain't that kind of a hairpin.

"But the thing is, I can't tell my old man about it, nor ma either. Why? Oh, a man don't like to! Somehow your own folks —— And if they get gay you can't cuss 'em out or paste 'em on the jaw, like I would you, f'r instance. But I got to tell somebody or bust.

"I was a-going to say that when Sadie comes in I get a chance to shake hands with her and I get a smile and she says 'Hello, Edmund,' and I say 'Hello, Sadie.' Well, that's something; but I crave a heap more'n that, and so would anybody. Then she says, 'Ma, how are you a-going to have that chicken pa's brought in? You want I should cut it up for frying, or what?'

"'We'll fry it, I reckon,' says ma.

"'Let me cut it up for you,' I says, starting up. 'I'm the champeen chicken carver around our house.'

"'If you'd jest as lief, I'd be glad to have you,' says Sadie. 'I hate doing it.' And she starts back to the kitchen, and you bet your sweet life I ain't far behind her. And there, by jiminy, we are at last—jest me and her and the chicken all by ourselves. I couldn't skassly believe it, it come so sudden, and I was so rattled I couldn't think of nothing to say at first.

"'I hate cutting up chickens,' says Sadie, breaking the ice. 'Somehow it seems sort of—unkind, specially when you've been feeding 'em not so long ago.'

"'I'm right glad you feel thataway,' I says. 'It shows that you've got a tender heart, which I've been sort of doubtful of.'

"'Why?' she asks.

"'Because you stick so close to your mother when I'm around,' I says, and I went on to say in a louder voice, 'Where's the knife?' I says. 'I've got to have a knife or an ax or something to do a good job on this here bird.' I mentioned the knife and so forth because I heard a two-hundred-and-fifteen-pound footstep approaching and noticed ma appearing on the scene.

"'I want to see how a champeen chicken cutter cuts chickens,' says ma.

"So I had to show her, and when I'd finished she set Sadie to beating up batter while she pottered around and gassed about the price of eggs and the new schoolma'am in District Three and the bugs that had got on her begonias and how her cousin in Ioway had had her tonsils took out and the doc charged her enough to have been a good stiff price for taking off her limb, only her limb hadn't been bothering her none any higher up than her corns—and so on and so forth, until finally she sent Sadie out to the garden to get parsley for the gravy.

"'Here's my chance,' I thinks to myself, and I allowed I'd step out and see if the bugs on her begonias was the same that had got on our begonias, and she said she'd be real glad if I would, and she'd go with me and show me where the begonias was, and I said for her not to trouble, because I could find 'em all right, and she said it wasn't no trouble, but a pleasure, and I said the pleasure was sure all on one side, only I said that to myself; and she come out with me and showed me right where the begonias was. And that was the way it went, and that's the way it always goes.

"Then the old man comes in and he starts on me. He thinks the Democrats made a big mistake nominating Jake Siegel for constable when Eben Bliss was a heap better qualified, and had bore the heat and burden of the day and never scratched his ticket one time since he cast his first vote, and seemed like he was certainly entitled to recognition. But that was the way these here conventions was run. You had to be in the ring. Look what they done to Fred Mason because he fought the county bridge at Poco—and so on and so forth, all through supper and all through the evening, first one and then the other of 'em, and Sadie setting mumchance with her tatting and only now and then giving me a little smile when them two old —— Say, Sam, if you think what I called them was any too strong, you don't know what charity and moderation is."

I admitted he had got some reason and excuse for his language.

"Reason and excuse!" says Edmund. "Say, if I didn't think that sometime maybe in the next twenty years I'd be related to them by marriage I'd put the reasonable names to 'em and make your hair curl. And that ain't all. After a while the old man stretches both arms up as high as he can reach and remarks, 'Ho-yo-humhah! It does beat all how short the nights is getting! Sadie, you'd better be climbing for bed. You won't be so awful, turr'ble anxious to get out of it in the morning. Hay-yuh-ha-a-ahm!' And Sadie climbs. And shortly after, I allow I'll have to be jogging along home."

"Tough luck, sure enough," I says, sympathetic. "Still and all," I says, "seems like you could find some way of beating the game. Couldn't you get Sadie to show you the photograph album, or maybe draw up your chair alongside hers and ask her to explain the tatting and talk to her about something you wouldn't mind the old folks hearing, just to get in the thin end of the wedge?"

He give me a look and that was all the answer I got.

"Seems to me you might have lost her in the crowd circus day," I says.

"I might have," says he, "but I'd have lost Sadie too. The dear, sweet, happy-faced old angel hung onto her like a pup to a root. I did try to walk her to death around the side shows and such, but she wasn't tired a particle herself. She knew that Sadie was, though, whatever Sadie said, and she made her sit down and rest, and sat with her while she rested. Say, I've tried more schemes than you've got fingers and toes, but they don't none of them work. If I could get 'em to a dance, I'd be all right, because mother darling could hardly waltz with us both at the same time. I bet she'd try it though. But the old man don't hold with dancing, and Sadie's a church member too. Yes, sir, I've tried all kinds of schemes, and I've hinted and hinted." He started singing through his nose at the top of his voice:

"Then cherish her with care and stroke her silver hair,
For when she's gone you'll never find another.
Oh, wherever you may turn this lesson you will learn:
A girl's best friend is her mother."

"That's no joke," I says, disapproving.

"You're shouting, it's no joke," says he. "She allows that the way to keep young is to make a point of keeping in the society of young folks, and she sure acts on that theery. I feel like stroking her silver hair with a club."

"Why didn't you take the buggy 'stid of the surrey?" I asked him.

"Because she asked me to bring the surrey when she accepted the invite I didn't give her to join our party," he replies. "I did think some of telling her that the surrey was broke down and at the blacksmith shop, but that wouldn't have fazed her a particle. She'd have crowded into the buggy with Sadie and made me sit on her lap to drive. Oh, I reckon I've thought of 'most everything; but maybe not, so if you've got any idees that ain't plumb foolish, like drawing up a chair and talking to Sadie when one or another or both of them, respected parents of hers, is looking me straight in the eye and talking to me—if you can show me how to beat that game I'll thank you kindly, and I'll make you a present, free gratis, of the best horse I've got."

"How many have you got for me to choose from?" I asks.

"Well, he's a right good little horse, anyway," says Edmund.

"Tell you," says I. "What you want to do is to take your pen in hand and write a billy do and slip it into Sadie's hand when you shake hands with her. Ease your mind about how you feel with regards to her in a few pages of well-chose words and ask her to come to her bedroom window or slip outdoors at the midnight hour when she hears the call of a whippoorwill, and then you can tell her some more without any of these here unseemly interruptions."

"That would be a great note, all right," says Edmund, sneering. "I'd slip it in her hand and she'd look to see what I was slipping, and ma would say, 'What is it, daughter? Bring it over here and let me see it.' Then hell would be a-popping sure. I reckon I'll keep my horse."

"If you think the girl's that dumb, why not take pa to one side like a little man and tell him what your prospects is, and he can ask the neighbors about your character, and then state your honorable intentions and ask him if him and ma won't be so kind and obliging as to go to bed when they feel like it and let Sadie stay up ten or fifteen minutes longer for a little quiet chat with you?"

"Before I ask the girl?" says Edmund. "What kind of an idee is that? Say, you make me tired—and I wouldn't have the nerve to do it, either, to tell you the honest truth. Seems like they ought to know darned well without me telling 'em. I reckon they're just naturally opposed to Sadie taking up with anybody. I reckon they'd say I was too young, or some such foolishness. Say, how about you taking the old man to one side and just kind of feel your way along and then put it up to him, not letting on that I've said anything to you about it? You might remark, sort of offhand, that Sadie is about old enough to marry and ask if she hadn't got a beau, or something like that, and then ——"

"I reckon you'll have to excuse me, Edmund," I says. "He might get the idee that I was interested in Sadie myself and hold me to it or something. You can't always tell about these here mild-appearing old roosters how they'll act, if they once get a notion of that kind in their heads. I've heard of fathers that had the name of walking around worms to keep from stepping on 'em that would get out their double-barrel shotguns in cases like that and just naturally blow pieces of misunderstood callers all over the near-by scenery, and I know that Meekin thinks well of me and would prob'ly like to have me in the fam'ly. So I reckon I won't mix in," I says. "Just be patient, Edmund, and everything will come out all right in course of time."

"Do you know what I think of you?" Edmund asks, pushing his chin close up to me.

"I surmise that you think a heap of me, and it does you credit," I replies.

"I'll tell you what I think of you," he says, and he told me a lot of things that I made allowances for; and when he couldn't think of anything more, and reelized that he was repeating himself, he clumb on his horse and rode away.

About a week after that, I pers'nally conducted a few carloads of steers to Omaha with a corps of able assistants, and I had been back for at least a couple of weeks afore I met Edmund again. Then one afternoon I was riding along Witch Creek, hunting horses, and had come to the crossing below Barney McGuire's, when I seen a buggy a-splashing through the water from the other side; and seeing that it was young Mr. Holsapple in the buggy, I drawed rein and waited for him.

It was Edmund, all right, but it was a different Edmund. The gloom that had seemed to be making a perm'nent settlement on his face was fled and gone, and he looked right joyous; and when he come up to me and stopped, I seen his eyes was just naturally shining. I looked down at the hand he was holding out and never cracked a smile.

"What's that for?" I inquires, cold and dignified.

"It's for you to shake," answers the boy. "I'm apologizing for them insulting but entirely justified remarks what I addressed to you when I last seen you. I'm taking 'em all back and begging and imploring of you to forgive and pardon me, dog-gone you, and I'm owning that I was an ignorant and

(Continued on Page 135)

Stopth the Thqueakth

Betty Jane knows that 3-in-One quiets her dolly's "thqueakth." She doesn't know that squeaks are audible symptoms of unnecessary friction —that 3-in-One kills squeaks by reducing friction.

The squeal, whine and clatter of your household mechanisms are literally "cries" for oil. 3-in-One, light yet viscous, penetrates the tightest bearings and spreads itself, a thin protective film, over all frictional surfaces, lubricating perfectly, preventing premature wear and repair bills.

Use 3-in-One regularly in the electric motor of your vacuum cleaner, sewing machine, washing machine, vibrator, oil heater, etc., and add years to their usefulness. 3-in-One will not heat up, dry out or gum at the highest speeds.

3-in-One lubricates perfectly all moving parts of phonographs, clocks, sewing machines, go-carts, hinges, bolts, locks, casters. Keeps the household running smoothly and noiselessly.

3-in-One prevents rust and tarnish on all metal surfaces—keeps stoves, bathroom fixtures, household tools, ornamental iron, brasses and bronzes in prime condition.

3-in-One cleans and polishes furniture, woodwork, glassware, like magic. More than 79 uses for 3-in-One in the household, alone, are shown in the Dictionary of Uses wrapped around every bottle.

Ask for 3-in-One by name and get it. Sold in all good hardware, drug, grocery, general and department stores in 1-oz., 3-oz. and half-pint bottles; and in 3-oz. Handy Oil Cans. The can is the handiest for oiling. The half-pint size is most economical for general household use. Don't accept a substitute. Many inferior oils are offered.

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130 LE. William St. New York, N. Y.
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3-in-One

The High Quality Household Oil

Oilsense and Nonsense

The Big Red "One" says: "I stand for quality." Figures never lie.

Ode to 3-in-One

"I want you in my arms," he cried,
"No other can I trust
To oil my rifle and my gun
And keep them free of rust."

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"It's a real delight to clean my patent leather pumps with 3-in-One," writes Mrs. G. W. B., of Grand Rapids, Mich. "It not only cleans them beautifully, but keeps them soft and pliable and makes them less liable to crack."

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W. H. Gee,
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Grimsby, Lincolnshire,
England.

3-in-One is not a "good mixer." Never put it into a dirty can containing the sediment of cheap oil. Clean out the can with gasoline or kerosene.

Sing a song of oil sense
A lock 'at's full of grit
Four and twenty swear words
Won't budge the bolt a bit
If you want it opened
To get the door to swing,
Take your can of 3-in-One
And oil the bloomin' thing.

Fashion Note

Kitchen Mops are following the prevailing mode this season. Their strands are being "bobbed" to a length of about eight inches and anointed with 3-in-One. This inexpensive oil treatment has the effect of raising their social status to that of the Polish Mop. Instead of a life of drudgery in the kitchen, they skim the surface of hardwood and varnished floors, linoleum and oil cloth, keeping them dust-and-lint-proof.

Poets! Writers! Win $5.00

We will pay $5.00 cash on acceptance of any verse, joke or epigram *published in this column*. Two rules only. (1) Verses must not be more than six lines long. (2) All material must cover some use or phase of 3-in-One. A joke like the following is suitable:

Alice: "I learned at school today that three in one means one-third"

Laura: "Pooh! I've "knowed" that a long time. Mother says 3-in-One means one-third the work.

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Car manufacturers adopted balloons as standard equipment. New cars came out with 20 and 21 inch wheels, requiring balloon tires.

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And so the same engineers who developed the Dayton Thorobred—the pioneer low-air-pressure tire—developed a tire for 20 and 21 inch wheels—a balloon in shape and size, but with a new principle in design and construction, combining the qualities of comfort, strength, long mileage, safety, and ease of steering.

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Free on request—a very illuminating and interesting upholstery booklet. Send for it!

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Philadelphia, Pa. Raleigh, N. C.

Baker Velour
FOR FINE FURNITURE

(Continued from Page 130)

ungrateful pup and that you was a friend in need, and any time you want that horse of mine I promised you, I'll bring him to you with his hoofs blacked and red ribbon braided into his tail."

"If that's the case I'll forgive you this once," I says. "But don't let it happen again."

"I won't, unless you get gay with me again," he says. "Sam," says he, all bubbling over, "do you know where I'm a-taking this rig? You'll notice that it ain't the surrey. Well, sir, Sam, I ain't a-going to keep you in suspense. I'm a-taking it to the Meekin ranch, and when I get there Miss Sadie Meekin is a-coming out with her hat on, all alone—leastaways she's a-going to climb into this here buggy alone—jest her and nobody else—and her and me is a-going to wave good-by to Ma and Pa Meekin and drive off for a little ja'nt together—just me and her—and anything private and particular that I've got to say to her I'm a-going to say; and if she's got anything of a confidential nature to impart to me she can impart it without fear or favor; and when we get back I figure that Pa Meekin can ho-yo-hum-hah himself off to bed, and ma, too, dog-gone them, and they can't retire too early to please me. Whoop-ee! Yahala, yahala, yahala, whoo-oo-oop!"

I got my horse quieted down after a few minutes and spurred him back to the buggy.

"I want to hear the rest of this, if you can quit playing Injun. I presume this is good news you're a-trying to tell me. Well, how come?"

"I owe it all to you," he says, "through taking your advice. I wrote that letter you s'gested."

"I thought that would do the trick," I told him.

"And tore it up," says he. "It was a fool idee in the first place. What's the use of writing letters when you've got a tongue in your head?"

"It was the photograph album that I spoke of rather special," I says.

"Sure it was, you lunkhead," answers the boy. "I tried it out, though; and ma come and sat down on the sofa between us and told me the pers'nal history and habits and customs of about forty-eleven hundred Meekins and Culbersons—which was her fam'ly—and I'll snigger to grin they was some hard-looking birds. Yes, I asked about the tatting too. I started in by asking her what she was making, and she said edging, and I says what was she a-going to edge, and she told me that it was none of my business and blushed up, so's I seen right away that it wasn't none of my business; and then ma chipped in and the stuff was all off, like I expected it would be. Of all the fool ideas!"

"Did you see anything of a bunch of horses as you come along?" I asked him. "That's what I'm looking for," I says, "and if they ain't on your side of the creek, they must be on this side further on, and prob'ly in the breaks where I'll have an elegant time getting them out. I reckon I'll fog along and see."

"Why, how it come was I got desp'rit last Thursday night," says Edmund. "I'd been cut out and headed off half a dozen times that evening, and listened to more dog-gone slush and drivel than you could shake a stick at, and when pa finally told Sadie to climb for bed I broke loose.

"'You stay a while, Sadie,' I says. 'I got something to say to you.' You ought to have seen them two prick up their ears and stare.

"'What have you got to say to her?' asks the old man.

"'I'll tell her after you folks has gone to bed,' I says, and ma bristles up like an old hen.

"'Well, of all things! Edmund Holsapple! Is there anything you've got to say to my gal that it ain't fitten for her mother to hear—tell me?'

"'A right smart,' I answers. 'I'm a-going to marry Sadie if I can find out for sure whether she's willing to marry me, and I want a chance to find out.' Oh, I was hot all right! 'I've been a-coming here for over two years,' says I, 'and having to listen to you folks gab without being able to get in a word edgewise to Sadie. I've bore it as long as I intend to,' I says, figuring I might as well be hung for an old sheep as a lamb, 'and if folks ain't got sense enough to see without being told, they've got to be told, and I'm telling you.'

"'My gracious goodness, Edmund, there ain't no need of you getting on your ear thisaway!' says pa. 'Why ever didn't you give me or her mother a hint of the way you was feeling?'

"And that," Edmund concludes, "was that."

"Took it tol'able well, didn't he?" I comments. "So everything's all right now, is it?"

"All settled and fixed," says Edmund. "I ought to have spoke out a year ago—hinted, as pa said. Yes, they've been to see my folks and my folks has been to them, and my old man is a-going to buy the furniture for the house and he's give me a team and ten head of cows to start up on and—— Say, hold your horse; I'm a-going to holler again."

When he had relieved his feelings some, I extended my best wishes for the happiness of all concerned, and I was a-starting off when he called me back.

"I've been wanting to see you ever since this happened," he told me. "You've been to Omaha, ain't you? Well, I wish you'd tell me something about that burg. I've never been to a real, sure-enough, honest-to-goodness metropolis, and Sadie ain't, neither, and her folks come from Nebraska too. I ain't said nothing yet, but I've got a couple of hundred dollars that I can blow as well as not, and I don't aim to get married more'n once in a lifetime; so I thought maybe that Sadie and me might go on a honeymoon trip for a couple of weeks and take in the sights of the big city. If I can't get railroad passes for us, what's the use of having an uncle in the legislature? Now you go ahead and tell me all you know about the town."

I didn't tell him all I knew, but I told as much as was good for him and I had time for; and then we parted and he drove off to where the bright eyes and soft white arms of beauty was a-waiting for him, and I put in the rest of the day hunting them dad-blamed horses and getting them out of the breaks—like to killing myself—and finally got back to the ranch at near nine o'clock, to cold biscuit and what there was left on the grounds in the coffeepot.

There sure ain't nothing half so sweet in life as love's young dream. Many's the time I've thought of them poetic words and the truth that's into 'em. Mighty sweet, and a gosh-darned shame that young folks has to wake up and have to hustle out in the cold to the chores. Great while it lasts, though! I've got to admit that I went to my bunk that night with as near a grouch as my sunny disposition will let me get, comparing my barren horse-wrangling existence with Edmund's happy lot. Allowing that he had earned a heap of it, still here he was, ten years younger than me, and, like Jordan Liffy, he'd been practically set up in business and got his girl.

And the next thing, Mr. Holsapple was a-talking light of blowing near a season's wages on a honeymoon ja'nt, him and his honeysuckle, riding in a Pullman most likely, or a chair car anyway; and they'd go to shows where you sat on red velvet seats, and to dime museums where they'd see the wonders of the world and the freaks of Dame Nature, and they'd look in the store windows at all kinds of things and amuse themselves by guessing what they was for. And they'd ride in the horse cars hither and yon and eat in rest'rants where it took a couple of pages of reading matter to tell what they had to eat. They'd see enough and hear enough and taste and smell enough to keep them in bragging material for the rest of their lives. Yes, sir, I know just how Tip feels about Jordan Liffy. Two weeks of this, mind you, and in good, refined female company! No helling around and coming to in the cold gray dawn in the alley side of the saloon, your pockets inside out and not a cent in the world but what you left with the hotel clerk to put in the safe—not that that ever happened to me—but everything refined and elegant and a plenty left for pop corn, peanuts, choc'late, ice-cold lem'nade and ginger ale on the journey home.

And all that goes to show. Somebody told me one time about somebody else who allowed it was foolish to envy a man before he was dead, after which you naturally don't envy him, come right down to cases, unless your luck's a heap harder than your spine. It wasn't very long, anyway, before I was mighty glad to think of Edmund a-whooping and hollering like a crazy Comanche with the joy that was a-welling up in his happy young heart. To be more exact, it was inside of a couple of weeks.

I happened to be near the Holsapple place one morning and I took a notion that I'd drop in and see if the date had been set for the nuptial doings, so I rode up to the house, and as there was nobody around the yard, I knocked at the door and Mis' Holsapple opened it. I just knew her by sight, passing her in town once or twice, and I hadn't took notice then that she had eye trouble that had got the lids all puffed and red and angry looking. I took off my hat to her, polite and smiling, and asked if Edmund was around; but I'd no sooner spoke than she turned her back square on me and called out "Pa!" in a sort of a choking voice, and then walked back and left me standing.

In a minute or two old man Holsapple come to the door, a big man with a long horse face that seemed to me longer than usual. He looked at me under his thick, black eyebrows, the way Edmund looked once in a while, but he gave me howdy, by name, civil enough, though glum.

"I was asking if Edmund was around," I says.

He opened the door wider and made a motion with his arm.

"Step inside," he says, and I followed him into the setting room and took the chair that he pointed to. He sat down himself.

"Edmund ain't with us no more," he says, in a hushed voice, mighty solemn.

I like to have fell over. It come over me in a flash—the woman's red, swelled eyes and her choked-up voice.

"You don't tell me that!" I exclaims. "My gracious, it must have been sudden! How did it happen, Mr. Holsapple—accident, or some sort of a sickness? And it was only the other day that I seen him, the picture of health and stren'th! A fine boy like him, and to go so soon! I'm mighty sorry to hear this," I says, and you bet I was sorry too. "I realize," I says, "that no words a person can say to the b'reaved one can help much, but I want to tell you——"

"He ain't dead," says Holsapple in the same holler tones. "That ain't it. It's jest that he's lit out."

"Lit out?"

"Yes, sir, he's lit out, for parts unknown. Took his horse and his blankets and drawed his money out of the bank and skipped. Yes, sir, that's what he done. Three days ago, and never said a word to his mother or me; only left a note that it wouldn't be no use a-trying to find him, but he wasn't going to do no rash Dutch act or anything like that, so we needn't to worry none about him. Lit out—yes, sir, he lit out, for parts unknown."

"But why?" I asks him. "Any kind of trouble—shooting scrape or the like? You don't need to mind telling me, whatever it was, because I'm a friend of Edmund's, and if there's anything I can do to help, I want to do it."

He looked at me for about a minute, and then he says, "Well, I don't want it to go no farther, but it wasn't nothing that the law could touch him for. I reckon if it was put up to a jury —— Anyway, it wasn't no shooting scrape. You heard, maybe, that

(Continued on Page 137)

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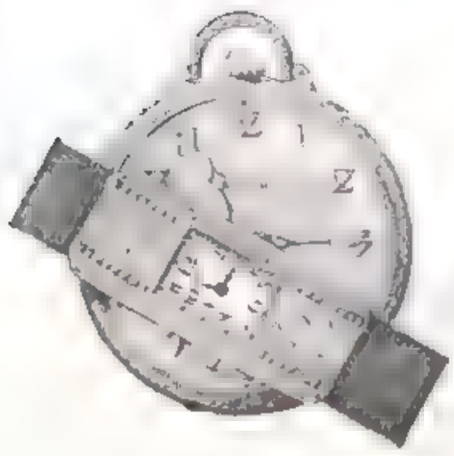

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he was fixing to get married—Meekin's gal?"

"He told me all about it," I says. "Right from the first."

"If that's so, you'll prob'ly understand," says Holsapple. "All I know is that last Thursday he went to see the girl, and along about eleven o'clock I heard him come back, being a light sleeper. I wouldn't have paid much attention, but I heard him talking to himself and laughing sort of wild-like; so I slipped out of bed, quiet, so's not to wake his ma, and went downstairs and found him with his hat on in his room, fumbling in his bureau drawer and a-muttering while he done so.

"'Son,' I says, 'have you been a-drinking?'

"He turned around quick as scat and grinned at me something horr'ble. 'Hello, pop,' he says. 'No, I ain't been drinking, but I'd jest as soon take a little snort with you if you'll get out your bottle.'

"'Don't talk foolishness,' I told him. 'Stop making that racket and get your clothes off and pile into bed. Where you been? I thought you was going to Meekin's.'

"'I was and I did and I just got back from there with glad news,' he says. 'I got my honeymoon trip to Omaha all fixed and arranged. Me and Sadie and Sadie's ma is a-going to start right after the cer'mony that makes us three one flesh; and when we get to Omaha we're a-going to visit with Cousin Eudora Williams, and Cousin Eudora will show us a peach of a time. Ma Meekin is a-going to write to her right away and tell her to expect us, and that's why I'm a-laughing so. Seems like I can't help laughing at good news like that. Make a cat laugh.'

"'You've been a-drinking that cherry bounce of Meekin's,' I says to him. 'That's what's the matter with you. Didn't I tell you to quit making that foolish noise? Now you get to bed, Edmund, like a good boy and don't wake your ma up and bring me downstairs again,' I says, and he nodded his head and put his hand over his mouth and I went away and left him. And in the morning when his ma went to call him to breakfast he was gone. And if this here isn't one particular damned mess, I don't want a cent," he says, after a short pause.

"Do the Meekins know about it?" I asked him.

"I went right out there and took Edmund's note along," says the old man. "Yes, they know about it. They was all of a-fluster, too, the way Edmund had acted up when Mis' Meekin allowed that she'd go with the young folks on their bridal tower. Mis' Meekin she says, 'And I told Edmund that I expected to pay my own way, so I don't see what call he had to kick the chair over and bounce out of the house the way he done.' She was real miffed about it. I asked the girl—Sadie—if she had said anything.

"'All I said was I thought it would be real nice to have ma along with us,' the girl makes answer to me.

"'And then he started up and kicked the chair,' Meekin puts in. 'I think the boy's crazy, and if you'll excuse me, neighbor, I don't b'lieve I want my girl to marry no crazy man, and she don't neither, do you, Sadie?'

"'I certainly do not, pa,' replies the girl, primming up her lips. And that," says Mr. Holsapple, "made me so cussed mad that I felt like kicking a chair over myself. I reckon maybe Edmund did the right thing, after all."

"It's maybe jest as well the thing come up the way it did," I agreed, as Holsapple got up, intimating that the interview was at an end. So I left right there.

I reckon Edmund must have felt mighty bad on that morning he left home and loved ones. All his rosy hopes plumb shattered, and all the time and trouble for two years wasted and Dead Sea ashes in his mouth. I ain't the slightest doubt but he thought the sun wasn't never going to shine again the way it formerly done, and that he was a heap surprised and disgusted when he discovered that this here tragedy darkening his life hadn't affected his appetite none. Still and all, I wasn't able to shed no hot blinding tears for him as I rode away from that grief-struck household. To be around twenty-one, with a good horse between your legs, two hundred dollars in your pants pocket and the wide world before you ain't no great calamity, even if there's a secret sorrow a-gnawing at your heart. These here secret sorrows gets their teeth wore down mighty quick, I notice. Of course it wasn't like a blushing bride and new carpets and furniture and cows enough to make a dandy nucleus for a herd in a country rough and broken and favorable to mavericks. Not like having a loving and beautiful young wife in a check apron turning your morning flapjacks for you and such; but when the question before us debaters is resolved that there is more pleasure in anticipation than in reelization, you can put me down for the affirmative. But whether or no, what I've been a-telling goes to show how some parents is and the trouble they make.

"Did Edmund ever come back?" inquired Tip Yoakum, as the old bullwhacker began to slap his pockets for nonexistent tobacco.

"What I'm interested in is the girl," said the stock tender. "How she finally broke away from the old lady and married Edmund and raised the fine family she's got. Sure Edmund come back! Didn't he, Sam?"

"Not that I ever heard of," replied the old bullwhacker absently. "Now where did I put that there smoking tobacco? I couldn't have come away and left it at home. Don't tell me I've got to cut up plug!"

The stock tender reluctantly passed over his sack and Mr. Stegg refilled his pipe and gave them the sequel to his narrative as follows:

Why, I was a-going to say that they ain't all like the Meekins. There was Snape, over on the Chugwater. Ever hear tell of Wellington Snape? No? He was one of Quantrell's men in the war and he come to the Chugwater with his wife and little girl, about the first that got there. The Injuns called him One-Shot, and that hit him off tol'able well. There's articles been wrote about him in the papers.

Well, after I had my run-in with Dan Scott and left the T A N to ruin and decay, I went down to White River and worked for the Diamond E—Joe Pattison's outfit—for two seasons, and then I took a notion to amble west again and brought up at the Chugwater. I didn't meet up with One-Shot Snape. Never did see him, as it happened, although I was within eight miles of where he lived, which was a heap closer than quite a few men would have wanted to be, account of possible bad effects. That may have been jest talk, though. His daughter told me that it was, and she ought to have known.

The way I come to meet his daughter was I stopped at the ranch where she was living at the time and asked her if I could stay overnight, and she told me I could, jest as well as not and welcome. She was a fine-looking young woman, with soft brown eyes and a dimple when she smiled at you. Neat as a pin, too, and her house likewise. She told me she was expecting her husband in any minute and allowed he'd be glad to see me. Holsapple, his name was—Edmund Holsapple. Yes, he used to live at Witch Creek. His folks lived there yet, but they had bought a place here and was going to move out to it in the spring.

"Is he a model of manly beauty, dark-complected and sweet-tempered and polite and the best of habits and able and willing to whip his weight in wildcats in a good cause, besides being brainy and truthful and honest?" I asks.

"The very selfsame, identical individual with a few trifling exceptions," she says, showing me her dimple. "You can't be the clever, kind-hearted, universally respected, loved and admired Mr. Stegg that he owes so much to and speaks of so highly? And yet when I look at you and listen to you talk it seems more'n likely."

"Yes, ma'am," I says, "I'm him."

"Tell me about Edmund when you knew him," she says, drawing up her chair. "How long ago was it?"

I always make a point to speak well of a person to his friends, if I can, and I had a hunch that she was Edmund's friend, in spite of all. When I had come to the end of my ability, I told her that Edmund had maybe forgot some of the incidents I had related and might deny some of the others out of modesty, but it was all so—or nearly so.

"You men!" she says. "You always hang together, don't you? I s'pose with all them virtues he had quite a few sweethearts?"

I told her that was Edmund's one fault—that he didn't seem to want nothing to do with the fair sex.

"'Course they pestered him a right smart," I says, "but he was so discouraging that none of 'em kept it up long. No, ma'am; the young lunkhead, as far's I know ——"

Right there Edmund come in. I wouldn't hardly have reckernized him, he was so filled out, and yet I don't s'pose there was a couple of ounces of fat on him. Hard lean meat covering big bones and a brown-tanned skin clear as a girl's over all. Not a kid no more—naturally.

He stared at me a moment and then he ketched hold of me and like to busted my shoulder blades through my chest. If he wasn't glad to see me, he done some good acting. I won't go into all that, but after his wife had left us and gone to the kitchen to get supper, we settled down to a good visit. The very first thing, he leaned over to'rds me and asks in a whisper if I'd mentioned any party by the name of Meekin to his wife, and when I told him what I had been telling her when he arrived he seemed a heap relieved.

"I'd jest as soon you didn't say nothing about that party," he says. "Not that it would matter if you did, further than I'd have to beat your head off. I told my folks that I'd a little rather they didn't mention that business, and they didn't all the time they was here."

"What have you done with the rest of your left ear?" I asked him, having noticed as he bent over.

"That," he replies, "is the penalty I paid for not reelizing the variety of parental instincts. Say, Sam, do you know who she is?" He jerked his thumb backward at the kitchen.

"I understood that she was your wife," I answers.

"She's the only daughter of Wellington Snape," he says, real impressive. "You've heard tell of him? No? Why, there's been articles wrote about him in the papers. He was with Quantrell in the late unpleasantness and the Injuns around here used to call him One-Shot Snape. They got it right too. One tough old bird! She's his daughter."

"He got hostile, did he?" I asks.

"I'll tell you how it come," he says. "When I struck this neck of the woods, I went to work for Ben Ashford—and, by the way, if you want a job, Ben's short-handed now, and a fine man to work for. Well, there ain't no teeming female population here now, and was less then, which suited me, all right; but there was enough for the boys to talk about, which was how come I heard of Zelia Snape. Seemed like not a one of all them boys had the sand to ride over there to her house and get acquainted with her, and it wasn't because she was a revolting sight, either.

"'Why then?' I asked them, and they told me that her pa was Wellington Snape. I told them that was information, but it didn't strike me as a reason; and then they told me that Wellington Snape was Quantrell's right-hand man in the recent fratricidal conflict between the Blue and the

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Gray and that the Injuns had give him the title of One-Shot, account of one being all he found ness'ry for any one Injun. And they told me about a boy who had started out one time, in spite of warnings, to spark the girl and hadn't been seen or heard of since.

"I reckon it was that more'n the girl that got me interested. I had got my fill-up of girls at that particular time, and I didn't care a heap whether anybody shot me or not. Curiosity, I reckon—which is said to have killed a cat. Hows'ever, I told the boys I was a-going to drop in and pass the time of day with the fairy princess, and I done do.

"Say, it was as easy and pleasant and peaceful as pie. No trouble with Quantrell's right-hand man whatsoever. I sure found Zelia wasn't by no means distasteful to me too. I don't say that she made it any too easy for me, because she didn't; but Mr. W. O.-S. Snape acted like a gentleman and didn't seem to think that I was so stuck on him that I couldn't be real happy when he wasn't around. After about ten minutes or so, he'd most always go out to the corral and fix a panel, or take his rifle and hunt him a deer. He was reasonable, and I never begrudged him the plugs of tobacco that he forgot to hand back to me after he'd sampled it, or the cigars I lavished on him or the help I give him once in a while with some little chore.

"It went along thataway right through the fall and winter, as I wasn't real sure at first that I had any heart to give, and Zelia wasn't by no means certain whether she had, seemed like. She was about the uncertainest person ever kept a man guessing—right up to one lovely, balmy spring morning when I called right perempt'ry for a show-down and we finally come to a favorable understanding.

"But when I spoke of breaking the news to Wellington, his daughter shows a heap of agitation.

"'You want to go at him powerful easy, Edmund,' she says. 'Don't, for kind heaven's sake, get gay with him. You know how you are, and if you get gay with him, something sultry will be popping sure.'

"'All the popping that's going to be done has happened five minutes ago,' I told her. 'I sure know how I are, and I know I've been told that in these here cases a man ought to be plain and outspoken, and I want you to be among those absent while I talk to him, man to man.'

"She argued quite a while on that point, but I wasn't going to hide behind no girl's petticoats, and I was firm; and when her father come in and went into the setting room, which also opened on the front door, I left her in the kitchen and throwed out my chest and went and braced the Red Man's Scourge.

"'Mr. Snape,' I says, 'it becomes my pleasure and duty to inform you that I am intending to contract a matrimonial alliance with the Snape fam'ly. I'll bet that ain't no startling news to you, but in case you thought that I might back out or stall on the proposition, it may be a pleasant relief to your mind to hear me declare myself.'

"'Is that so?' he says, sort of noncommittal.

"'A cinch,' I replies firmly. 'Zelia and me have got it all fixed up, and I told her I'd ask you for your blessing.'

"'Right clever of you to consider me, Edmund,' he says. 'But spose I object?'

"'You wouldn't show good sense,' I told him. 'There ain't so many boys around here with the good qualities I've got, nor the wealthy parents who will be willing to stake me to some cows, nor the money I've got of my own, nor my moral character. And it wouldn't do you no good, nohow. You could jest take it out in objecting.'

"Having delivered them few remarks, I got up on my hands and knees from where I had lit outside the front door, and I felt myself all over to see was any of my bones broke or out of place, after which I looked around at the scenery and then at the front door, which was closed. I didn't use any language, knowing that he was listening; I wondered if Zelia had seen me exiting, from the kitchen window. And then I got mad—good and mad.

"I plumb forgot that he was Zelia's daddy and I kicked that door in and grabbed him by his billy-goat whiskers. As I done that, I felt something jam me in the stummick and discovered that it was the muzzle of a .45. There was jest one thing for me to do, and I done it, having left my own artillery behind; but Mr. Snape took his celebrated one shot at me as I went. He owned later that it was poor shooting for him. He hadn't meant to do more than jest graze the tip of my ear, enough to break the skin."

I told Edmund that I'd write him a certificate for perseverance any time he wanted it.

"So you went back, did you?" I asks.

"Why not?" says Edmund. "I went to the ranch and heeled myself first, of course, and I didn't beat no drums and sound no trumpets to let the old skeezicks know that I was arriving.

"I got the drop on him as he was throwing down hay to his calves and I asked him to kindly explain himself.

"He had two minds to risk it and hop me anyway. I seen that. But I was holding that gun of mine mighty steady, and my ear wasn't making me feel none too amiable, and maybe it showed some in my face. Anyway, he didn't make no bad breaks, which was just as well.

"'Edmund,' says he, 'I ain't no objection in the world to you as a son-in-law. If I had, I'd have run you off the place six months ago, and you'd have stayed run. But when you come at a father in the brash way you done, you're a-violating etiquette and the rules of the game. According to Hoyle, fathers of young girls is got to be hostile,' he says, 'and when a young snipe comes around and announces that he's meditating taking a man's daughter away from him whether he likes it or not, it calls for more than the ord'nary snorting and pawing up the sod. If you had come wearing your blanket and making peace signs, 'stid of cavorting in like you'd be'n out on the warpath and got heap plenty scalps, it would have been different, prob'ly. Say, did you ever give a thought as to who was a-going to wash my dishes and do the cooking and housework gen'rally for me if Zelia was gone? Now ain't you ashamed of yourself?'

"'Mr. Snape,' says I, 'I am ashamed of myself, and I humbly ask your pardon; and though unworthy and realizing the gall I've got to ask it, and not expecting for a minute that you'll grant what I'm begging of you, I ask your kind consent to allowing me and Zelia to be united sometime in the not-too-distant future—and we'll think up some way to get around the dishwashing.'

"He heaves a deep sigh up from his boots. 'It's hard, my dear boy,' he says. 'It's damned hard. But my daughter's happiness is dear to me and —— Say, if you don't quit holding that gun on me, I'll jam this here pitchfork into you! What do you want anyway? Yes, you can have her, and be darned to you, and you can go to the house and tell her that if she can bring herself to treat her old father respectful and decent, I'll be in after a while for dinner.'"

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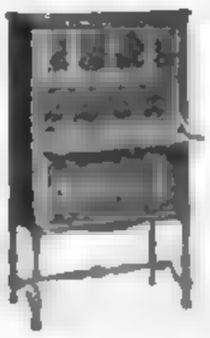


Pooley Radio Cabinet
Model 1320-R-2-D

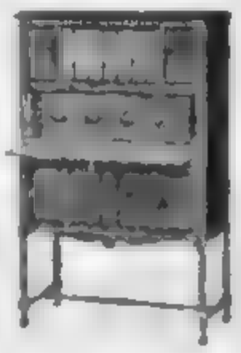
English brown mahogany or American walnut, specially selected Oriental burl, rosewood and walnut inlays. Equipped with Atwater Kent Model 20, 5-tube Panel Type Receiving Set. Price, complete, less tubes and batteries, $265.

Pooley Radio Console
Model 1400-R-1

English brown mahogany only. Built-in Pooley floating horn with Atwater Kent reproducing unit. The flat surface on the top accommodates any Atwater Kent Receiver. Price, less set, tubes and batteries, $75.

Pooley Radio Cabinet
Model 1120-R-2

English brown mahogany or American walnut, duo-tone. Equipped with the Atwater Kent Model 20, 5-tube Panel Type Receiving Set and built-in Pooley floating horn as in all Pooley Radio Cabinets. Price complete, less tubes and batteries, $225.



Every time you use the choke you are wearing out your motor

—unless crank case dilution is prevented

EVERY time you use your choke you are adding raw gasoline and water to your crank case oil—destroying its lubricating value—inviting excess engine wear, overheating, scored cylinders.

Crank case dilution is the real source of most engine troubles, winter or summer. Present day gasoline, even in hot weather, does not vaporize completely—gives but partial combustion. Large quantities of unburned gasoline and water vapor pass down between pistons and cylinder walls and dilute the crank case oil. *In cold weather frequent priming greatly increases this dilution.*

Crank case oil in many automobiles contains more than 50% gasoline in winter, due to dilution. In the average automobile, according to thousands of tests, the oil contains 39% gasoline and 1.6% water after 300 to 500 miles of winter driving. No wonder engines overheat in winter, and cylinders score! No wonder oil pumps freeze!

Skinner System Prevents Dilution

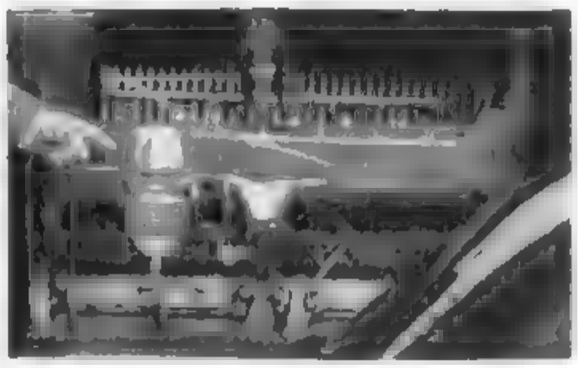
No longer is it necessary to change oil every 300 to 500 miles in an effort to check the ravages of dilution. The Skinner Oil Rectifying System stops dilution at its source—maintains perfect lubrication, without the necessity of changing oil under 5,000 miles.

Operating on an exclusive principle, the Skinner System removes the mixture of unburned gasoline, water vapor and excess oil from the lower piston ring grooves, before the gasoline can break down the oil film between pistons and cylinder walls—*before it can pass down to thin the oil in the crank case.*

This mixture is carried through a hole drilled in each cylinder wall to the Skinner Rectifier, where heat from the exhaust separates the volatile gases from the oil. The gases are drawn into the combustion chamber, while the rectified oil is returned to the crank case. Thus the Skinner System prevents dilution at its source—keeps the crank case oil pure.

With the Skinner System, the freest use of the choke does not thin the oil; no excess engine wear occurs; the oil pump cannot freeze. Winter or summer, oil pumping and smoking are eliminated, oil mileage is appreciably increased—and there is no need to change oil under 5,000 miles.

Leading car manufacturers pronounce the Skinner Rectifier and Rectifying System the correct solution of the dilution problem—"the most important motor improvement since the perfection of the self starter." Truly modern cars are now equipped with the Skinner Oil Rectifying System.



All new series Packard cars—both Sixes and Eights—are today equipped with Packard's adaptation of the Skinner Oil Rectifying System. The illustration above shows the Skinner Rectifier unit on the motor of the Packard Eight. More than 30,000 new series Packard owners now enjoy perfect lubrication, winter or summer, without the necessity of changing oil under 5,000 miles.

"Ask The Man Who Owns One"

Write for complete information or visit our exhibit at the Chicago Automobile Show—space 137

SKINNER AUTOMOTIVE DEVICE CO., INC.
1637 Lafayette Blvd., West Detroit, Michigan, U.S.A.

SKINNER OIL RECTIFYING SYSTEM

CHADWICK & SHUTE, GOB PRINTERS

Continued from Page 17)

No. 7. song the cuckold by Miss Hortense Hilary

the cuckold is a bony bird
it sings as it flies
it gives us good tidings
and tells us no lise.

No. 8. 4 part glee. come where my love lies dreeming by Steven Foster

nota beany
the wirds of this song was rote by our distinkulshed sittizen Steven Foster of upper Kensington road and the mus c was of his own composure.

sung by Misters Francis, Hobbs Clapp & Fonce

No. 9. dramatic reading curse you! shall not ring tonite Miss Lily Head

No. 10. grand chorus while sheperds wached there flox at nite

nota beany
sutch of the audiense as can sing in tune are requested to rise and join in singing this peace. sutch of the audience as cannot sing in tune may rise but are requested not to sing and spoil evrything.

nota beany. there will be a reception for the singers and players and the school committy at the close of the concirt.

Tickets 25 cents eech. for sale at Lane and Rollins store and at the door printed at the gob printing office of Chadwick and Shute on Front Street. Our motto is our wirk is equil to none.

December 17, 186— Wenesday. i did not get up until quarter to nine and had to run all the way to school eeting a donut on the way. well last nite was the concirt. it was grate and evrybody was there. there was moar horses and slays hiched up and down the streets than there was posts. all the stables and yards was full and when the doors to the hall was opened peeple gnocked old mister Nailer Kimball the ganiter down and trod all over him. peeple come from Brentwood and Epping and Kensington, Kingston, East Kingston, Stratham, Hampton and Hampton Falls. at haff past seven evry seet was taiken. I set next to father, then came mother and Aunt Sarah and then Georgie. the rest staid at home with the servant girl.

well when a lot of fellers and girls in white dresses come up the iles with there arms full of programmes i thougt i shood bust when i thougt how big father wood feel when he gnew i rote them programmes. and mother two and Aunt Sarah. well i wached the peeple open the programmes and begin to reed and then to look at eech other and hird father say to mother what in hel Joey, he calls mother Joey you know, have we got here. who printed this cussid thing.

and then he gave a auful gump when he saw my naim and he sed Jerusalem the golden naim ever deer to me what sort of a scraip are we in now and then his shoulders begun to shake and mothers and aunt Sarahs. well all the peeple was gasping and saying my soul and body and the men were saying mutch wirse things and then a man bellered rite out laffing and you never hird sutch a noise. peeple laffed and stamped and banged eech other on there backs.

then old Woodbridge Odlin gumped up and sed it was a outrage to countenence enny sutch rybaldry and sum body, he woodent say who, shood be persecuted to the xtent of the law. well jest then Miss Hillary come out on the platform in her white dress and her red shawl and sed oh deer Mr. Odlin you are rong. you shoodent taik it that way. i think it is the britest and funniest programme I have ever seen and i wood like to kiss the boys whitch maid it up and I am going to befoar i go home. why it is pirfectly deliteful. I have sung in a grate menny plaices and i always keep my programmes but this is the best one i ever saw and when a entertainment starts with evrybody good natured and amused it is sure to be a good entertainment and if we musicians can do our part haff as well as Chadwick and Shute, bles them, have done theirs it will be wirth hearing.

Keene and Cele Sung There Duetts and Charley Sed it Beat the Deuil How They Coud Sing So Good

wel then the peeple laffed and stamped and claped there hands and the ladies waived there hankerchifs as Miss Hillary made a curtsy and went back to the dressing room.

then Edward Piper come out and bowed and played splendid and the peeple stamped and claped and he had to come back and play anuther peace.

then misters Francis Hobbs Clapp and Fonce sung there Hart and Rowe song and they had to come back and sing it over.

well when it was Charlie Gerrish tirn to play he come out and held up his violin. it was all smashed to peaces and was held together by the strings and looked like a ded hen.

then Charlie sed that in the xcitement over the programmes he had been carless enuf to leeve it on a seet and Mister Fogg our well gnew stable keeper whitch weigs 350 pounds had set on it. he sed a man of Mister Foggs size and good sence shood have gnew it woodent fit him. then Charlie bowed and walked off and the peeple nerely dide laffing. but they was sorry for the axident.

then Keene and Cele sung. i was proud of them. they never sung better in their lifes and when they finished the peeple maid them come back and they sung anuther peace oar the brite and sparkling water and then they had to come out 2 times and bow.

father was rite when he told Lily Head there woodent be a dry ey in the room when she read beautifull snow. gosh she done it splendid and they clapped so long that she come out and read the dialogue between Lady Teezle and Sir Peter. first she was Sir Peter and then she was Lady Teezle and if you shet your eys you wood have thougt there was 2 peeple there talking. then Miss Hibbard she come out and had to sing 2 peaces befoar they wood let her stop.

well when Miss Hillary come out she begun to laff and sed under the surcumstances she thougt she had augt to change her song and evrybody laffed and clapped. then she sung hark hark the lark and then there is a green hill far away and the audiense kep on clapping and stamping but she only sung 2 peaces and come out 3 times and bowed. then the glee of old Steve Foster was sung and evryone clapped and stamped again and Lily Head was called out again and again, when she come out to read curse you! shall not ring tonite.

well when the last peace was sung Edward Piper who had played the piano for all the singers xcept Keene and Cele had asted Cele to play with him and they both played the piano and the peeple hollered Piper Piper Piper and he had to stand up and bow and then he maid Cele stand up two.

well after the concirt we all stood up in front with old Joe Hilliard and old William Perry Molton and old Gnatt Shute and peeple come up and shook hands with evrybody and sed it was the best concirt they ever hird in town and the best readings and the best programmes. me and Pozzy tride to shin out but they grabbed us by the gnap of the neck and maid us stand up with the musicians.

and what do you think. Miss Hillary done jest what she sed she was going to do and kep her wird.

Dec. 18, 186— Thursday. today old Joe Hilliard gave me and Pozzy $5 dollars to devide.

i took $2 dollars and gave Pozzy $2 dollars and we gave Bug $1 dollar for the time he had been a pardner and for the fites he and Pozzy had whitch cheered us up verry mutch for our hard wirk.

Editor's Note—This is the fifth of a series of sketches by Mr. Shute. The next will appear in an early issue.

The Pleasure Drive

EARS pinned back and my glaring eye
Fixed on the roadway, swift I fly.
Foot on the gas bears ruthless down;
Hand on the wheel, and the roadway brown
Streaming to meet me, on I go,
Hitting up sixty-five miles or so—
Was that a town?
I couldn't tell you to save my soul;
But it was a town or a telephone pole.

Children scream and dogs kiyi;
Old hens utter shrieks and fly
Over the fence when I whiz by.

My scared passengers, white as death,
Hang to the car and hold their breath;
Fault isn't mine if they're petrified
We've come out for a pleasure ride.
Foot on the gas and a hand on the wheel—
Oh, what a crazy joy I feel!
Well, here we are -
Fill up the tank and the water, and then
Back like a runaway comet again.

My scared passengers heave profound
Grateful sighs when they reach the ground,
Thanking me for the lovely drive;
Thanking God they are still alive.

I made it in three and a quarter flat;
For a pleasure drive they won't beat that!

What did I see? Why, a bunch of glass
Just this side of the Briggs by-pass,
And a bump and a dip that a hayseed fool
Put in the road at the Smithville school;
And a traffic cop—you'd have got a laugh!
I missed him barely an inch and a half!

No, I saw no blossoms and heard no bees,
No spring winds rustling among the trees,
No fields of clover or cricket's song,
No waterfalls as I went along.
A fine day? Honestly, I don't know;
Busy, making the old bus go—
Don't be a boob!
These things didn't occur to me;
This was a pleasure drive, you see.

—*Lowell Otus Reese.*

The building authorities say-

In five years the house that leaks heat in winter or absorbs heat in summer will be out of date

– nobody will want to live in such a house
– nobody will want to buy or rent such a house
– nobody will think of building such a house

Ex-United States Senator Wm. Alden Smith, Chairman of the Board of Directors, Grand Rapids Savings Bank, Grand Rapids, Michigan

BANKER

"Celotex houses make good loans. They are sound inside and out, inexpensive to maintain and long-lived."

Frank B. Hunter, Indianapolis, Indiana

ARCHITECT

"The first essential of a good house is good shelter. Shelter is insulation. Celotex is *practical* insulation. I urge its use in every building."

G. A. Kelly, President, G. A. Kelly Co., Realtors, Flint, Michigan

REALTOR

"Five years hence an uninsulated home will be hard to sell. Now that Celotex has made insulation possible at almost no extra cost, we would not think of building without it."

J. T. Johnson of the Holm-Johnson Co., Minneapolis, Minnesota

BUILDER

"We urge the use of Celotex in every house we build. It does more than insulate, it makes the house stronger—and at such little cost."

The leading authorities in the building field agree that the practice of building heat-leaking houses is soon to end. Perhaps in four years, or even three, heat-leaking houses will be shunned, or remodeled or on the market as "bargains."

What "heat-leaking" means

No matter how solidly a house is built it will leak heat if it contains merely the ordinary building materials. For wood, brick, plaster and concrete offer slight resistance to the passage of heat. It is this thing of heat leaking *out* in winter and leaking *in* in summer that Celotex Insulating Lumber prevents.

How Celotex prevents heat-leaking

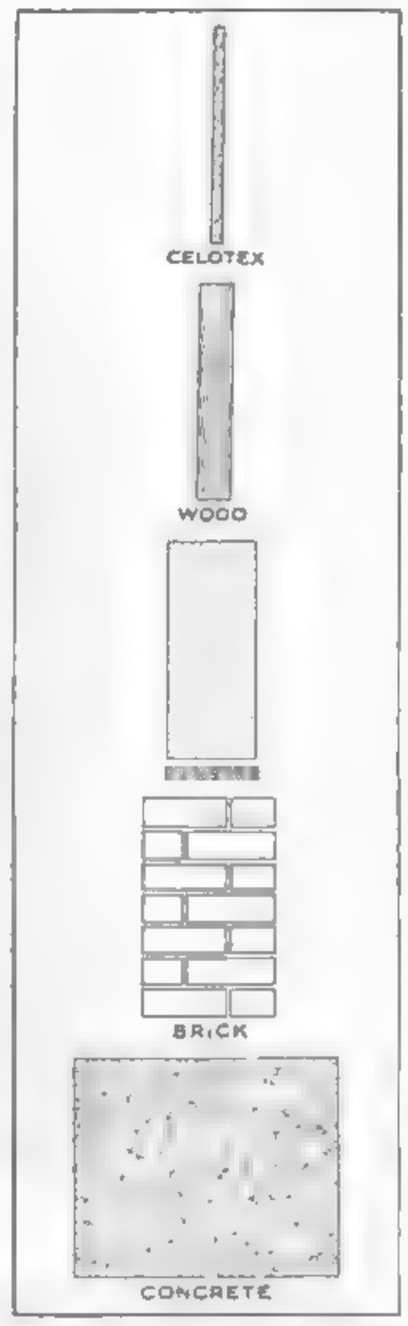
Celotex is a special lumber made from cane fibre (the longest and toughest vegetable fibre obtainable) by a process which cost millions of dollars to perfect. It has properties found in no natural wood.

Celotex stops heat because it contains millions of sealed air cells (*the best insulation known*). Celotex stops wind and moisture. Celotex deadens sound. Thus Celotex brings comfort and economy never to be found in houses of ordinary construction.

While winter roars outside, Celotex keeps the house warm as toast. It protects health. No more cold corners and draughty floors! And year after year Celotex saves about one-third of the fuel bill.

It makes a refreshing difference in temperature through sweltering summer days and nights.

Celotex also makes a stronger, more durable house —because it is much stronger than wood in wall sections. It is the *only* effective insulating material which provides this greater strength in the house walls and is not an extra item in the building.



BUILD FOR
WINTER-WARMTH
SUMMER-COOLTH

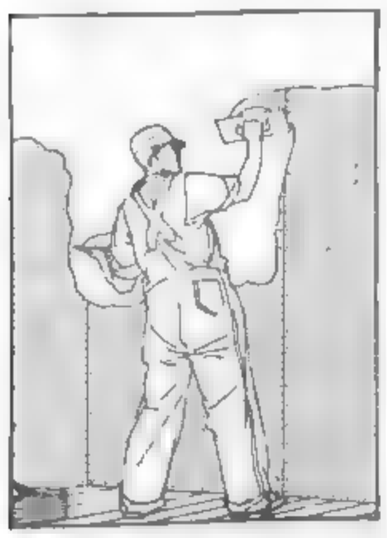
Ordinary building materials do not stop heat. Whereas Celotex does stop heat with an effectiveness three times that of wood, eight times that of plaster board, twelve times that of solid brick, and twenty-five times that of solid concrete.

Build with

—Look ahead!

Before you put any money into a house [*building, buying, loaning or remodeling*] get the answers to these vital questions:

Will it be warm in winter?
Will it be cool in summer?
Will it be quiet and restful?
Will it protect health?
Will it be economical to heat?
Will it be inexpensive to keep up?
Will it be durable?
Will it be easy to sell?



BUILD A STRONGER HOUSE

Celotex gives proper insulation and provides far greater bracing strength in walls than wood lumber. ¶ In outside walls, as sheathing, it affords many times the structural strength of wood. In inside walls, under plaster, it gives a stronger wall with a better bond between Celotex and plaster than between wood lath and plaster. It eliminates lath marks. ¶ Results: more comfort, greater security, longer life, less upkeep expense.

Celotex is the only material which provides a positive answer to these important questions and is not an extra material in the building. For Celotex is the only insulating lumber.

Celotex offers great advantages at little or no extra cost

Celotex adds practically nothing to the cost of a house, because it takes the place of other building materials.

① As sheathing, Celotex replaces wood lumber giving greater strength to the house walls and adding insulation.

② On inside walls plaster is applied directly to the surface of Celotex forming stronger insulated walls and eliminating the use of lath.

③ Celotex makes building paper unnecessary. It gives far better protection against wind and moisture.

④ Celotex eliminates the use of deadening felt. Sound does not pass through it readily.

⑤ Celotex does away with any extra insulation. It gives heat-stopping value, equal to the best.

Good news for those who built before Celotex was available

You can enjoy a big measure of Celotex comfort in the house you now live in. Simply line your attic and basement with Celotex. That helps a lot and costs but little.

Ask your architect, contractor or lumber dealer to tell you more about Celotex.

All lumber dealers can supply it. Leaders in these lines advise its use. And the possibilities of Celotex are so interesting and far-reaching that building men everywhere are glad to tell people about it.

THE CELOTEX COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILL. - - Mills: New Orleans, La.
Branch Sales Offices in many principal cities
(See telephone books for addresses)

B. H. Beach, Vice-President Beach Lumber Co., Rome, New York

LUMBER DEALER

"The lumber yard that does not sell insulation will soon be far behind the times. We have sold Celotex for five years It has always proven satisfactory."

George W Everitt, Norwood Park, Chicago

CARPENTER

"Every really well-built house is insulated today Celotex is the best insulation because it is strong and takes the place of so many other materials."

Olaf Johnson, St. Paul, Minnesota

PLASTERER

"For a really A-1 job give me Celotex to plaster on. There is no comparison between Celotex and lath under plaster."

Free Building Book

Even if you are not planning on building soon, the Celotex Building Book will interest you. It explains fully this great advance in building progress. Use the coupon below for a free copy.

The Celotex Company Dept M 61
645 N Michigan Ave , Chicago, Ill.
Please send the Celotex Building Book.
Name .....
Street ..... State .....
City .....

CELOTEX

INSULATING LUMBER

There's a Surprise Awaiting You

NO matter how good an oil stove you're using, see a demonstration of an Oil Range with Lorain High Speed Oil Burners. It will surprise you.

Lorain Burners give a quick, hot, clean, blue flame that strikes directly against the cooking-utensils.

Wicks Do Not Stick

The construction of the Lorain Burner prevents wick-sticking and makes re-wicking a quick, easy task. Lorain wicks last for months.

No Difficult Adjustments

Lorain Burners are easy to operate, sturdy, dependable and economical. The patented wick-stop halts the wick at the correct lighting-point which, in the Lorain Burner, is also the burning-point. No further adjustments required—just light the burners and cook! Re-wicking can be done in "no time".

Inner Combustion Tubes Do Not Burn Out

Inner combustion tubes are made of "Vesuvius Metal", which is not affected by intense heat. *Read the Guarantee.*

Be sure to see the many handsome styles and sizes of Lorain Burner Oil Ranges before you purchase a new Oil Stove. If you don't know where to find a dealer, write us.

GUARANTEE

Should the inner combustion tube of the Lorain High Speed Oil Burner burn out within 10 years from date of purchase, replacement will be made entirely free of charge.

IF GAS is available you'll find no cooking appliance to compare with Lorain-equipped Gas Ranges. One easy turn of the Lorain Red Wheel gives you a choice of any measured and controlled oven heat for any kind of oven cooking or baking.

LORAIN
OVEN HEAT REGULATOR

AMERICAN STOVE COMPANY, St. Louis, Mo.

Sole Manufacturers of Gas Ranges Equipped with the Lorain Oven Heat Regulator

World's Largest Manufacturers of Cooking Appliances

LORAIN
HIGH SPEED OIL BURNER

Many famous makes of Oil Cook Stoves are now equipped with the Lorain High Speed Oil Burner, including:

Clark Jewel—George M. Clark & Co. Div., Chicago, Ill.

Dangler—Dangler Stove Co. Div., Cleveland, Ohio

Direct Action—National Stove Company Div., Lorain, Ohio

New Process—New Process Stove Co. Div., Cleveland, Ohio

Quick Meal—Quick Meal Stove Co. Div., St. Louis, Mo.

FORTY YEARS OF MELODY

(Continued from Page 34)

puller-in saw to it that the stranger did not leave without buying a suit of clothes or an overcoat. The same thing happened daily in Tin Pan Alley, as the song pluggers, from early in the morning until late at night, stood in the front of their respective publishing houses waiting for singers to come along, when they would grab them by the arm and hoist them into the music studios. There was no escape; once the singers entered the block, they left it with a dozen songs crammed into their pockets and the singers' promises ringing in the pluggers' ears, assuring them they would faithfully sing their compositions. Each song plugger had his own clientele of friends who very often stood by him through thick and thin, until some other enterprising plugger would offer the singer more money, and then he would switch his allegiance. There was keen rivalry existing among the publishing houses at that time. The publishers were continually hearing of the scrapping between the pluggers because of their stealing one another's pet singers.

Fourteenth Street was then the Mecca for the song pluggers as well as the publishers. As soon as the lamps were lit they clustered around Tony Pastor's, that being their headquarters, where usually all the singers could be found, if not at their hotels and boarding houses close by. It was a common sight any night to see the pluggers, with pockets full of professional copies, stop the singers on the street and lead them to the first lamp-post, where the plugger would sing a song from a professional copy. It mattered not how many people were passing at the time. "Anything to land a singer" was their motto.

Tony Pastor was very lenient to the popular-song pluggers, as well as to the publishers, allowing them to go back of the stage at all times to interview the singers, while old man Henderson, at the door, a fixture for more than twenty years, passed many of them into the theater through the front entrance.

The Tin Pan Alleyites

Not only were the song pluggers the solicitors for their firms, but also the heads of the concerns were out doing their bit at the same time. Not only did they hustle in their respective publishing houses during the day, but as soon as they were through with their dinner their work started all over again at night. On that street you could see walking nightly Ed Marks and his partner, Joe Stern; Kerry Mills, the Witmark boys, Pat Howley, Harry Von Tilzer and Meyer Cohen. They all kept their eagle eyes open for a singer or an orchestra leader to use their compositions.

The singers themselves were never lonesome in those days. They certainly had one good time of it, as the pluggers and publishers fed them up with cigars, drinks and food of all kinds without any cost to them. Many a singer's board bill was paid and many a new trunk, together with a railroad ticket, was purchased by the firm whose song the singer was exploiting so that the singer could accept an engagement in a different city. The publishers spent their money freely, as their slogan was, "Anything and everything to land a hit." No system, no set rules, no combination of publishers, no music publishers' association; simply do as you please, everybody for himself and the devil take the hindmost.

No two publishers were really friendly seldom even passed the time of day. The rivalry was too keen. So it went on for several years. Hits came and hits went. New publishers came and some of the old publishers departed. Gradually they moved uptown and all of them located in what is known as the Roaring Forties, and as far up as Fifty-second Street and Broadway. If the theatrical district should move farther uptown in the years to come, you will find the publishers located close by, as the vaudeville and musical-comedy theaters depend on the popular-song publishers for their music, and it is only natural that they must be in close contact with each other.

While still correspondent for the New York paper, I called upon the manager of a minstrel company showing at the Bijou Theater. I was introduced to a short slim chap, the youngest manager I had ever met. He looked to me to be about fourteen years of age.

"Say," said I, "are you really the manager of this show?"

"What's the matter with me?" said he.

"Nothing. I thought the boys were joshing me."

I met him several times afterward with other shows. He was always so busy that he never had time to talk with one for two minutes at a time. While he was talking with one he would suddenly scoot off like a shot. Years afterward I did a great deal of business with this little fellow and his brothers. This young manager was Sam Shubert. I never dreamed at our first meeting how closely we would be associated later on.

The Show Girl Makes Her Bow

When I located in New York my ambition was to publish a musical show so as to get my name on the map as a full-fledged music publisher. I had published the music of a small musical show running at the time in Chicago under the management of Leo Teller, now manager of the Broadway Theater, Brooklyn. The book was by Addison Burkhart and the music by Raymond Hubbell, called Chow Chow. The show contained some very catchy musical numbers.

Remembering Sam Shubert, I called to see him at his New York office, where he cordially greeted me and introduced me to his brothers, Lee and Jake. I told them all about the little musical show which was running in Chicago. They asked if I had any of the songs with me, to which I replied that I had. My manager, Meyer Cohen, immediately opened up a roll of music and sang several of them, which seemed to interest all the Shubert boys.

Sam said to Jake, "Run on to Chicago, look the show over and report back."

Jake was about seventeen years of age at that time, and I laughed to think that a young kid like Jake could report upon the merits of any show. He went, all right, and his answer was to sign it up, as it looked good. As I controlled the publishing rights, we made the arrangement with the proprietors of the show and with the author and composer on a royalty basis. Sam told me he thought it would be wise to have the author and composer come to New York and consult with them, as he wanted them to fix the entire show up and have it rewritten for a Broadway production.

I sent for Hubbell and Burkhart and took them over to see the Shuberts, who laid out the plans for them. The boys worked faithfully upon the book and added several new songs. This was the Shuberts' first big musical production and was the first advent of the show girl. It was to open at the Casino Theater. They were going to spend a fortune, so the papers said. At the time nearly $50,000 was a fortune for a musical show.

Among the artists were Fay Templeton, Helene Lord and Arthur Dunn, the comedian. The late Arthur Weld was the leader of the orchestra. The show opened and was an instantaneous success, renamed The Runaways. After playing through the season it was sent on the road, where it duplicated its New York success. Many of the songs became big hits. One of them I specially recall, as sung by Arthur Dunn, A Kiss for Each Day in the Week. My Susanna from Habana was a hit also.

My reason for taking the plunge and moving my main office from Milwaukee to

When that lazy drain takes an "*after dinner nap*"—Use Drāno

Dinner dishes piled up in the sink! Housework delayed! All because the kitchen drain chose your busiest hour to take an "after dinner nap." And poke and prod as you will, you simply cannot start it flowing freely again.

Drāno was made for situations like this. Just pour in Drāno, add water, then watch it bubble and boil as it dissolves grease, lint, soapy refuse, or other obstructing matter. Almost before you know it, the drain is all cleared out.

And a little Drāno poured down the drains every week or two will prevent drain trouble altogether. Use it freely in kitchen, laundry and bathroom—*it positively will not harm porcelain, enamel or plumbing*.

Other Uses for Drāno

Pour Drāno down the refrigerator drain-pipe every week—it cleanses and sterilizes. Use it to clean and deodorize the garbage can. Soak encrusted baking dishes, pots, pans, glass ovenware—anything but aluminum—in a solution of Drāno, and they will come out clean and shining.

Buy a can today at your grocery, drug, or hardware store. Or send 25c for a full-sized can. Express charges additional outside of the United States and Canada. The Drackett Chemical Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.

To Clean Grease-encrusted pots and pans

Dissolve one tablespoonful of Drāno in enough water to cover utensil in a dishpan. Stir with a spoon Immerse article until clean. Rinse thoroughly.

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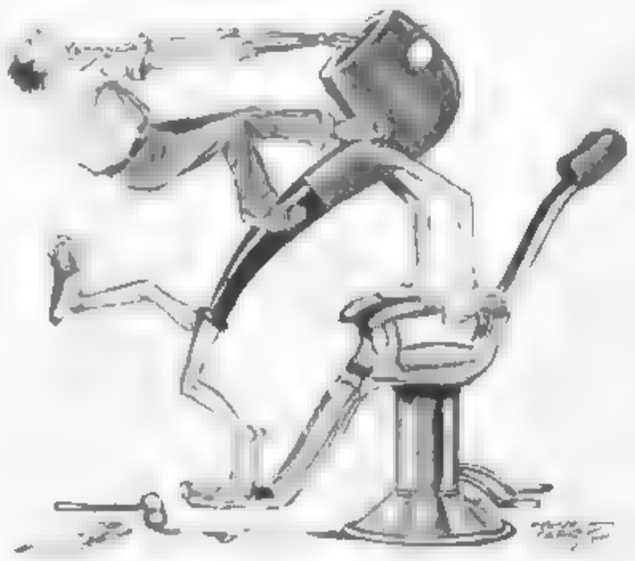
Don't go after that bite hammer and tongs



No use jumping on your poor suffering pipe! No use yanking at imaginary teeth, even if they do bite your tongue half off! No use drilling and scraping and scraping and drilling!

There's nothing wrong with your old pipe . . . He hasn't a tooth in his head. But if he had wisdom teeth and a tongue he'd probably pull some "biting sarcasm" about the tobacco you use.

For nine times out of ten "bite" comes from finely cut tobacco . . . tobacco that's too finely cut for a pipe. It burns too fast. It smokes too hot.

But fill your old pipe with Granger. End all his woe. Granger is mellowed by Wellman's old 1870 method. And what's even more important it's *cut* for pipes, and pipes only! Its larger flakes burn slower and make the coolest, smoothest tobacco you ever put in your pipe.

GRANGER
Rough Cut

The half-pound vacuum tin is forty-five cents, the heavy foil package ten cents

Granger is made by the Liggett & Myers Tobacco Company

New York was on account of a letter I received from Robert Grau, brother of Maurice Grau, then manager of the Metropolitan Opera Company, in which he asked me to write a song for the celebrated diva Adelina Patti for her coming American farewell concert tour.

After receiving that letter I took a run to New York to meet Mr. Grau and find out what kind of song would please the eminent artist. It was a well-known fact that outside of Suwanee River and Home, Sweet Home she had never sung a popular song by an American composer. He asked me to spend the night with him at his home in New Rochelle so that he could talk it over with me. I gladly accepted his kind invitation and met his charming wife and daughter.

"What is your idea," said I, "for a song?"

"Well," said Mr. Grau, "it's going to be her last farewell. I doubt if she will ever appear in this country again. It must be a song that will touch the hearts of her audience—simple and sympathetic."

"I like that title," said I.

"What title?" said Grau.

"The one you have just mentioned—The Last Farewell."

"By Jove," said he, "that isn't bad!"

That night when I repaired to my room I asked Mr. Grau to supply me with pencils and paper, as I intended writing the song that night. In the morning after breakfast we repaired to the music room, where I played The Last Farewell, to the great surprise of Mr. and Mrs. Grau and their daughter. They said it was just the song for the diva.

Mr. Grau said, "I intend leaving next month for Paris, where I am to meet her, and then will spend a week with her at her castle, Craig-y-nos, and I will cable you her reply as to whether she will sing your song."

I told him I intended moving to New York and making my headquarters there, and would spend the summer at Long Branch, and he made note of my address. I had rented two floors in a new building at 31 West Thirty-First Street, next to Muschenheim's restaurant, called the Arena. In two weeks I was settled and ready to do business. I closed my office in Twenty-Eighth Street, located then in Tin Pan Alley, to the surprise of all the other publishers, as Thirty-First Street was supposed to be very far uptown at that time.

Pete Dailey's Daily Joke

I certainly enjoyed myself at Long Branch, especially so as Pete Dailey, who was the leading comedian of the Weber & Fields Music Hall, together with his wife, was a guest at the hotel where I was staying. We were together continuously and I confided to Pete about the song for the diva. He laughed heartily and said I stood as much chance of inducing Patti to sing one of my songs as he had of being engaged by the Metropolitan Opera Company in place of Jean de Reszke, and at that my heart fell.

"Well, Pete," said I, "I have nothing to lose and everything to gain. If she does not sing it I'll be just as well off. If she does sing it, it will be a feather in my cap."

Every morning at breakfast Pete would say, "Have you heard from Patsy? Any wires or cables?"

I was compelled to smile, and my reply was always, "No, Pete, not yet, but soon."

The laugh was soon to be on Pete. One morning a cablegram from Paris was handed to me. For a moment before opening it I wondered what its contents could be, then eagerly opened it and read:

"Patti sang Farewell concert Paris. Big success. Will positively sing it on American tour. Congratulations.

"ROBERT GRAU."

I rushed over to Pete's room. He was shaving. I ran in and slapped him on the back, yelling like a Comanche Indian, "Who's loony now?" flashing the cablegram before his eyes. "Read it, you old pessimist!" I cried.

His pleasure almost equaled mine. "Charles," he said, "honestly I congratulate you from the bottom of my heart."

Dear old Pete, how I loved and admired him!

Patti's Last Farewell

I shall never forget the day that Adelina Patti arrived in New York and put up at the Savoy Hotel. I received a telephone call on Sunday morning from Mr. Grau that the diva wished to see me, as she was to open the following night at Carnegie Hall. That morning, when I arrived at the hotel, there was a mob trying to meet or get a glimpse of the famous diva. As soon as my name was announced she sent down word to have me come up. There were at least a dozen maids, butlers, waiters and other servants fussing around her many trunks, taking out her various costumes and things. Reporters from every paper in New York crowded the hall. Baron Cederström, her husband, stood in the doorway with a smile, saying that the diva would not see anyone until the next morning at eleven o'clock. The baron escorted me into her suite and I was introduced to the famous Patti, who greeted me with outstretched hands, just as though she had known me all her life. I was taken aback with surprise at the cordiality of her reception; I had expected to meet a haughty queen, and found a bright, sprightly, dark-haired little woman as simple and unaffected as a child.

"Mr. Harris," said she, "your song is so beautiful. It makes me so sad every time I sing it. Listen to these lines."

She sat down at the piano and played and sang the song over for me, and I stood there entranced, as never in my experience had I heard a song sung with such feeling as Patti gave to my simple little ballad.

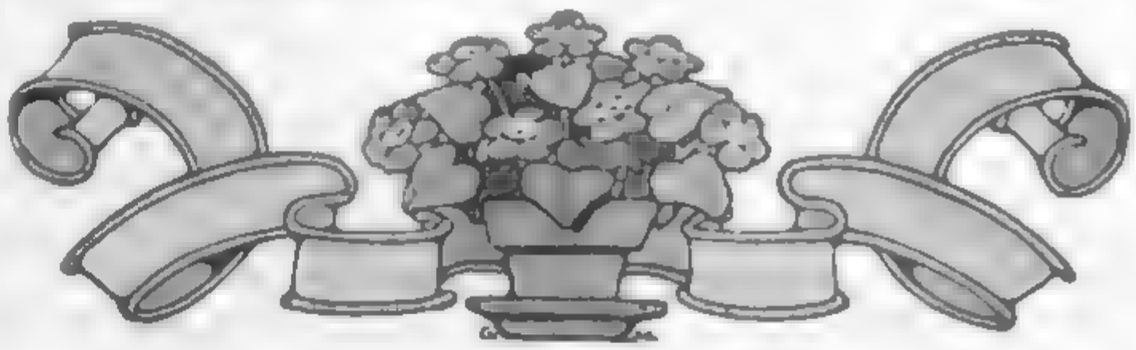
I had engaged seats for the concert. The house was packed from pit to dome, a great many of the audience present having heard the diva sing when she was in her prime. Her pianist, Signor Sapeo, who played for her for many years, was her accompanist that night. She sang her most famous songs of bygone days—Home, Sweet Home and Suwanee River—and still the audience clamored for more; and at last she came down to the footlights, stretched out her hands to the audience as though she wished to clasp them all to her breast, and sang The Last Farewell. You could have heard a pin drop in that vast audience, and there was not a dry eye in the house when she had finished.

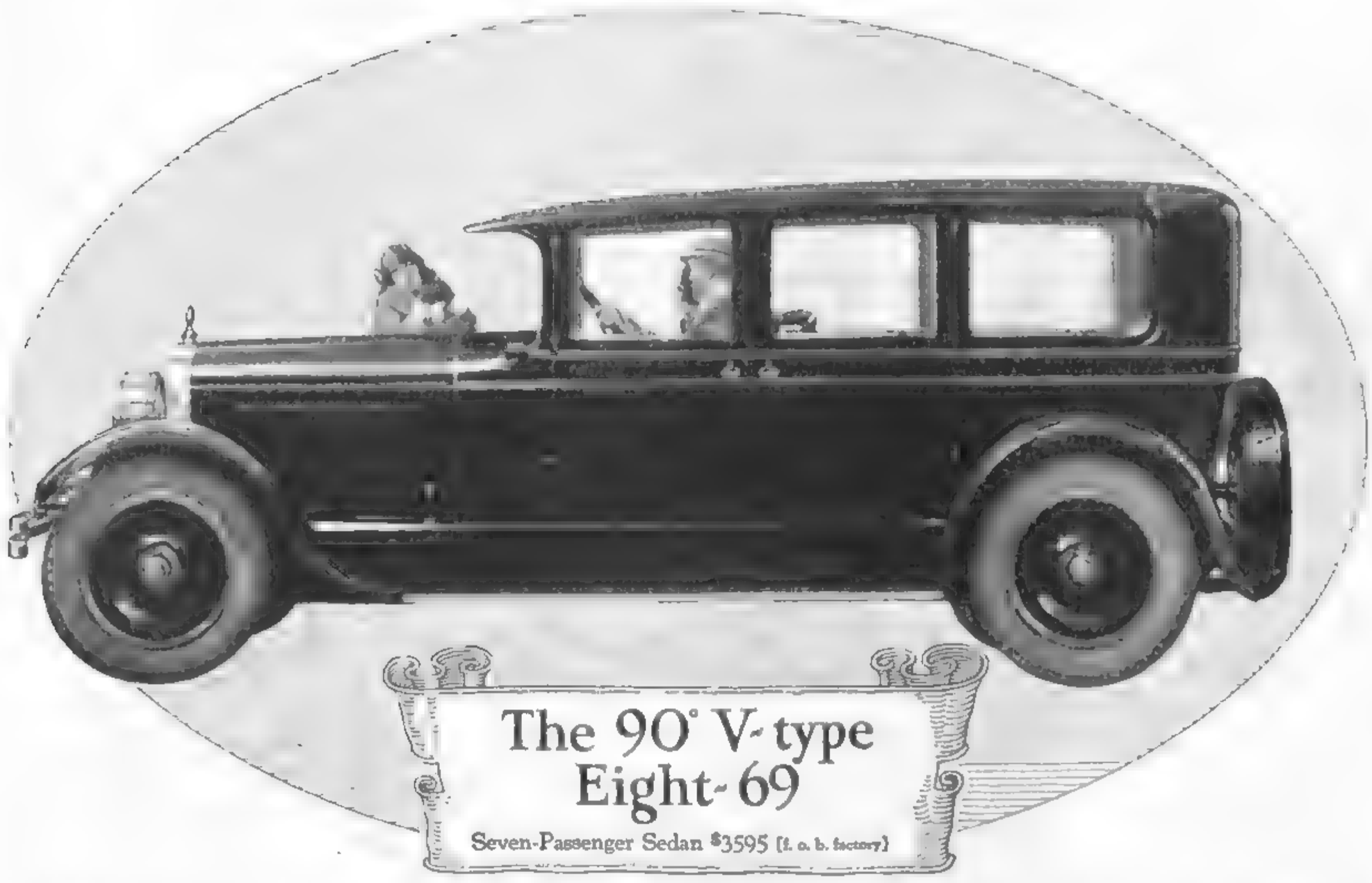
A few years later I met Patti again in Karlsbad in one of the large gardens. She saw me and beckoned me to come to her, which I did. Both she and the baron greeted me most cordially. I remained with them for almost an hour.

"The baron will bring you a photograph of myself, which I wish you to accept with my compliments," she said.

I treasure this photograph to this day as one of my most cherished possessions.

Editor's Note—This is the fifth of a series of articles by Mr. Harris. The next will appear in an early issue.





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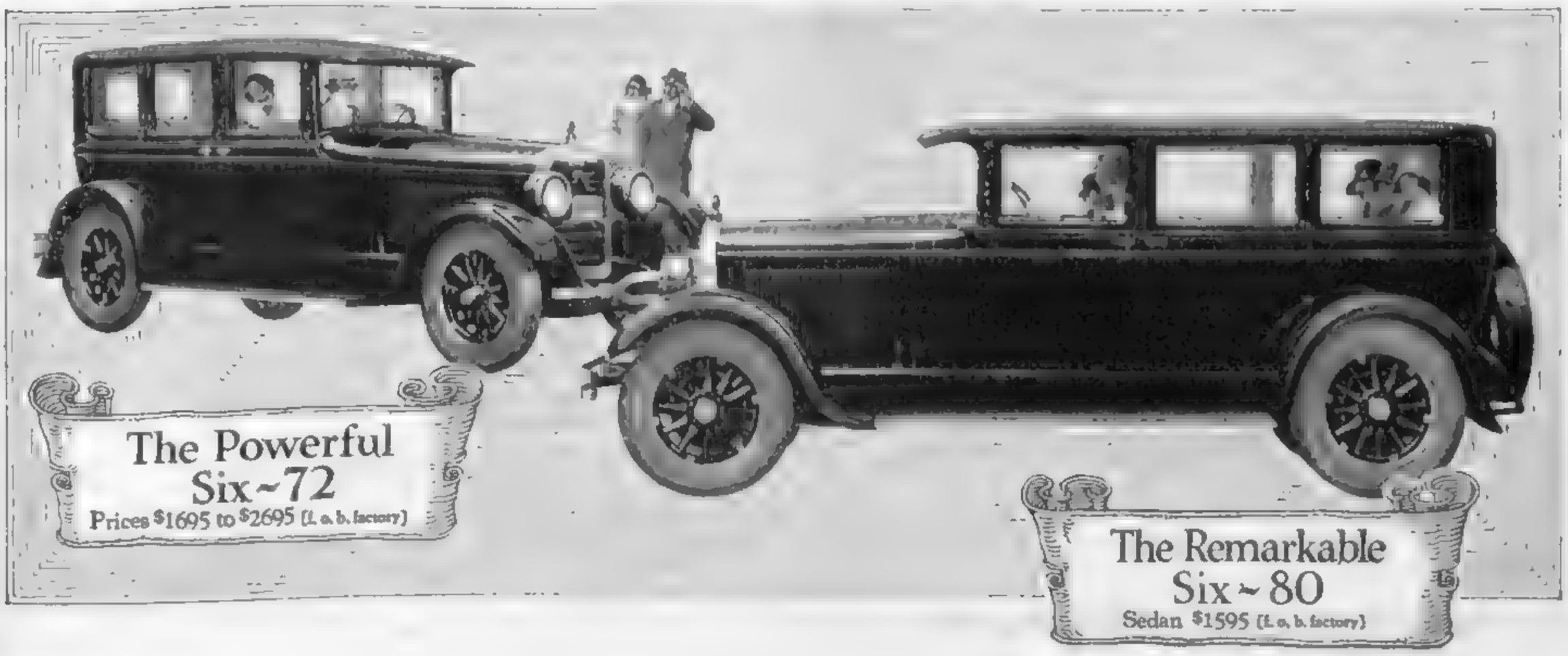

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These together with the Cresmdon, a new and exclusive Crosley feature, will be completely described in next week's issue of The Saturday Evening Post.

WOMEN AND ELEPHANTS

(Continued from Page 9)

she knew was the not very popular one of bashing in customers' straw hats.

"Then one night Ben Lee came to Mrs. Springer and I heard him say, 'Rosamund will be ready to go into the ring in two weeks.'

"'Rosamund? Who is Rosamund?' asked Jessie Springer. 'Your wife?'

"'Wife, hell!' Ben Lee's scorn was patent. 'Rosamund is the big girl.'

"'But her name isn't Rosamund,' protested Mrs. Springer. 'That's an absurd name for an elephant. Rosamund!'

"'Her name,' said Ben Lee—and I was surprised at the amount of dignity the little gargoyle could muster—'is Rosamund - Rosamund Lee, and I'd like to see anybody call her anything else.'

"Mrs. Springer laughed, and Rosamund remained Rosamund.

"Surprisingly, Ben Lee made good his promise. Every day he took Rosamund out behind the big top and worked with her. He didn't use a hook. He didn't starve her to make her learn tricks. He just talked to her. As she was both clumsy and willful, it took a lot of talking. But Ben Lee was patient—when dealing with elephants -and sure enough Rosamund did appear in the ring, and bowed, and beat a drum, and carried Ben aloft in her trunk.

"But as Rosamund improved and became a more civilized member of society, Ben Lee went downhill. He became less and less sober, less and less dependable, more and more impossible. Jessie Springer stood it as long as she could—longer. Ben Lee had one friend in the troupe, and that was Rosamund. I must say this for him: Drunk or sober, he never let her miss a meal. But he was a nuisance to everyone else with the show, and finally he did something that finished him. I suppose you could hardly blame him for what he did. It seemed to me a bit ironic that he was shown the egress for doing the only really sensible thing he'd done in years. What Ben Lee did was to fall in love with Mrs. Jessie Springer.

"Now she was good-hearted and liked to call her troupe her family, and was decent and pleasant to everyone, even Ben. A little kindness went to his head. He became a pest. When my best white shirts began to disappear, and the tents began to reek with Sweet Spirits of Lily of the Valley—a dollar a barrel—I feared the worst. When I saw Ben Lee shamefacedly emerge from a barber shop in Paragould, Arkansas, clipped, powdered, scented and with his finger nails aglow; and when I noticed that he had actually begun to drink less and wash more, I knew the worst. To all his other follies, Ben Lee was adding the supreme folly of falling in love with someone unattainable, a lady who could pick and choose from a dozen prosperous and handsome circus men, if by chance she wanted a second mate, which she doubtless did not. Her experience with the late Mr. Springer, who was a weak and fickle chameleon of a man, had given her a low opinion of Mr. Springer's sex.

"Jessie quite openly intimated that men might be all right as acrobats, but that as husbands she could not see them with a large and powerful telescope. A woman, she was known to remark, expects love, loyalty and steadfastness, and in these qualities, she declared, men are markedly deficient. So it was plain to all of us that the romantic-minded Ben Lee, who was shy on pulchritude, and whose virtues could be carved on the head of a pin with a hatchet, was engaged in a lost cause from the start. He must have guessed his case was hopeless; nevertheless he displayed an uncharacteristic persistency. He proposed to Jessie Springer in Bettendorf, Iowa; Coon Rapids, Iowa; Mason City, Iowa; Hiawatha, Kansas; Hannibal, Missouri; Wahoo, Nebraska; Drumright, Oklahoma; and just about every place we played. She rejected him in all those places, and in Minot, North Dakota, she both rejected him and fired him. I witnessed the scene. Jessie Springer was nice enough about it.

"'Understand, Ben,' she said, 'I hate to have to do this. I sort of like you, which gives you an idea how good-natured I am But enough of you is too much for me. Time and again I told you to quit pestering me. Did you quit? Not you! I'm not in the market for a husband, and if I was, what makes you think I'd pick you? It's bad enough to have you around the show as an elephant man. You're swell with elephants, I grant that. But I don't happen to be an elephant. Where did you get the idea you'd make a good husband? What have you to offer?'

"'Well' began Ben Lee, and gulped and scratched his head, and gave it up. Then, a ray of hope illumining his gloom 'well, anyhow, I'm a man'

"'In the first place,' said Jessie Springer, 'I have as much use for a man as Rosamund has for a bicycle. In the second place, I've seen better men than you made out of sand at Compo Beach. You a man? That's a laugh. I hate to say it, Ben, but I don't see anything very manly about you. Just name one single thing, will you?'

"Ben Lee stood looking helplessly at her He couldn't think of a thing.

"'I'd—I'd reform,' he said.

"'Ben,' said Jessie Springer firmly, 'I don't want a husband, reformed or unreformed, and I particularly don't want you. You've given me no peace for weeks. So I'm going to have to ask you to quit the show. A good elephant man like you can always get a job.'

"Ben Lee looked at his feet and said, in a subdued voice, 'I didn't mean no harm. I just couldn't help it. I guess I was a sucker to fall so hard for you, but I done it. And I guess if you want to give me the air, there ain't nothing I can do but take it.' Then he stiffened. 'What about Rosamund?' he said.

"'She'll be all right,' answered Jessie Springer. 'I've got a good new elephant man to take charge of her.'

"'Who?'

"'Max Klinger.'

"Ben Lee snorted. 'Him an elephant man? Klinger? Say, that bozo couldn't teach a rabbit to eat carrots. He's ——'

"Jessie Springer interrupted him. 'Max Klinger behaves himself, anyhow,' she said. 'And he can handle Rosamund all right, now that she is trained.'

"Ben Lee looked as if he were about to break into tears. 'Yes,' he said brokenly, 'Rosamund is good—now. She'll do her stuff. . . . Say, Mrs. Springer, couldn't you let me stay? I'll keep away from you, honest I will.'

"'I'm afraid not, Ben,' said Jessie Springer. 'You promised all that before. The show is too small to hold both you and me. Besides, I've hired Klinger. No, you'll have to go.'

"'All right,' said Ben Lee. 'You're the boss. But see that you take good care of Rosamund.' A flash of spirit came on him. 'And let me warn you,' he said, 'if that big Dutchman doesn't use Rosamund right, I'll come down and tear his gizzard out.'

"'I'll be responsible for Rosamund,' Jessie Springer assured him. 'Now run along, Ben. Good-by.'

"She held out her hand. I felt sorry for Ben Lee. He was no good, but he was suffering.

"'It's all right,' he said. 'I guess I been a fool. No hard feelings. Good-by.' He gave her hand a quick shake. 'If you don't mind,' he said, 'I'd like to say good-by to Rosamund.'

"They tell me he sat up all that night talking to Rosamund. In the morning he was gone.

"We traveled on our way, playing to good crowds through Nebraska and Colorado. Rosamund, after moping for a week,

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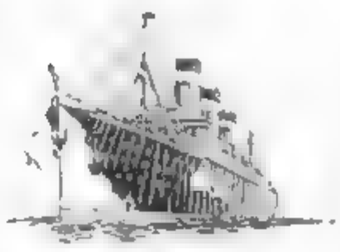

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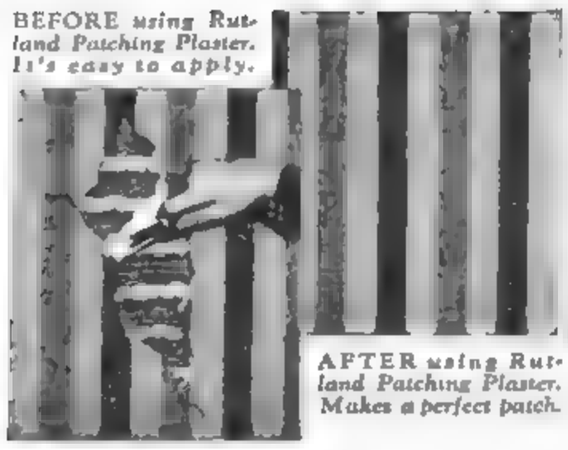

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behaved fairly well after Ben Lee left. That is, she didn't pull any rough stuff. But she was sullen and tried to balk at some of her tricks, and the burly Klinger, who did his talking to elephants with a bull whip and a prong, had to use strong measures more than once. She went through the repertoire Ben Lee had taught her, grudgingly, but she went through it; she was afraid not to.

"It was in Greeley, Colorado, that things went wrong with Rosamund. The regular finale of her act was a triumphal march about the ring, holding Klinger high above her in her curled trunk, while our band did its loudest with Hail to the Chief. That evening Rosamund hurried through her tricks. Then she picked Klinger up, bore him halfway round the ring, stopped and tossed him twenty feet through the air into the spectators. Luckily he bounced off a particularly fat spectator and wasn't much hurt. He drove Rosamund into her box car and chastised her. Meekly she accepted his blows. She just stood there, mumbling, twitching and rolling her eyes. I remembered the demise of Malachi and I was alarmed. The veterinarian confirmed my fears.

"'You never can tell about an elephant,' he said, 'but it looks to me as if Rosamund is through. Queer brutes, they are. When they make up their mind they don't want to live, they just up and die. You can't argue with them. They take a one-way ticket to the happy hunting ground and kiss the world good-by. I'll do what I can. Can you suggest anything, Klinger?'

"The trainer shrugged helpless shoulders.

"'Well elephants I know a little,' he said. 'Sick elephants I don't know at all. Better let her die. She was no good anyhow.'

"The vet gave her a dozen pills, big as soda biscuits, but Rosamund's breathing grew feebler. She was dying on her feet, the way elephants do. She lingered on through the night and through the next day. There was so much of her it took her a long time to expire. Toward dusk her knees were sagging and we waited for the end.

"Don't ask me to explain how it happened. I'm merely telling you it did. On the evening of the second day we were gathered about Rosamund in her car—she almost filled it, so we had to crowd in the doorway—expecting the next faint breath to be her last, when the door slid open violently and Ben Lee came in. I don't believe in telepathy myself, but how are you going to explain why Ben Lee suddenly left a bums' lodging house in Kansas City and beat his way on the blind baggage to the town where Springer's Spectacle was playing? Ben had obviously seen hard times since he left us; he was dirty and tattered. He didn't say a word to us. He shoved Klinger to one side and walked up and put his arm around Rosamund's trunk.

"'Hello, lady,' he said in that curious voice he used only when speaking to her. 'What's wrong with my big girl? Ben's here. Come on, Rosie, give him a smile.' Rosamund stopped rolling her eyes. I saw in them that she knew him. 'It's all right, Rosie,' said Ben Lee softly. 'Ben didn't desert you. They sent him away. But he came back. Easy, baby, easy. Everything's all right now.'

"The vet touched him on the shoulder. 'I'm afraid it's no use, Ben,' he said. 'She's done for.'

"Ben Lee turned toward us and that funny face of his was fierce and tender at the same time.

"'Clear out, the lot of you!' he said 'There ain't nobody can do a thing for Rosie—nobody but me'

"Somehow, as he looked at us, it seemed to us a good idea not to interfere with him; we all simultaneously decided to clear out and leave him alone with Rosamund. We were edging toward the door when Jessie Springer came in.

"'Is she gone yet?' she asked. Then she saw Ben Lee. Now Jessie Springer is one of those women of iron, who when she tells a man to go, he'd better stay gone.

"'Ben Lee,' she cried, 'what are you doing here? I told you never to come near this show again.'

"Ben Lee looked at her the way he had looked at us, and Jessie Springer, who isn't afraid of anything on earth, or anywhere else, stopped right where she was.

"'I came to be with Rosie,' Ben Lee said. 'She needs me. You can set the canvas men on me, but they'll have to kill me to get me out. I'm going to stick with Rosie: that's what I'm going to do—stick with Rosie.'

"Jessie Springer stared at him a full minute. She never backed water—never but this once.

"'Ben,' she said, 'you're a fool. But if you want to stay, I won't be responsible. The train has to start in a few minutes. That elephant is due to cave in any time. If you stay where you are, she'll fall on you. It isn't safe. Better come away and leave her alone. She'll be gone soon'

"Ben Lee stared at her as if she were saying something monstrous.

"'What?' he said. 'Me leave Rosie when she needs me? No, you bet I won't! I'm here to stay, right by Rosie.' He stroked the elephant's ears. We heard him saying, 'Take it easy, Rosie. Ben's here and he'll stick by you. Don't worry, baby. Nobody's going to hurt you any more. There's a good girl. Easy, now, easy. Take a nice deep breath for Ben's sake. That's right, try, Rosie, try. Ben didn't want to leave you. He'll never leave you again. Another deep breath. Come on, Rosie. Do it for Ben. Easy, baby, easy. You don't want to go away and leave poor old Ben all alone, do you? Of course not. Come on, Rosie; one more good deep breath. That's papa's girl. One more now, Rosie.'

"We all went out softly just before the train started, and Jessie Springer went last of all.

"There's a sharp curve in the line just before you hit Boulder, and our train took it at high speed. I was almost flung out of my berth. When we stopped at Boulder early in the morning, I was the first to go into the elephant car. Rosamund was still alive; indeed, she was breathing easily and regularly, and had stopped twitching and rolling her eyes. But during the night she had fallen, doubtless when the train had lurched so violently. I did not see Ben Lee at once. That was because he was in a corner, huddled there. I called to him and he did not answer. I thought he was asleep until I came closer to where he lay. Then I knew what had happened when Rosamund fell in the night.

"The only thing Ben Lee said to me when I was able to bring him back to consciousness for a brief moment was, 'How's Rosie?'

"'Better. She'll pull through now.'

"Then he closed his eyes again. I thought at first every bone in his undersized body was broken; but somehow a few held together and we were able to get him off the train. I told the others he would die on the way to the hospital; he was practically dead when I found him. But he fooled me; he was a tough one. He was still alive at the hospital and there they said he had one chance in ten thousand. Possibly, they said, Doctor Trowbridge, of San Francisco, could save him. You know Doctor Trowbridge, the man who did such miracles after the war, putting men together who were all in pieces. He gets a fortune every time he operates, and he deserves it. He's always busy too."

A gong in the circus cook tent sounded.

"Lunch," announced Doc Madden. "I'll have to rush. I'll cut it short. Well, we got Doctor Trowbridge to the hospital by special train, and he spent a week putting Ben Lee together, putting in silver ribs and other things. Ben spent six months in the best hospital in the West and by that time he was practically as good as new."

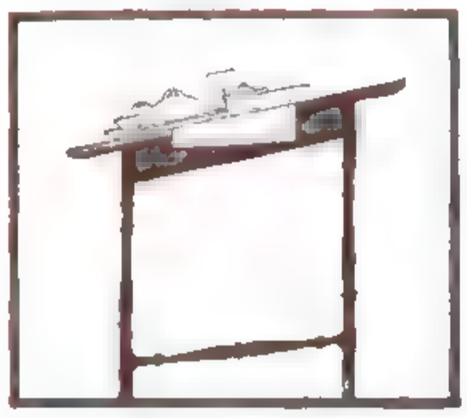
"But how could Lee afford all that? Who paid for it?"

"Why," answered Doc Madden, "his wife did."

"His wife?"

"Sure! Jessie Springer that was. Now don't ask me why she married him. Women are funny. I don't understand them at all."

Three Fingered Jack, Near Bend, Oregon



Lop-sided diet VS. *a square meal*

A BIG meal isn't always a square meal. It is seriously lop-sided if it leaves out food elements your system must have—like vitamins. Fortunately there's a pleasant way to balance a diet low in vitamins. Eat more tomatoes and tomato products.

Snider's Catsup adds zest—and adds vitamins

Besides tasting mighty good, Snider's Catsup is mighty good for you. Besides adding zest to meat and fish, it adds the vitamins which those foods are short in. It gives you a liberal supply of the element without which no meal can be termed a square one.

Nature packed her greatest store of vitamin into the tomato, and Snider packed it all into this Catsup. But that was only by the greatest care and speed at every point in the production

Bottled vitamins another name for Snider's Catsup

This savory condiment is made from the world's most important source of vitamins—tomatoes. Use it liberally to help make up for the lack of vitamins in many foods.

where a moment's delay might lose some of the precious vitamin.

"That Catsup was on the vine this morning"

—said a Snider man during the bottling season. The tomatoes, ripened on the vine, were picked, rushed to the bottling plant, cooked and bottled—all between sun-up and sun-down. Such promptness explains why Snider's Catsup preserves Nature's vitamins and that fresh tomato taste that so delights you.

Scrambled eggs get promoted

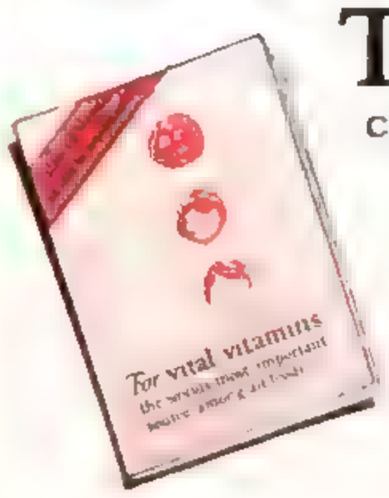
Add savory Snider's Catsup to your next serving of scrambled eggs, at the table or stirred in at the pan, and you raise this dish a few grades in popularity.

Stir in Snider's Catsup with the melted cheese and other ingredients of a Welsh rarebit, and you add new zest to this welcome repast.

Just two suggestions to show you there are always new ways of using this old favorite. If these interest you there are others just as appetizing in the new Snider booklet, suggestions for squaring out your meals with the help of Snider's Catsup—bottled vitamins.

Snider's
TOMATO CATSUP

CHILI SAUCE - COCKTAIL SAUCE - TOMATO SOUP



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CITY P4

WHEN MANKIND WAS YOUNG

(Continued from Page 13)

recalcitrant infants into silence, which was never heard without a chilling of the blood.

The clamor hushed suddenly. A tall, square-bearded, robustly virile veteran, a collar of large amber beads about his neck, carved ivory bracelets on his bare strong arms, decorated skin cloak about his shoulders, had risen in quiet dignity from his fireside, was interrogating the messenger. It was Gray Wolf, the chief of the tribe. The people in the cavern pressed close to listen to the momentous colloquy, the women whisperingly irritable with the infants who clung to their tunic skirts.

The chief spoke with curt authority: "Who saw them?"

"I, Leaping Horse, saw them, venerable one."

"Where?"

"Upon the great-lake-which-eats-the-sun, venerable one," replied the trembling hunter. "I saw them from the mountain like a shoal of great black fish upon the water. Very many are their magic fishes—more than may be counted—more than the fingers of my hands and feet. They were coming into the bay where our river weds with the great-lake-which-is-salt."

A murmur of emotion came from the throng at this sensationally ominous intelligence. The chief stilled it with a lift of his hand.

"You saw none that had set foot upon the shore?"

"The mountain hid the place of shellfish from my eyes, venerable one, but I heard their war cry repeated by the spirits of the hills as it came up the valley. It was the war cry of many warriors."

The chief stood sternly silent for a moment. Plainly he reflected, considered a plan of action which might efficaciously defend this people for whom he was responsible. Then picking up a piece of fuel wood from the cavern floor, he notched it rapidly, deftly, with his flint knife, scored upon it some hieroglyphics incomprehensible to any but the initiate. He beckoned a young man from out the throng, gave him the message stick.

"Go speedily to our kin, the reindeer folk, upon the river-of-many-salmon. Give this to Great Bear, their chief, and bid him come swiftly hither with his warriors. This shall be a day of mourning for the people-who-move-upon-the-water."

He spoke in a tone of stern confidence that heartened the trembling throng who hung upon his words. There was a murmur of almost joyous relief as the messenger sped away on his mission. Gray Wolf looked around him, beckoned to Rock Lizard, to whom Reed-by-the-Spring was clinging in an agonized apprehension that was not for herself.

"Take ten men and delay their advance up the valley."

Rock Lizard, accompanied by his friend Diving Bird and the nine other men he had chosen, went swiftly in single file down the narrow bowlder-strewn ravine where, in a profound channel, the river foamed noisily about the obstructive rocks of its bed. Every now and then they could hear, over that rush and commotion of water, the wild, uncouthly terrible war cry of the invaders reechoing up the valley, louder and nearer at each repetition. This little advance guard of the defenders hastened its pace at the sound, straining every muscle as they ran barefoot to anticipate their enemies at an even more constricted defile lower down. Each man was fully armed, a couple of flint-tipped spears in his right hand, a bow slung over his back, a quiver of arrows at one side of his tunic belt, a formidable hafted flint ax at the other. Overhead in the blue sky between the wall-like cliffs of the ravine a vulture soared with no apparent movement of its wings, as though uncannily aware of a banquet in preparation.

Rock Lizard knew clearly what he had to do. Old Gray Wolf had been explicit in his last-moment instructions, with an affectionate hand upon the shoulder of this young man who was his heir and to whom, in a test of his capacity for eventual chieftainship, he had allotted the post of honor. Rock Lizard was to occupy the defile at its narrowest part and hold back the enemy until Gray Wolf had collected the full force of his men—many hunters were still absent—and was reënforced by the warriors of their kin, the reindeer people, dwelling in the next valley. The tribes were small, and the detachment intrusted to Rock Lizard comprised more than half the full-grown men actually present in the cave dwellings when the alarm had been given.

Then, at a message from Gray Wolf, Rock Lizard was to retire on the main concentration ambushed higher up the valley. There they would make the big fight, and if the gods were favorable, would annihilate the raiders. Rock Lizard recapitulated it to himself as he ran, saw with another part of himself, as he did so, Reed-by-the-Spring standing with white tense face watching him depart, felt still the pressure of that last caress from which she had proudly freed him, left him unfettered by woman's arms to do his duty not only as a brave warrior but as chief apparent. An anguish of anxiety for her shot through him. Suppose the people-who-move-upon-the-water advanced also up some of the other valleys which radiated fingerwise to the sea. They might swarm over the knuckle of the mountain, descend upon the cave settlement while the fighting men were distant at the ambush. No. He reassured himself. Old Gray Wolf was far too experienced a fighter not to foresee this danger. He would send scouts down all the valleys by which the enemy might arrive.

Meanwhile the exultant shouts, the fierce war cries of the men advancing up toward him, reverberated louder and louder along the narrow valley. Would he be in time to seize the defile? Yes. A bend of the ravine revealed the chasm just ahead of him, still empty of the enemy. They raced into it. The people-who-move-upon-the-water were yet distant farther down.

Panting, breathless, Rock Lizard took up his position, distributed his men. At that point, in a sheer-cut narrow gorge, the river foamed level with them over glacier-rounded bowlders. Just beyond, ahead of them, the ravine dropped steeply away in a sudden widening of its cliffs and the river hurled itself down in a thundering white-streaked cataract. The enemy might come up on both sides of the waterfall. Rock Lizard therefore sent five of his men, under the leadership of Diving Bird, leaping across the wet rocks above the cataract, to take post on the other bank of the stream. He himself, with the five others, concealed himself behind some precariously poised bowlders which all but barred the path on his own side and whence he could look clearly down into the expanded valley below.

Scarcely had his men slid out of sight in their chosen lurking places when, from round the bend in the valley below them, appeared their enemies; at first, on both sides of the river, one or two stealthily moving scouts, and then, at a little distance behind as those scouts commenced to climb the steep rugged ascent, a mass of wild-looking, short-statured men, dressed like themselves in short skin tunics, brandishing flint-headed spears over their heads and encouraging themselves by the formidable fiercely exultant shout of their war cry. They, also, were on both sides of the stream.

Rock Lizard's men lay close, concealing themselves with a hunter's cunning. He plucked a flint-tipped arrow from his quiver, fitted it to his bow, saw those men near him do the same. There was no need for orders. They waited in tense silence, watching those scouts clambering cautiously up by the mist-hung waterfall, while below them the mass swelled with yet others coming round the bend. They were more than Rock Lizard, whose language had no word for more than a score, could exactly count. He computed them roughly as at least four score, then as an innumerable multitude as yet another swarm came into sight. He wondered whether all the invaders were here in this valley; hoped fervently that they were.

Meanwhile the upclimbing scouts were approaching very close—swarthy, hairy-faced men of ferocious aspect—five of them in all, three on his side of the river, two on the other. He whispered an order to the men with him that only two of them were to shoot, picking their targets, while he reserved the third man for himself. It was important not to waste arrows. On the other bank of the stream he could be sure that Diving Bird, as cunning as he was brave, would be similarly economical.

The brutish-faced scouts dodged swiftly upward from one bowlder to another. Their next bound would bring them well within range. Now! There was a humming twang of bowstrings, a sharp swish in the air, and the next moment four of those scouts had dropped, transfixed. The fifth was leaping swiftly downhill, out of range. On the instant, from Diving Bird's detachment and his own, a man sprang forward, snatched up the bows and arrows, the flint-tipped spears of the slain, jumped back into cover. They could not have too many weapons. From below came a wild many-throated shout of startled anger, of savage menace. The mass was swarming quickly up the steep ascent, brandishing its weapons, yelling its blood-curdling war cry. Ahead of them Rock Lizard could distinguish the chiefs, waving their long spears as they urged their men forward. The fight had begun.

It was a fight that speedily became desperate. Heralded by a shower of arrows, the leading savages raced up the ascent, a fantastically painted chief at their head. Rock Lizard marked him as he crouched half hidden behind his rock, drew his arrow full back to his shoulder, released it. The chief flung up his arms, tumbled as five of his men simultaneously tumbled. For a moment the mass hesitated hesitated while yet another half dozen arrows sped from the twanging bows at a target it was impossible to miss. Then once more it rushed upward over the writhing bodies of the fallen.

Rock Lizard could not spare the fraction of an instant for a glance at Diving Bird's battle. He had but time to discharge one more arrow, to snatch up his long heavy flint-headed spear, when the first of the attacking savages was upon him, was stabbing at him with his lance. Instinctively Rock Lizard dodged, plunged his own weapon into the chest of the hideous hairy-faced savage whose mouth suddenly gaped, wrenched it out, drove it into another's flank.

The space between the river and the rock wall of the ravine was so narrow that barely half a dozen men could move side by side. Rock Lizard and his five companions stood half protected by the bowlders behind which they had crouched, and stabbed furiously, in a clamorous confusion of shouts and pain screams and vindictively yelled war cries, at the mass that surged upon them, hampering itself by its own overcrowding. He saw first one, then another, of his companions fall headlong, pierced with the flint-headed spears, but he and the remaining three fought like men possessed.

Already in front of them the dead were a heap wherein the half dead squirmed and clutched and cried, trampled upon by the short-statured, fierce-faced savages who yelled maniacally as they too flung themselves upon the defenders' spears. Only the long-armed extra reach of the tall Cro-Magnons had so far saved them from being overwhelmed. But it was plain that this

(Continued on Page 156)

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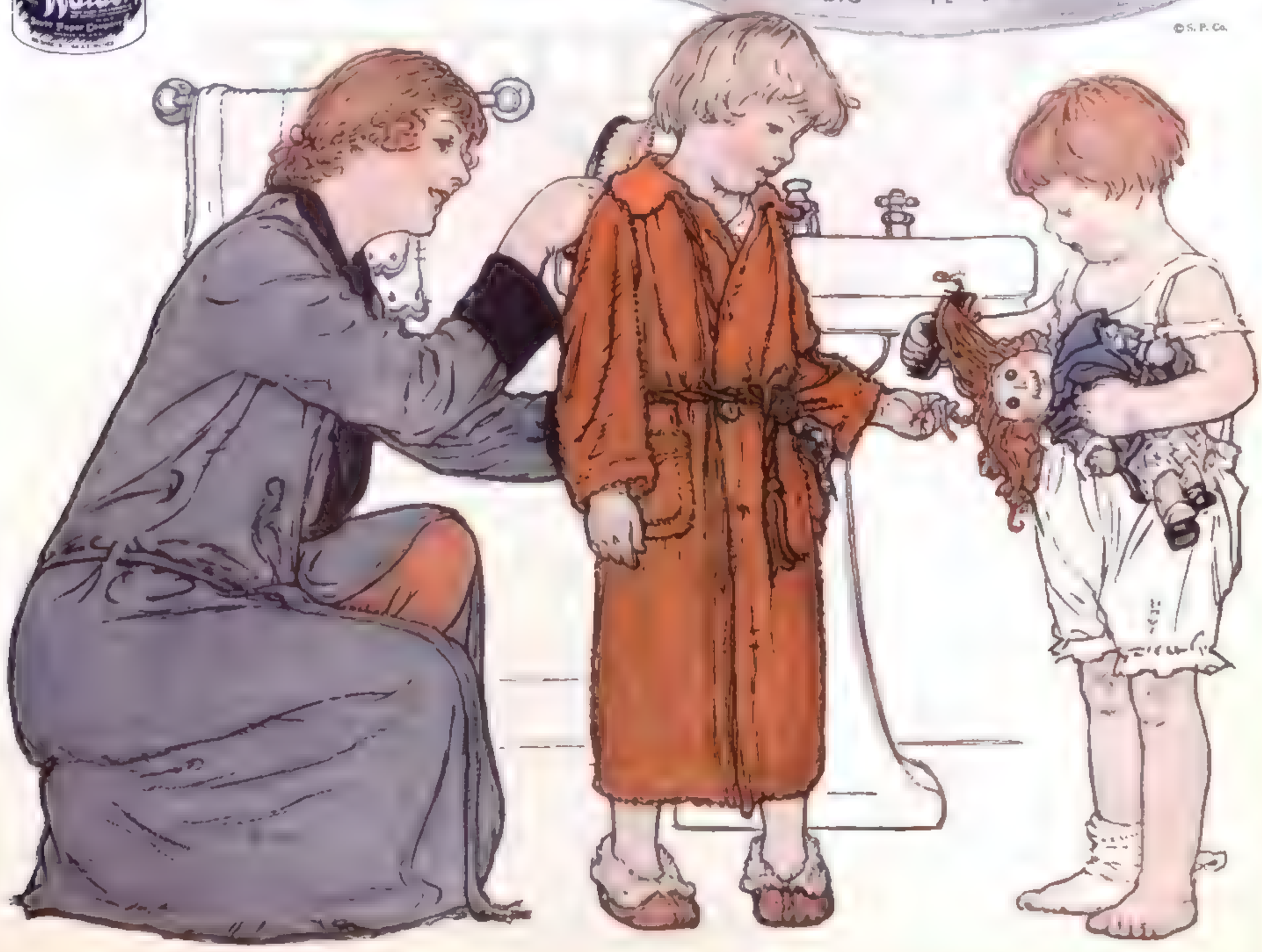

(Continued from Page 152)

fight against impossible odds could not continue much longer without a breathing space. Rock Lizard had an inspiration. In a momentary lull, after he had thrust his spear through the nearest barbarian's throat, he risked a turn of his head, shouted the war cry of his tribe into the defile behind him. As he knew would be the case, the vocal mocking rock spirits of the fissured defile instantly reëchoed it back to him, in an imposing multiplicity of voices. For a moment he himself could half believe that it was, indeed, the cry of the rest of the tribe rushing to their rescue. The enemy was quite deceived. In a sudden panic, the leading ranks turned and rushed back, followed by an almost instantaneous flight of arrows.

Rock Lizard had a moment of leisure in which to look about him, to sum up the state of the fight. He found himself with three men, all wounded, who were still shooting rapidly with deadly aim into the mass below. Venomously swishing flights of arrows came back in return, smacking hard against the rocks from which they rebounded.

Diving Bird had been engaged in an equally fierce hand-to-hand struggle, had been on the point of being overwhelmed with only two men left to him, when the attack had fallen back. It was apparent that they could not withstand a second assault. When would the runner come from Gray Wolf, bidding them to retire, to draw the enemy on to the great ambush? Rock Lizard looked back anxiously along the defile. There was no sign of any messenger. He called across the river to Diving Bird, bade him shoot at the enemy until the last possible moment, and then dash back over the stream, rejoining him in a retreat to another post of vantage a little way in the rear. Diving Bird, his face streaming with blood but grinning happily in the excitement of the fight, shouted that he understood.

The crisis that he had foreseen developed almost instantly. With another reëchoing tumult of savage cries, another cloud of arrows, the mass again raced up the ascent. Until they were within twenty yards, the bowstrings twanged as quickly as the arrows they sped could be notched and pulled, and then, with a loud shout, Rock Lizard summoned his three men to the great delicately poised bowlder which blocked the center of the path. Their strength superhuman in the excitement of imminent peril, they threw all their weight against it, toppled it over. As it bounded downward in irresistible destruction, they sprang back, raced rearward into the defile. He saw Diving Bird and his two men leaping across the rocks of the river, arrows streaking past them like driven sleet, saw those two men throw up their arms and collapse into the foaming water. The next moment Diving Bird was by his side as they ran, fleet-footed, for their next position.

That position, which Rock Lizard had already decided on, was a little shelf of rock high up on the cliff of the defile. It commanded the path below and could be reached only in single file by the most precipitous of climbs, and higher up still there was a way of retreat from it which only a chamois hunter could negotiate. From that inaccessible ledge, as long as their arrows lasted, they could make passage below them a very perilous undertaking. They scrambled up to it with the agility of mountain goats; their foes—disordered and checked by that downward crashing bowlder—still far behind them, settled themselves for steady shooting. If only that messenger would come!

There was no sign of him. Instead, the enemy once more appeared, swarming over the top of the waterfall, running along the mountain path. Five men dropped as five bows twanged, twanged again as the mass rushed forward. Instantly the enemy sprang to shelter among the ancient glacier-strewn bowlders, retaliated in a swift archery duel where the arrows swished upward in venomous coveys. The men on the ledge snatched at those that fell near them, sped them back again. Both sides shot with the accuracy of hunters dependent for their livelihood upon their skill with the bow. If, down below, half a dozen savages who had incautiously exposed themselves now lay with the feathered shafts sticking up from their bodies, on the ledge first one, then a second, of Rock Lizard's men toppled with an incoherent startled cry to fall, huddled and twisted, at the foot of the precipice.

Only one other man now remained with him and Diving Bird, the three of them shooting cautiously and steadily from behind such protection as they could find, never pulling arrow until a mark presented itself, and never missing. But already, profiting by the diversion provided by their own bowmen, the enemy was slipping past, up that path it was their duty to bar. Rock Lizard observed them with a spasm of despair. He was failing in his task. Gray Wolf would be assailed before his ambush was ready. He had, torturingly, a vision of Reed-by-the-Spring standing by the mouth of the cavern, her face white with terror, while a horde of savages sprang up the path toward her. If only that messenger would come!

What was that? Up and not merely down the valley he heard a sudden tumult of wild vociferations. Was it Gray Wolf, rushing with his warriors down the ravine to their aid? He listened intently, between one arrow shot and another, for the familiar war cry—heard it not. His third man rolled against him, pierced through the throat with an arrow that still quivered from its impact. He pushed him aside impatiently, listened. That was not their war cry. Nor was it the war cry of their kin, the reindeer people. From down below came a wild exultant shout, a shout of triumph, a shout that reëchoed those wild shouts that were approaching. What had happened?

The next instant he saw. Down the ravine, from the direction he had been guarding, came a running, joyously yelling mass of the people-that-move-upon-the-water, their spear shafts yet dripping with blood, their skin tunics stained with dark patches, their bare arms wet and red. They came in hundreds, clamorously vociferating victory. Rock Lizard guessed in a flash what had occurred. Another even stronger force of the invaders had swept up one of the other valleys, had swarmed over the shoulder of the mountain, had annihilated Gray Wolf's force before the reindeer men could come to their aid. Had he yet retained a doubt, it was immediately dispelled. Diving Bird clutched his arm as they crouched behind a jagged crag on their shelf.

"Look! The collar of the venerable one—the magic stones of Gray Wolf!"

One of the barbarians was in fact exultantly waving above his head the necklace of large chunks of amber which was not only the most prized possession but in some sort, thanks to its magical properties, the insignia of their chief. Not while he lived could it have been wrenched from him. It was crushingly convincing proof. Gray Wolf was dead, and dead with him were certainly the other men of the tribe. Rock Lizard peered down at that onward-streaming mass of victory-intoxicated savages, an awful anguish, a fiercely torturing anxiety gripping his thumping heart. Had the invaders discovered the cave dwellings where surely the women had been left?

That question also was answered the next moment. Round the bend came an even more wildly shouting mass and, dragged along within it, shrieking pitifully under brutal blows, were—individually to be sickeningly recognized—women of the tribe. There were, of course, no male prisoners. The people-who-move-upon-the-water gave no quarter to the men they defeated. Rock Lizard and Diving Bird stared down from their concealment, heedless of the arrows which still continued to whir in spasmodic flights around them, named them in horror-broken accents to each other—Flower Bush, Running Water, Deer Fawn, Silver Birch, Little Owl—as, disheveled, their clothes torn, baby girls trotting weepingly at their heels, they were hustled mercilessly to despairful lifelong slavery. And Reed-by-the-Spring—where was Reed-by-the-Spring? Rock Lizard searched that tumultuous mob with an agonized gaze, hoping, in an extreme of despair, that in the confusion she had been slain.

It was a dreadful hope extinguished by a yet more dreadful reality. The next moment, hurried around the bend in another group of the captives, he saw her—saw her tall above the other women, white and tall above the swarthy savages who forced her forward, her face bleeding where she had struggled. For a moment she was directly below him, looked up, saw him as he saw her. With a loud cry of his name, she wrenched her arms free, flung them wide in a gesture he instinctively understood. She made herself a mark for his unerring arrow. On the instant, with black death in his own soul, he had pulled his bow, glanced along the pointing shaft. Before he could release it from the string, the bow was dashed downward by a strong hand. The next instant she was gone, hurried beyond arrow shot. Rock Lizard swung round in murderous anger to Diving Bird. His blood brother kept still a restraining hand upon his arm.

"She is thine and mine, brother. Before the people-who-move-upon-the-water take her to their magic fishes, she shall die—I swear it and the powerful one of the curling tusks hears me. But we may yet snatch her from them. After this victory they will not go at once upon the great-lake-which-is-salt. They will make a great feasting on the place of shells and depart with a new sun. Let us follow them."

This invocation of the great wise mammoth who was his totem spirit also sent a flash of fantastic superstitious hope into Rock Lizard. Who knew? Very powerful was he of the curling tusks, and was he not their ancestor? Would he not perhaps—if invoked with appropriate magics—assist these his children? For the rest, what Diving Bird had said was true. The people-who-move-upon-the-water would surely not depart with their captives until the morrow. And meanwhile they two, blood brothers united despite no matter what extremity of peril, were still alive, strong and agile for any adventure, however dangerous.

"Come, then!" he cried, with a sudden desperate impatience, and began to climb swiftly the steep all but inaccessible crag, high above the futile arrows, the half-angry, half-triumphant shouts that followed them.

An hour later, with only the briefest of occasional words to each other, they were swiftly descending endlessly long slopes covered with dense forest just beginning to break into new leaf. Suddenly they stopped, simultaneously alert with bows upraised, arrows fitted to the string. There was a movement somewhere beyond them, a stirring of something hidden by the trees.

The next moment they identified the sound. Placid and ponderous, an old male mammoth, munching still the twist of foliage he had wrenched from a convenient branch, lumbered through the tree trunks, stopped a few yards away from them, his trunk swaying between his enormous upward-curving yellow tusks, his eyes blinking stolidly at them. He seemed to know, intuitively, uncannily, that they had no aggressive designs, refrained with contemptuous tolerance from the trumpeting, viciously overwhelming charge on them that would have been normal. And they, too, stood motionless, held to the spot by a superstitious awe, staring fascinated at him. By some fortuitous chance, behind his great ears his long hairy coat was yellowishly discolored in a narrow band like a collar.

Diving Bird whispered to his comrade, "See! It is Gray Wolf!"

Rock Lizard whispered back his acquiescence in this identification.

"Yes. He wears still his magic collar."

(Continued on Page 157)

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Town.....*State*
My dealer's name
His address is

(Continued from Page 155)

Neither of them had the slightest doubt of the possibility of this metempsychosis. It was quite normal and familiar to them that the souls of the dead might pass immediately into almost any variety of animal, even into a tree or rock. Moreover, they were both firmly convinced that certain individuals—and notoriously Gray Wolf was an especially potent medicine man—might even temporarily transform themselves during their lifetime into the likeness of wild animals, and subsequently at their convenience resume their normal human shape. It had even been rumored that Gray Wolf had possessed this power, that on certain nights when he had mysteriously disappeared he had been seen ranging the forest in the guise of that mammoth from which he was traditionally descended. The mammoth was his totem ancestor, even as it was the totem ancestor of Rock Lizard and Diving Bird themselves. What more natural than that this old yellow-collared hairy mammoth should, indeed, be Gray Wolf?

The great animal continued to contemplate them for a moment or two with his slowly blinking eyes, and then suddenly, throwing up his trunk in a startling bellow of sound, he swung round and loped off into the forest.

"See where he goes!" whispered Rock Lizard, awe-stricken. "He goes to the house of the powerful one with the curling tusks in the forest—the house of the great magic."

"He summons us!" replied Diving Bird, with a suddenly robust courage. "Let us follow our father. Let us go to the house of magic. Thou and I are all that is left of the mammoth men. We are of the blood. Let us make magic in the house of our father with the waving trunk. He shall help us against these women stealers, these misshapen cowardly people-who-move-upon-the-water. Are not his magics all-powerful, greater than theirs? Come!"

The two young men dashed after the animal, followed his easily recognizable trail through the forest. They were suddenly inspired with an immense confidence. Rock Lizard thought of Reed-by-the-Spring mishandled by those savage brutes. Surely it was Gray Wolf, benevolently cognizant of their enterprise, who had appeared to them, who was leading them to the house of big magic, the house of their totem father with the curling tusks!

That house was an erection of saplings, hidden in the heart of the forest, where once a year the members of the mammoth clan met for the performance of their excessively secret rites. At all other times it and its neighborhood were strictly and awesomely taboo, as at any time it was taboo to women, children and the uninitiated. But now the totem animal himself was leading them there—curiously, but unmistakably, convincingly, he was certainly crashing through the forest toward it, trumpeting every now and then as he went—and this divine guidance absolved them from what otherwise would have been unthinkable sacrilege.

They stood in front of it, a derelict completely inclosed hut made of withy-bound saplings whose dead leaves hung limp and sere. The old mammoth had simultaneously disappeared into invisibility and silence. They sought him no farther, convinced that he had entered—though perhaps only in spirit form—into his house.

Throwing down their earthly weapons as was an essential preliminary to that rite which they had last performed in company with a score of awe-trembling, intensely serious members of the mammoth totem, they advanced toward it, creepingly, on all fours, with a shambling movement that mimicked the animal, waggling their heads from side to side, announcing in a loud voice to the mammoth spirit that his mammoth children had come to visit him. They lifted up their heads, uttered a cry that was a tolerable imitation of the trumpeting beast. There could be no mistake about their kinship, so dramatically proved. It empowered them to creep, one behind the other, as last they had crept in a long file of crawling mammoth men, up to the closed entrance of the hut, to pull aside the loose saplings, to crawl on all fours into the darkness within. Not now was there the voice of Gray Wolf, the medicine man, making propitiatory magic for them that they should not be annihilated by the tusked one's wrath. There was only an eerie silence—a silence that almost choked their throats as they began to make supplication, apologizing to the tusked one that they could not fully carry out the rites, inasmuch as they were only two and they not long initiated, and that Gray Wolf was now a tusked one himself and doubtless would intercede for them.

In front of them, vaguely seen in the dim light which filtered through the chinks in the sapling walls, was that similitude of the powerful one, if not the powerful one himself, that at a certain juncture of the rites moved out among the initiates, led the final dance. It was the head and skin of a small mammoth mounted on a light frame, so that two of the higher initiates could conceal themselves within it, one within each pair of legs, and make it move fearsomely. It was already very ancient, dried and withered, as it stood precariously there above their cringing forms. And suddenly—a startling shock at which they both screamed involuntarily—it toppled over upon them, surprisingly of very little weight.

They lay for a moment or two under it, wondering whether they were still alive, wondering whether their unproficient magic had not called down an annihilatory wrath. Rock Lizard had a vision of Reed-by-the-Spring—struggling, struggling. And suddenly an idea flashed into his mind.

He wriggled close to Diving Bird, who was shivering and paralyzed with terror.

"Brother," he said, in a strange new tone, "the great one who sets the forest in fear has whispered to me ——"

It had already become dark on that shore where the feast fires of the people-who-move-upon-the-water blazed and smoked under a lavish expenditure of fuel. Within that carnival of exulting savage warriors who had been gorging themselves for hours upon the game provided by a large-scale *battue* in the adjacent forest, Reed-by-the-Spring and her fellow captives sat bound, awaiting the final verdict as to their distribution. The chief who had led the raid had been slain by Gray Wolf in the fiercely sudden fight when the mammoth men had been assailed from behind, and the subordinate chiefs were now quarreling over the allocation of the spoil.

Already two of them had come to blows, to a suddenly begun duel with spear and flint ax which had left one lifeless upon the beach. And now those of the warriors who were not still eating had clustered as excitedly interested spectators of another acrimonious dispute where four or five of the lesser chieftains were snarlingly and vituperatively abusing one another. More than this subsidiary question of the captives, the problem of who should assume supreme command was still unsolved. That it would eventually be settled by the convincing arguments of spear and ax was already obvious, and accordingly the warriors congregated in fiercely joyous anticipation. Even the guards watching the long array of canoes drawn up on the beach had left their posts.

The dispute came suddenly to its climax. From where she sat, her arms tied behind her, at a neighboring fire, Reed-by-the-Spring saw the rival chieftains leap at one another in a warningless stabbing of spears, a whirling of axes, while the spectators widened in a clamorous circle around the screaming combatants. Thus, from time immemorial, had the new chief been chosen, and with a pandemonium of cries they cheerfully encouraged their respective favorites to a maximum of endeavor. Two fell almost instantly, to the accompaniment of a mighty gleeful yell, and the combat was continuing furiously among the

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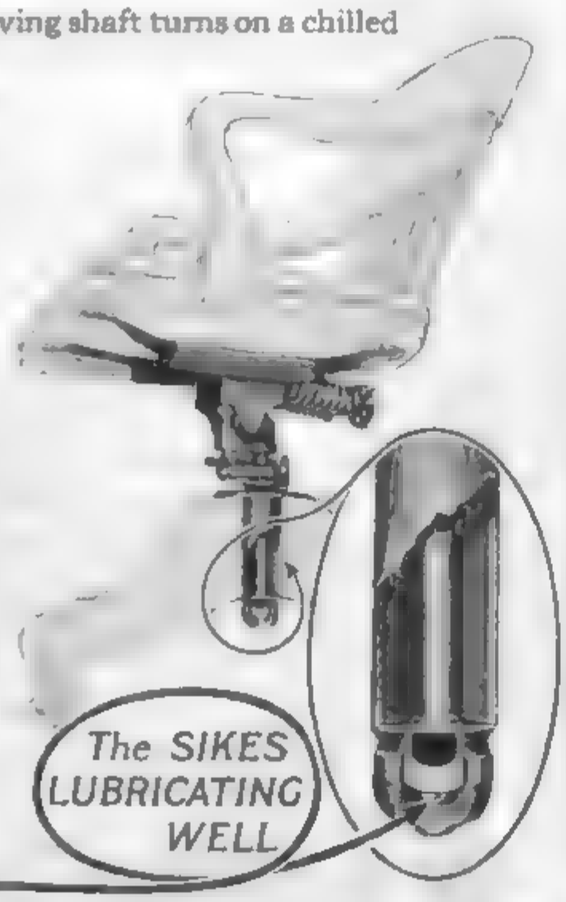

SIKES COMPANY CHAIRMAKERS FOR 60 YEARS PHILADELPHIA

In Buffalo, a SIKES factory is devoted exclusively to quality chairs for the home

remainder, when suddenly there was a shout of horror-stricken alarm from the outskirts of the crowd.

Reed-by-the-Spring looked in the direction to which, on the instant, a score of hands were pointing. Plainly visible in the glow from the many fires, a mammoth was advancing slowly and ponderously in a most unusual place for such an animal—along the water's edge. But it was, indeed, no ordinary mammoth. It was accompanied by four utterly mysterious and awe-inspiring whirling circles of streaming flame, plainly at the first glance supernatural; two near its great curved tusks, two at its hind quarters. And its lumberingly deliberate purpose was at once startlingly apparent. It was methodically setting fire, one after the other, to the canoes drawn up on the beach! Three of them were already blazing behind it.

A great cry broke from the throng, a cry of a multitude suddenly aghast, appalled by the extreme of calamity. Reed-by-the-Spring and the other women cried out also, but their cry was one of marveling gladness. Instantly they recognized that fearsome uncanny beast for what it was—the demon spirit of their mammoth totem come to avenge its mammoth kin who had been slain. They shouted the fact exultantly to their captors, bared their breasts to point to the mammoth sign tattooed thereon in convincing proof. They shrieked wild encouragement to it in that clamor of many voices.

For a moment or two the people-who-move-upon-the-water watched, awe-stricken, paralyzed, that supernatural animal stopping by the canoes, one after the other, while two of the blazing circles temporarily vanished on one side of it and a glow of flame was kindled in the doomed boat. Then, with terrified screams—was not this an awful, appallingly potent magic, such as they had never seen before, the magic of a totem spirit manifested plainly in all its intrinsic terror before their very eyes, a totem spirit filled with a lust of vengeance they were only too conscious of fully deserving?—they rushed in a disorderly streaming mass, the fight between the rival chieftains now suspended and forgotten, to save the canoes which yet remained, to push them out upon the water.

Nevertheless, their booty was not forgotten. Led by one of the chiefs, a mob of them ran to the captive women, hustled them down toward the water's edge. Reed-by-the-Spring screamed at the top of her voice to that fire-whirling totem spirit—the beast from which in a quasi-royal, quasi-divine ancestry she also was descended—to save them. And marvelously, miraculously, the beast heard, understood. It came with a peculiar quick gait toward them, whirling its circles of fire, intercepted the group that was dragging the struggling women. There was a shriek of pain, of the agony of flesh suddenly seared, as it dashed upon those savage, swarthy, short-statured men, struck flames into their very faces. They relinquished their hold, fled in mad panic to the last of the canoes then pushing off from the shore, paddled with frenzied strokes into the almost equal terrors of dark night upon the sea.

From those canoes, the people-who-move-upon-the-water saw with superstitious awe that mammoth spirit, its task completed, consume itself suddenly in a great blaze of flame, pass to the spirit world in that element which to their primitive minds was the indisputable vehicle of divine beings. They did not see Rock Lizard and Diving Bird, disentangling themselves from the mammoth mask which they had accidentally kindled with their whirling brands, rush to cut the bonds of those equally superstitiously amazed women. Their medicine men were crying out to them not to look lest they also be consumed. For what human dare look upon a god in his apotheosis and survive? At any rate, the crafty medicine men had no desire that any should—for they also had their mysteries, though their magic was for the moment impotent. Hurriedly, the people-who-move-upon-the-water urged their canoes along the coast, around a dark jutting headland, seeking for another place where they might land in safety, for not yet had any man dared to voyage at night upon the great lake which eats the sun.

Thus they saw not Rock Lizard embracing Reed-by-the-Spring upon that shore whose terrors perhaps came to be added to the saga of fantastic terrors for many ages fabled to exist beyond those craggy narrows, known to the Greeks thousands of years later as the Pillars of Hercules. For those Azilians, who, in a long succession of such pirate raids, were ultimately to destroy the comparative civilization of the tall Cro-Magnons and obliterate the very idea of artistic achievement from the thought of humanity for countless generations, came from the Eastern Mediterranean. They were destined, short-statured and brutish though they were, to exterminate almost completely that gifted race whose, to them phenomenal, stature—it ranged, on the evidence of skeletons, from six and a half to ten feet of height—remained recorded in delightfully exaggerated camp-fire folk tales of giants overcome by intrepid little men. Does not the mythical legend of Brutus, grandson of Æneas the Trojan, relate that he came from the Mediterranean with a fleet of boats, and voyaging beyond the Pillars of Hercules, discovered a pleasant land inhabited by none but giants, whom they fought and slew, forcing the survivors to retire to caves and hiding places in the hills—even as the Cro-Magnons retired? Of such remote and garbled memories is folk tradition made. And then, after more thousands of years, those Azilians would be themselves exterminated, leaving only fragmentary traces behind them, by a people that had learned the new magic of polishing stone—and the paleolithic age, which, in all its phases, had perhaps endured for half a million years, was at an end.

Rock Lizard and Reed-by-the-Spring, however, cared no more for all this, as together they went up the steep ravine, than you and the woman who is all the world to you care for the doubtless remarkable history of half a million years hence.

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of stories by Mr. Austin. The next will appear in an early issue

A View Near Cooke, Montana

"Didn't you give me too much change?"

Often and often, at the news stands in these hotels, you'll see people showing pleased surprise at finding things priced no higher than in outside stores. They expect to be charged more than the standard price when they buy in a hotel. But they aren't charged more, here.

When you buy a two-cent local paper at the news stand in any of these hotels, you pay two cents for it, just as you would on the street—not three cents or more.

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Single rooms are from $3 in Cleveland, Detroit and St. Louis; from $3.50 in Buffalo, and from $4 in New York

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In the Park Square District of Boston the New Hotel Statler is building—1300 rooms, 1300 baths—to be opened late in 1926. Adjoining the hotel is the Statler Office Building, with 200,000 square feet of desirable space for offices.

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The newest Hotel Statler (1100 rooms, 1100 baths) is in Buffalo—delightfully situated on Niagara Square. Across the street from it is the new Statler Garage, a marvel of convenience throughout—and especially appreciated by tourists visiting NIAGARA FALLS, which is but 23 miles away. The former Hotel Statler in Buffalo is now called HOTEL BUFFALO.

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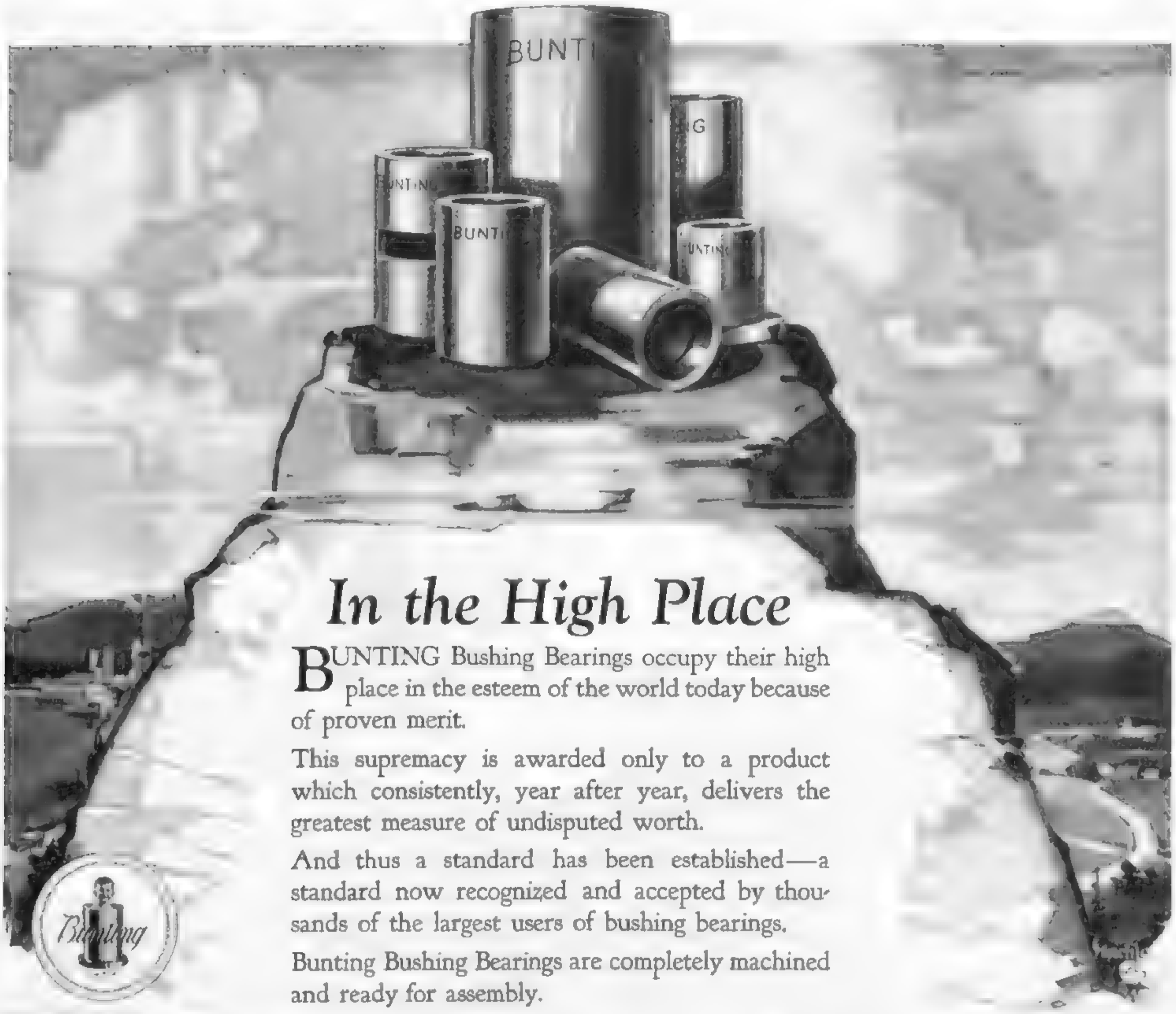

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CARBON AND VALVES

(Continued from Page 11

car in running shape again. He thought twenty or twenty-five dollars ought to be ample. This morning he phoned in to New York and got a big black confederate to come out and look the thing over. They've been making notes and hobnobbing like a couple of African witch doctors. Eventually, I hope, they'll decide to have the car towed somewhere else, in an effort to get a better price. I'd rather not have to do the work here, since, no matter how well we take care of it, they'll not be satisfied, and it looks to me as if there is something phony about the job anyway. For all I know, the car may be stolen.

In estimating the cost of repair jobs we usually allow a 20 per cent margin on the labor. There are just two things that we have to estimate on—materials and labor. The materials—parts and so on—have a definite list price set by the manufacturers. In looking over a car that needs repairing we form our estimate as to what parts will have to be replaced, and how much work it will take to replace them. To simplify matters, labor takes in all the minor items that legitimately come under the head of providing that labor. That means inclusion of rent, light, depreciation on equipment, lost tools and all the rest. Let us say I'm paying a mechanic around fifty dollars a week, which means about a dollar an hour; our labor charge is a dollar and a half an hour to take care of all that overhead.

Estimating the Damages

Suppose a light car is to have new patent piston rings put in. The new rings will cost, let us say, eighteen dollars. To take that particular motor down, put in new rings, and assemble it again will mean perhaps the work of a day and a half—twelve hours. At a dollar and a half an hour, that is also eighteen dollars. To that labor item we add our 20 per cent margin for miscalculation, lost time and so on, so that our estimate on the job, instead of being an even thirty-six dollars, is $39.60—in round numbers, forty dollars.

That's not what we offer to do the work for ordinarily. It's merely an estimate. We put the 20 per cent margin on labor just to be on the safe side. If we have good luck in the work, it may be we'll run clear under our estimate. Instead of costing $21.60, the work is finished up in ten hours—fifteen dollars. We give the customer the benefit of the saving, so that his total bill comes to only thirty-three dollars instead of the forty dollars that we estimated for him—and he is delighted. But sometimes it is the other way round; by the time we turn the car out in satisfactory condition, the bill comes to $42.50, say, or perhaps even fifty or fifty-five dollars—though that would be unusual. Then of course the customer is disappointed. Usually—for I flatter myself that even in the four years that I've been here, I've built up a pretty solid reputation for good work and honest work he pays without complaint. Of course I try to see to it that the occasions when the bill runs above the estimate are as few as possible; that is what the 20 per cent margin on labor is for—to take care of just such situations.

But occasionally a man refuses to pay a bill that runs above the rough estimate we gave him.

"You said the job would come to eighty dollars," he complains, "and now here you're trying to stick me ninety-five dollars. I won't pay it." I have just one rule for cases like that. If, after a few minutes of explanation, I can't make him see that the charge is fair, I say:

"All right, pay me the eighty dollars that I estimated the job would cost."

He pays it—and thinks we're square. But we're not. I'm out fifteen dollars on the job and I see to it that if that man comes around again—and he usually does—I put my estimate far enough up so that there will be no likelihood of the repair expense running above it. And in that case I don't make it just a mere estimate, either; I make it a definite offer. And when the job is done, that's exactly what I charge for it, no matter what our profit in the transaction may be. That bird, I figure, has lost his right to be given the benefit of the doubt. He's not asking me to protect him; he's out to protect himself. All right, let him. It's exactly the sort of treatment that he's given me.

To be sure, I don't always come out ahead. Recently, for example, a big new touring car was towed in with one side pretty well smashed up. The owner was from New York City. He had tried to take the sharp turn at the head of the lake too fast and had crashed into the dirt bank at the side of the road. I gave him an estimate of $300 for the job. He had been in a hurry and I made the rough estimate for him as quickly as I could, without getting inside the wreck to see just how extensive the repairs would actually have to be. That's always dangerous; until you get a car down, it's frequently almost impossible to tell how much work a single bent rod will mean. It may be that in bending, that rod has forced three or four others out of alignment. To make a good job, they must all be straightened and put in shape again, although a casual glance would only have shown that the one rod was bent. Well, instead of $300, the job, including the towing charge for bringing the wreck in and everything else, came to nearer $400—$386 and some cents, if I remember clearly. The owner was furious. Called me a robber. Said my $300 estimate had been too high in the first place, and that he could have had the whole thing done in the city for less than that. The only reason he left the work with me, he said, was to save the towing charge to New York.

In that particular case, I stood pat. He'd have been able to get the work done at few places for less than $450 or $500, instead of the $386 I was charging him. Finally, still all full of black looks and bad words for me, he agreed to pay. He had a certified check with him for $250. He explained he had imagined that the job would run away below my estimate, and had only brought that much along. He gave me his personal check for the $136 and odd cents balance. Asked me, since we'd had words about the bill, to call up the bank and make sure that his check was good. I did. It was. He was a fairly large depositor.

Settling at His Own Figure

Then he got into his car and drove off. He only went around the corner. He stopped at a drug store and phoned in to the bank to stop payment on that check. So all I got out of it was the $250 that, I judge, was all he ever intended to pay. I'm out the $136. I've put the matter in the hands of an attorney, but, since it's hardly worth the expense and delay and uncertainty of a lawsuit, I'll probably never get another cent out of it.

It's things of that sort that account for a lot of the dishonesty you find here and there in the garage business. The average proprietor feels cheated at treatment like that, and has to fight against a tendency to take it out on the next fellow. I know I feel that way. Refusal to accept a fair bill on honest work because of suspicion of my honesty, or attempting to get the best of me by holding me to an informal estimate, gets me sore all over. With my regular customers, I can forget it, but when the next transient comes along it's a temptation to try to get even. A lot of repair-shop proprietors get that way permanently; they decide that the world is out to beat them if it can, and that in consequence they'll play the game the way they think the world wants it played and beat it if they can.

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BEN IDE named the lonely, wandering stream *Forlorn River* because it was like his life. Ben was well-born, but had given up to his passion for the open country and the chase of wild horses. Going home for a visit, he finds that his father has become rich and that his boyhood sweetheart, Ina Blaine, has been told that he is a cattle rustler and horse thief.

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Maude Adams as she appeared in *Peter Pan*

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Zane Grey's books sell by the millions. Nearly all of them have made delightful movies. (Have you seen "The Vanishing American"?) Thousands of people, when they hear that Grey's newest story starts in the February *Journal*, will want to read it. Therein lies an exceptional opportunity for you to make extra money just for forwarding the renewals and new subscriptions which your friends and neighbors will be glad to give you when you tell them about this new Zane Grey story. You may also profit by representing *The Saturday Evening Post* and *The Country Gentleman*.

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No. 601 Receiver, treasure chest type, 6-tube; totally shielded; dual control; equipped with voltmeter; sockets new tube bases; operates in most any type Loud Speaker. Solid Mahogany.

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MUSICALLY cultured people prefer Stromberg-Carlson Receivers.

Those who appreciate fine violins, grand pianos, boxes at the opera and season tickets to concert courses know what well-played instruments sound like. They wish to appraise the playing of Hofmann, the singing of Homer, the technique of Seidel as accurately by radio as though seated before them.

They prefer a Stromberg-Carlson Receiver because of its faithful tone reproduction. This fidelity of tone is due in large measure to "*Rejectivity*," an exclusive Stromberg-Carlson feature, made possible by *totally shielding* each radio frequency circuit.

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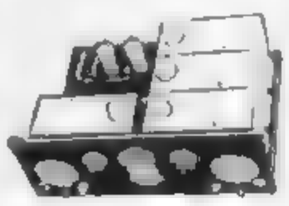

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No. 602 Art Console Type. American Walnut; Built-in Loud Speaker; spaces for batteries and battery charger; 6-tube; totally shielded, equipped with voltmeter.

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Stromberg-Carlson

MAKERS OF VOICE TRANSMISSION *and* VOICE RECEPTION APPARATUS *for* MORE *than* THIRTY YEARS

In the old days, when I used to work in my brother's shop, there was a good deal of rebuilding done. Three big overhauling jobs, I remember, would carry the shop crew through the winter. I've found that today, instead of overhauling, most machines get only patching.

One reason for that is the increased cost for labor. To give a good car a thorough old-time overhauling might run anywhere from $300 or $400 to, perhaps, $800 or even $1000. Rather than pay as much as that, the owner usually decides to turn his machine in for a better one.

Another reason is the easy financing of new cars. An old car gets out-of-date quickly. The women in the family—yes, and the men too—want a new one. Most owners would rather pay $100 or $200 a month and drive an up-to-date car than a single big overhauling bill and then get along with their old model.

Since the first of last year I've had exactly one real overhauling job—and that was where the owner wanted his son to learn how a car is made, and stipulated that the boy should be allowed to work along on the job while the car was in the shop.

Repainting jobs on cars have fallen off in the same way. Nowadays a car is rarely repainted, except for the purpose of procuring a better sale in the secondhand market.

The average car owner nowadays only runs a new car 10,000 or 12,000 miles. The next buyer runs it perhaps 8000 or 10,000 more. As parts give out they are replaced. The third, fourth and later owners get less and less out of it with more and more repairing. Rarely, nowadays, in the whole life of a car is it given a thorough old-time going-over that puts it again in first-class roadworthy condition.

Usually the first owner drives a car only a year or two. So far as my experience goes, the average is less than two years. Then he turns it in on a new one. The same thing happens with the next owner. He patches along with it for a year or so and then turns it in on a newer one. On its way to the junk heap nearly every car passes through the hands of six or seven owners. About six, I should say, on an average, for there is the occasional exception of a man who'll drive a car until it's done for.

I began to learn a lot about secondhand cars and what they are worth when, at the end of eighteen months, I took on a line of low-priced cars. I felt my way into this cautiously, contracting for one car at a time, and if, when I sold it, I took in a secondhand car in exchange, I waited until I sold that before ordering the next new one. But the trade picked up rather steadily, and before long I found myself, in a small way, a full-fledged automobile dealer. I added a popular line of higher-priced cars to my first agency and am still carrying them both.

Old Cars for New

There is a queer bit of psychology in turning in an old car for a new one. The owner, when the car that delighted his wife a year ago has been run its 12,000 miles or so, doesn't need a new machine. He doesn't even go out to buy a new machine. Instead he goes out to sell his old one. He shops around among the different dealers in his vicinity to see what sort of allowance he can get on his car. He gave $1600 for it, we'll say. One dealer offers him $800 in exchange for a new car. Another offers him $1000. A third offers him $1200. The owner accepts. He feels he can't afford to turn down so good an offer as that. He has bought a new car, not of the make, perhaps, that he would select of his own accord, and not because he needs a new car for transportation, but because he's had what seems to him a chance to make an advantageous sale of his old car.

One chap recently showed me a two-year-old car that he wanted to turn in. I offered him $500. My friend down the street, my only competitor in town, offered him $600. But instead of taking it he went into New York and shopped some more Finally he found a dealer who was willing to allow him $750. He made the deal. Now he's got a car that's not particularly suited to his needs, and there isn't a single service station for that make within fifty miles. He could better have afforded to let me have the car for $250, instead of for the $500 I offered him; there'll be $500 difference in the delay, inconvenience and added cost of upkeep through having a car unlike anything else in this entire vicinity.

On the other hand, there's a man up the street here a way who wants a new car. He has one that's now an orphan. I've offered to make him an allowance of $400 for his old machine. It's in good shape. I can fix it up a little, give it a coat of paint and clear a hundred dollars on it at that figure; there's a lot of use left in it. He's going to bring it in next week. He likes the $2000 car I'm handling; it's exactly what he wants. He knows our work at the garage and he knows me as a neighbor. His service station will be within a quarter of a mile of his house. We'll keep his new machine in good shape for him. He'll be satisfied with the trade and so will I. We'll both be gainers. But he's an exception.

A New Way to Cut Prices

The way car owners fool themselves in the allowances they get on their old cars is often amusing. Not long ago a man came in here with an old roadster he'd bought from one of my regular customers. The car was nearly ten years old. It had cost, new, close to $4000. The first owner was an elderly, careful driver. He rarely drove more than twenty-five miles an hour, and drove very little. Altogether, in more than eight years, he drove that roadster less than 20,000 miles. With a little overhauling and a new coat of paint, it would have been almost as good as new. The lines were good; only an expert would have noticed how old the car was. But instead of keeping the machine any longer, he turned it over to this young friend of his for a nominal price—$150.

The friend drove it a year. It ran perfectly. But his wife was ashamed of driving in such an old car. When he came in here he wanted to know what I'd allow him on it toward a new car. I offered him $150—all he paid for it in the first place. But that wasn't enough to satisfy him. He shopped around quite a bit. Finally he found a dealer who had been unable to sell his full consignment of cars and who was willing, in order to close out the rest of his stock before the new models came in, to sell at a big discount. He was offering $1600 cars for $1200. Of course they were models that were nearly a year old, but they had never been run off the showroom floor. The old roadster was run in there.

"Give me your roadster, $500 in cash and $600 in time payments," said the dealer, "and take out a brand-new $1600 car."

That was too good to refuse! Instead of the $150 that I'd offered him, the chap turned his roadster in on the $1600 car, paying only $1100 besides! He was delighted, and told all his friends what a wonderful swap he'd made of the old car. It had brought $500! But of course what he really got for it was exactly $100.

A situation of this kind, where each car owner is trying to sell off his old machine before its value depreciates too far, means a big proportion of secondhand cars on the market. That gives secondhand buyers an amazing opportunity to pick and choose. Smaller cars bring a much better secondhand price than big ones. The reason for that, I suppose, is that a man who can't afford a new car doesn't want to run into the larger upkeep that is necessary on a high-priced make, with big tires and larger gasoline consumption, and consequently the demand is less. On the other hand, the man who can afford to run a large car

(Continued on Page 165)

THIS MARK IS YOUR GUIDE IN BUYING A PLAYER PIANO

The *Happiest Couple* in town !

Perhaps you know them—these radiant young people. They seem to have just a little larger share of the fun of life.

They know *how* to be happy, for they fill their daily lives with music. One of their first investments was a Player Piano equipped with a Standard Player Action. It has brought these priceless dividends:

HAPPINESS — They do not have to seek the joy of living. It is right in their own home, developed and mellowed by their Player Piano.
CONTENTMENT — Music banishes the cares of the day.
CULTURE — The world's finest music is always ready for them, with its charm and melody a constant inspiration.
POPULARITY — Their friends always find their home merry — they can dance to the latest popular airs or listen to the world's classics.

You, too, can receive these dividends —the greatest that life has to offer— by owning a Player Piano equipped with the Standard Player Action.

The superiority of the Standard Player Action is proved by the fact that the manufacturers of 125 different makes of pianos have selected it. The Standard Player Action provides music for over 400,000 homes. When buying look for the Standard "S" on the pedals.

Write for handsome new booklet, *The Heart Appeal of Music*. Standard Pneumatic Action Company, 650 West 52nd St., New York City.

Ask your Piano Dealer

There is a man in your neighborhood who knows Player Piano values better than anyone else—your Piano Dealer! Consult him; get real, first-hand information from him; check up your opinion with him. From long personal experience he knows the craftsmanship and quality of the Standard Player Action—those special features of construction that guarantee years of satisfaction and enjoyment. Your Piano Dealer will gladly give you valuable information that you could obtain in no other way.

STANDARD

PLAYER PIANO ACTION

Installed in over 125 Quality Player Pianos

On every floor there is an ample number of suites of from two to five rooms with or without sitting room

Illustrations: A guest room and a floor reception room. Below, a floor clerk's office

Differing from any other hotel in the world

THE Palmer House today reveals a new standard of hotel service and a new fashion of hotel appointment.

Every room in the house, public or private, is decorated and furnished in its own manner, differing from any other hotel in the world. All of the hotel's appointments have been specially designed.

The most exacting traveler will find here conveniences and service both new and welcome. A floor reception room gives each guest a place to lounge or entertain visitors without using the larger public rooms of the hotel. A floor clerk's office provides an unusually broad scope of personal service.

One floor is reserved for women guests and is fitted to meet all their demands.

Children's open air and enclosed playgrounds make the Palmer House a cheerful place for the younger members of a family. A hospital and staff, including physician, dentist and nurses, is available day and night. Servidors in guest rooms make for privacy.

These and other distinctions, including recitals by the Palmer House Symphony Players—dance music by the "Victorians"—and the tea-time concerts of a string quintet—disclose a new and generous measure of hospitality.

WALTER L. GREGORY, *Manager*

PALMER HOUSE

Broadcasting from Station WJJD

CONVENIENTLY LOCATED IN CHICAGO'S LOOP SINCE 1873

(Continued from Page 162)

usually wants to keep up appearances; after a year or so he'll find himself involved in a lot of conversation with his wife if he doesn't turn the car in and take out a later model. That makes the supply of large secondhand cars bigger and bigger. They often go begging. You'd be surprised to know how much automobile a good mechanic with $300 or $400 can buy in New York, if he sticks to the more expensive makes and isn't afraid of going back a few years. I've seen cars that in their day sold for thousands of dollars and that haven't been run more than a fraction of the mileage they're good for—say, 20,000 or 30,000 miles out of a possible 100,000—sell for as low as $100.

When a car manufacturer goes out of business or when a car design is materially changed, there's always a big drop in the secondhand values of that make. Nobody wants an orphan car; the parts are too hard to get. And nobody wants a car that is too obviously out of date. Recently the lower-priced car that I'm handling changed its radiator design materially. That meant a direct loss to me of several hundred dollars, because of the drop in value of the secondhand cars of that make that I had in stock with the old radiator.

In taking old cars in trade for new ones, I've made it a practice not to allow any more than I considered they were actually worth. That's cost me some business, I suppose, because a good many of the other small dealers in the territory around here will offer more than an old car's really worth in order to make a sale. In effect, of course, that's simply cutting their commission in order to get the business. If the commission's a legitimate one, considering the service that has to be given under the manufacturer's guaranty, that's not good sense. As a result of my policy, I believe I'm on a more sound basis than some of my competitors in this region. On an average this last year, I've had to sell only one secondhand car to about three new ones.

A couple of years ago the dealers around here tried out the used-car exchange idea. All the towns within a radius of a dozen miles went in on it. When anyone came in to any one of us who formed the association with a used car to sell, we'd send him over to the exchange. His car would be appraised, and he'd be given a memorandum that he could get, say, $550 for it if presented in good condition any time within thirty days. Then he could take that memorandum anywhere he wanted in this district and get his $550 allowance against a new car.

But the plan didn't work out. Even right here in this district there were too many dealers who couldn't stand by their own association. Wanting to make a sale, a dealer in one town would offer to throw in, say, a forty-dollar bumper extra. And the dealer in the next town, with another make, would offer to throw in both a bumper and a spare tire. So we found we were right back where we started—cutting commissions to make sales.

A Good Time Bought on Time

In all, since I took over the garage, I've sold more than 200 cars, new and secondhand. That's in a little more than four years. Half of them I sold last year.

Nearly all my sales are on time payments—nine out of ten. I get a third or half the price of a new car on a deal, and the balance is spread over six months or a year. It's a rare day when a cash customer comes in. Out of the last eleven cars that I've sold, two have been for cash, and that's run away above average. New cars or secondhand, it's about the same, except that when the values get away down—$75 or $100 for a piece of old junk, it's usually a cash sale.

Credit plays a tremendously important part in the whole American automobile situation. We'll say I buy a carload of new machines for $5000. I pay 10 per cent—$500. I turn my papers over to the local bank and they handle the whole matter for me. All I have to put up is that first payment. Then, when a sale is made, the finance company, that is owned by the automobile manufacturers themselves, handles the time payments on what amounts—above insurance and other charges of that order—to hardly more than a 4 per cent basis. Out of the initial payment on the new car, I take my commission, and turn the rest over to the local bank.

One of the New York dealers told me the other day that exactly 3 per cent of their sales during the last year were on a cash basis. Ninety-seven per cent were on deferred payments.

Of that 97 per cent of time sales, only one-half of 1 per cent resulted in the company having to repossess the machines because of failure to make the payments agreed on. In some parts of the country, I imagine, the proportion is a good deal higher than that, particularly in the Southwest, where I am told the buying of cars by transients has created a somewhat different situation. But here the finance companies' credit men find out all they need to about their customers before the papers are signed.

My own experience here in town has been almost exactly the same as that of the New York concern. Of the 200 cars that I've sold since I took over the business here, just one has had to be taken back And of course even there it was no loss, because the payments already made covered the depreciation in the car's value. The country over, 85 per cent of all motor cars—trucks and passenger cars alike—are now bought on time.

Catering to Artists' Whims

In selling new cars I've run against nearly all kinds of people. Here's an example:

The husband of a well-known musical-comedy star—we'll call her Peggy Malone; she lives up the road a way, on top of one of the hills—drove up to the garage. He had his secretary with him, a Miss Fredericks. He called her "Freddie," and she seemed to be the only one in the whole crowd with a business head. "Freddie" did the talking.

"Miss Malone is thinking of buying a new car," she said. "Mr. Brown" Brown's Peggy Malone's married name, but I guess she belongs to the Lucy Stone League, or whatever you call it—"thinks she'll take one of yours, if you can let us have one for a few days."

Well, I'm not exactly in the business of turning over new cars to prospective customers on the chance that they may buy them after they've driven them around awhile. If I started anything like that, every car in my consignment would be out on the road before evening, and I'd be having a little heart-to-heart talk with the president of the local bank. So I told Miss Fredericks that wasn't the way we sold cars.

"Oh," she said, "but this isn't just for joy riding. I'm sure Miss Malone will buy the car and Mr. Brown will be responsible for it."

I wanted to know why I couldn't do the demonstrating myself; but that wouldn't do at all. Actresses and their husbands apparently aren't like other people. Miss Fredericks was sure the only way we could make a sale would be to let them take out a new car and drive Miss Malone around in it for a week or so.

Well, she was a pretty good saleswoman, and finally I decided we could fix it up. I told her Mr. Brown would have to take out a blanket insurance on the machine, and sign an agreement besides to be personally responsible for any damage or depreciation in the value of the car.

We fixed it up, and they drove off in a new car. A couple of days later, in the evening, Miss Fredericks called me up. Mr. Brown wanted me to come up right away, and bring the necessary papers with me. Miss Malone was going to buy the car.

So I went up to the house. That was a little before nine o'clock. I never even got a chance to see Miss Malone. The deal was

Taking the Dead-eyes out of *Headlights*

OF INTEREST to *MOTORISTS*

AUTOMOBILE SALES AGENTS

and

AUTOMOBILE MANUFACTURERS

STRANGE, isn't it, when there's one dull headlight on an automobile it's almost sure to be a dead-eye on the left—just where lack of light invites trouble when cars pass at night.

Sometimes the fault is in the bulb, or there may be a faulty contact. But often a light is dull or dead because a reflector has lost its sheen.

That is bound to occur when reflectors are made of corrodible metal. Rust kills their lustre.

Logically, the remedy is the installation of reflectors made of metal that does not rust. There is, in fact, official insistence upon that kind of metal.

In Massachusetts, the Registrar of Motor Vehicles specifies that reflectors "must be made of a non-corrosive material, preferably brass."

We're sure you want reflectors that will always hold their brilliance and push a *safe* light ahead.

COPPER or BRASS reflectors do it.

COPPER & BRASS
RESEARCH ASSOCIATION
25 Broadway - New York

Automobile Drudgery

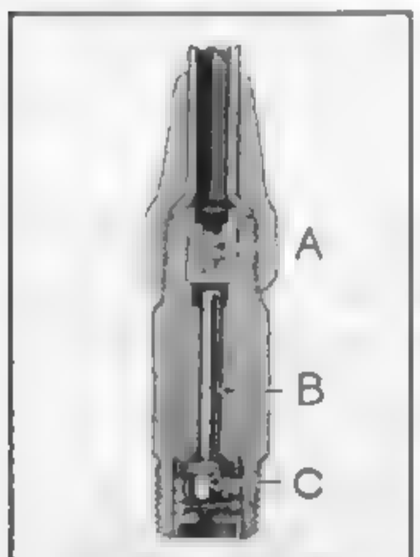
Whether you do it yourself or hire it done

Greasing Your Car Is a Nuisance ~An Oft-Neglected Task

With The Bijur System Chassis Lubrication Is Practically Automatic

FOR the motorist whose car is equipped with the Bijur System, neglect of chassis lubrication—with its resulting annoyance and expense—is a thing of the past!

By a simple pull of a convenient plunger he lubricates every chassis bearing point *daily*. The operation is as easy as setting the hand brake—lubrication is *complete*, *exact* and *reliable*.



The Bijur Drip Plug

At each chassis bearing point a Bijur Drip Plug meters the oil. After being filtered through a dense felt diaphragm in the reservoir, the oil reaches felt strainer "A" in the Drip Plug, which merely intercepts any brass or copper particles in the pipe line. The pin "B" nearly fills the cylindrical passage in which it is fitted. The clearance controls the oil flow—meters the quantity. In all plugs the diameter of the passage is uniform but differing pin diameters produce different rates of flow. The valve "C" prevents drip.

After five years of painstaking experiment Joseph Bijur has perfected a positive system of instantly delivering oil from one central reservoir to all chassis bearing points in quantities *measured at each bearing*. Today with the Bijur System, a brake shaft requiring 3 drops of oil receives 3 drops, while a steering knuckle requiring 20 drops gets 20 drops—all in one simple operation.

Lubrication of each point is at all times reliable, for the Bijur System intercepts any dirt or foreign particles which might clog the equipment.

The Bijur System is available only in cars whose manufacturers have designed it into their chassis. On such truly modern cars, rattles and squeaks are eliminated, ease of riding and steering are at all times maintained, the life of chassis bearings is trebled, the resale value of the car greatly enhanced.

More than 30,000 owners of new series PACKARD cars today enjoy the advantages of the Bijur System. *"Ask the man who owns one."*

BIJUR

LUBRICATING CORPORATION, NEW YORK

Originators of Instant Chassis Lubrication

all done in Mr. Brown's name. It took until half-past twelve to make out the papers. Usually it takes only a few minutes, say half an hour, but Mr. Brown wouldn't sign a thing until the last comma was down. I guess he must have had trouble enough with theatrical contracts at some time or another. He was certainly gun-shy. But at that, he didn't seem to know any more about what he was doing than a child.

They were paying half cash. When it came to stating, for the finance company, what his income was, Mr. Brown was strictly up against it.

"But I haven't any income!" he said. "I'm not working."

That wouldn't do at all. He insisted on buying the car in his own name. That meant he'd have to satisfy the finance company that he was able to make the necessary payments.

He turned to Miss Fredericks. "Freddie," he said, "how much do you suppose I cost Peggy a month?"

She thought a minute.

"Oh, about six hundred dollars."

"Put down my income as six hundred dollars a month," he said. "I must get that much, if I spend it."

So we did.

When we got the papers all finished up, they showed that a balance of some $1230, including insurance and interest charges, would have to be paid to complete the purchase of the car. Mr. Brown got out his pen, all ready to sign his name. Then he stopped.

"I wish you'd explain just one thing to me," he said peevishly, "and that is this: What in the world is it that I am agreeing to buy for twelve hundred and thirty dollars?"

I told him it was the other half of his wife's car. And we let it go at that.

Occasionally I have a lot of trouble with a customer. After a man has paid a couple thousand dollars for an automobile, he wants it to be all right. If it isn't, he kicks. Naturally. Usually he's reasonable. But once in a while he isn't.

Last spring I sold a sedan to a New York business man who put his income down on the finance papers as $3000 a month. About a month after he had taken the car out, he brought it back.

"Say," he told me, "I'm certainly out of luck on that car! You'll have to take it back, I guess, and give me a new one."

The All-or-Nothing Type

We don't make a practice of exchanging new cars for machines that have been run a month; that's up to the factory. So I asked what the trouble was.

"Trouble? Everything! Thought the whole car was coming to pieces. It's a wonder we got here alive! She started jumping and pounding all of a sudden as if the whole thing would come apart!"

I told him to leave the car, and we'd find out what was the matter. We looked it over. Couldn't find anything wrong. Took it out and tested it, and tested it again. Everything seemed to be all right. We drove it more than thirty miles. I told the owner we couldn't find anything wrong, and that the car seemed to be as good as ever. But he wouldn't take it away from the garage.

"That car's no good!" he told me. "Why, it nearly wrecked the whole lot of us! You'll have to give me another one, or I'll know the reason why!"

We went over it again, and that time, trying to locate the trouble that he had described as being "in the very middle of the car," we found some little pieces of metal in the bottom of the transmission case. A defective washer, probably too high-tempered, had cracked apart and fallen into the transmission gears. Probably for a moment or two the effect had been all that he described, terrifying enough for anyone who didn't know what the trouble was. The steel washer had been chopped all to bits by the gears—but there wasn't even a nick in a single tooth. We put in a new washer. It cost twenty-five cents. Then the car was as good as new.

We explained what the trouble had been to the owner. But do you suppose he would take the car back? He would not! He said it was a defective car, and now that we'd found the parts of the cracked washer we'd proved it. That's one time I've been really beaten. I haven't been able to do a single thing with him. The car's still out there on the garage floor. We've turned the case over to the manufacturers.

The owner still has the maker's guaranty, that we back up with our own service, to make good any defective parts in that car within a six-months' period without charge for either labor or materials. But he refuses to be satisfied with that. He wants a new car.

And that brings me back to what I started telling you about—the three reasons that, in my opinion, have let my garage business push ahead where my predecessor couldn't make a very good go of it. The first, I said, was turning out good work.

Terrible Tempered Mr. Mitchell

But that's only part of it. Many a garage, I believe, turns out good work at honest prices and still can't make a go of it. That's where what I put down as the second thing comes in—the ability to get along with your customers. It's a kind of salesmanship. You've got to know something about people and how to handle them. If you can't get along with them, they'll go to some man they like better, even if his work isn't so good. Some people you can talk turkey to; others you can't. That's where I've been lucky in choosing my business; from the way my two lines of cars have been selling, I'm beginning to believe I'm a pretty good mixer. And, believe me, there are plenty of times when I have to talk!

For instance, one of my customers is a big lawyer in New York. We'll call him Mitchell. Commutes. Hardest man to get along with I've got. There are times when I wish he would take his business away from us. One week he'll leave a blanket order: "Keep that car in condition so it is ready to take out any time I come around for it." Well, we find the gas tank's almost empty, so we fill it. We find a soft tire—take it off and locate a slow leak and repair it. At the end of the month, up comes Mitchell, mad as a hen.

"Who told you to put any gas in that car?" he wants to know, ready to fight. "Who told you to change a tire on that car? Who gave the order? What do you think you're doing, anyway—running a holdup shop?"

Then next month we won't touch his darned old car, unless we have an order for each specific thing. Halfway through the month he comes out and finds one of the tires flat. Then he flares up all over again.

"You're supposed to keep that car in shape!" he tells me. "If you can't do it, I'll go to someone who can!"

The last time he came I didn't happen to be in. So he gave my foreman the dickens. Simply raised the roof. One of his back fenders was bent. He claimed we'd done it in the garage. When I came in, he'd just left to go to New York. The train hadn't come in yet, so I went right over to the station. I went up to him on the platform without paying any attention to the crowd standing around waiting to take the train.

"Mr. Mitchell," I told him, "I want you to come right over to the garage and take your car out of there. I'm tired of having it around, and I don't want your business. The boys tell me you say we bent up one of your old fenders. I'd like to have you know that if we bend up one of your fenders we'll tell you about it. We don't have to be afraid of you. If we were, and bent your fender, we'd straighten it out, and do such a good job that you'd never know anything about it, unless we told you ourselves. But as it is we've had trouble enough with you; I want you to take your car somewhere else."

(Continued on Page 169)

Consider *comfort first* when buying upholstered furniture

When buying upholstered furniture insist upon seeing the "Comfort First" tag illustrated above. Any piece that bears it is made comfortable by a cushioning of Nachman Spring Units.

Hundreds of tiny Nachman Spring Units—each in its individual jacket—form the interior cushioning of the seats and backs. Under your weight these gently yielding and full supporting flexible spring units *give*. You sink into luxurious depths. Your mind thinks of nothing but billowy clouds. This is the pinnacle of davenport and easy-chair comfort.

Yet furniture filled with Nachman Spring Units is very durable. It never takes a permanent sag—never loses its tailored shape—never packs down. Even after thousands of compressions these finely tempered quality spring units are full of life and vitality. They maintain the original beautiful lines of the furniture. This means that Nachman Spring Units insure not only years of *luxurious comfort* but also *permanent beauty*. That is why hundreds of manufacturers prefer them.

So that you may know upholstered furniture that assures this luxurious and permanent *spring-filled* comfort, the manufacturers attach the "Comfort First" tag shown above to each piece. Look for this sign in the store of any good furniture dealer. It costs no more to have Nachman Spring Unit comfort.

A copy of our booklet, "Comfort First," will be sent free of charge to any who write. It is an illuminating story of the inside of fine upholstered furniture.

THE NACHMAN SPRING-FILLED COMPANY, *Chicago, Illinois*

NACHMAN
Spring UNITS

FOR UPHOLSTERED FURNITURE . . . MATTRESSES . . . MOTOR CAR SEATS

In Henry Ford's Home you'll find a THOR Cylinder Washer

Henry Ford is recognized world over as a great mechanical genius. He has made it possible for EVERY family to enjoy the healthful recreation of motoring.

IN the homes of men like Ford, Edison, Schwab, Durant—world-famous inventors and engineers—you'll find Thor Cylinder Washers. These men *know* the best. And women who have won renown as Home Economic Experts have chosen the Thor for their own homes.

[Reason No. 1] Thor Cylinder Washers are built to give lasting, trouble-free service. Factory records show many Thor Cylinder Washers eighteen years old—and still serving faithfully every week. No other electric washer has Thor's record.

[Reason No. 2] As to washing efficiency and gentleness: The Thor Cylinder Washer cleanses *thoroughly* and *does not wear* dainty, delicate fabrics or heavy garments. In fact, dry cleaners everywhere now use the Thor cylinder washing principle because they have found it best.

A million Thor Cylinder Washers (more than any other make) are saving money, time and strength for American housewives. The Thor you buy will serve and save for *you*

Another Boon to Women
The New Thor Folding Ironer

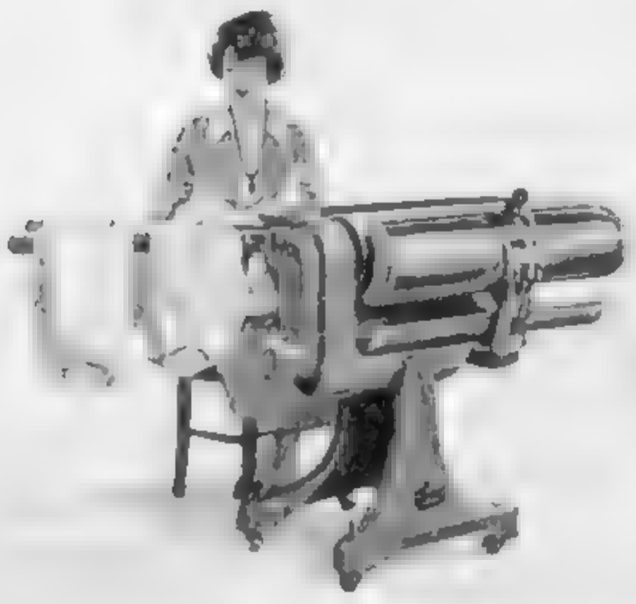
Now you can sit in a comfortable chair and in two easy, restful hours finish a day's ironing. No effort is required.

It is so small it will fit in even an apartment kitchen. Or, on its large casters, you can lightly roll it into the sewing room, or on the back porch—wherever it is most convenient and cheerful to iron. When the ironing is done it folds up and rolls into a closet or corner. It is more convenient to take out and use than an ironing board—and is as economical as a hand iron.

For many years to come you will be thankful for the time, strength and money the Thor Folding Ironer saves you—and you'll never miss the cost, just a small amount each month.

Thor's larger capacity (8 full sheets) finishes the washing in fewer batches. The cylinder is of patented Luminoid, smooth as glass. It never need be lifted out. There are no moving parts inside to strain the wet, softened fabrics. As the heavy dirt is flushed out it settles in a dirt trap *below* the cylinder and does not again touch the clothes. Thor rinses itself clean in 30 seconds. The swinging wringer has soft cushion rolls that save buttons.

ELECTRIC HOUSEHOLD UTILITIES CORP. (FORMERLY HURLEY MACHINE COMPANY)
NEW YORK • CHICAGO • SAN FRANCISCO • BOSTON • TORONTO, CAN. • LONDON, ENG

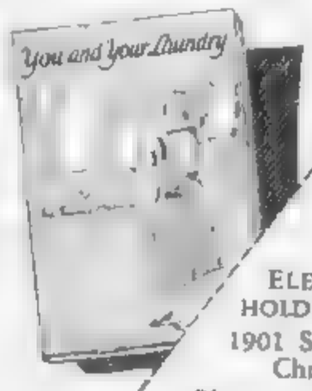


The New
THOR
FOLDING IRONER

Irons shirts, collars, rompers and *everything*. You can put an entire skirt over the full open roll and iron or press it in a jiffy. Connects to any baseboard electric outlet for both heat and power. (Or gas heated.) No pedals. Just a finger touch at either right or left hand button starts or stops the roll and opens or closes the ironing "shoe." It folds and rolls. Takes no more space than a kitchen chair.

50c BOOK FREE

The book, "You and Your Laundry," by Mrs. Christine Frederick, expert Home Economist, gives information on soap solutions, best ways to launder various fabrics, directions for removing stains, helpful hints to reduce housework, etc. This book will save you many dollars a year. FREE if requested on Coupon below.



Clip This Coupon

and mail to

ELECTRIC HOUSEHOLD UTILITIES CORP
1901 South 54th Ave.,
Chicago, Illinois

Please mail me FREE a copy of Mrs. Christine Frederick's book, "You and Your Laundry."

Name

Address

(Continued from Page 166

"I won't do it," he said. "I'll leave that car right there. And you keep it in condition, so that when I want it I can get it."

Then his train came in.

At the other end of the line there's one of the best-natured men you ever saw in your life. He's got two cars, or rather he did have. And a whole family of kids. A couple of months ago, the whole rear action went out on one of his old cars. I gave him a rough estimate on the job—about $300.

"Go to it," he said. "A little tough luck, that's all. Keep it down as well as you can—but I know it will be all right."

It went over $300. About $340, if I remember right. He took the car out about noon. At three o'clock she was back—towed in. Some darned wire up in front had shorted and set the whole works afire. The car was all clogged up with mud and sand they'd thrown on it, but they'd managed to put the fire out. It did a lot of damage first, though—burned out all his wiring and ruined a lot of electrical equipment. Another $200 gone.

"But don't think," he said, "this will hold up payment on that rear-action bill. I've got that all ready for you and I'll mail the check in the morning. It's not your fault, I guess, if the old boat catches fire at the front end after you've fixed up the rear. Only, I may have to be a little slow in paying this second bill. It's beginning to run into money. And while you're about it, you'd better look over that old car of mine. This buggy's beginning to get me scared."

Well, we fixed the car up. And within a month he walked into the shop.

"She's gone," he said.

She had. He'd flipped the end of a cigarette into a pile of duffel he had in the tonneau, without noticing. It wasn't even anything about the mechanism of the car! But that time the fire got such a start there was no stopping it. About four seconds after he got out, the gas tank blew up and the whole thing was junk. Nothing left but hot scrap iron.

"A little bad luck," was all he said. "Lucky thing I had you fix up the old car. I won't be able to afford anything else for a while."

Then, the third thing; keeping everlastingly on the job. I don't know how many hours I put in at that garage, but it's a good fat number. There's not a job goes out from that shop that I don't know about in every particular. There's not a complaint comes in that I don't look into myself. My shop foreman told me the other day—and he's been at the game for nearly twenty years—that he never yet saw a proprietor keep as close track of things as I do.

Seasonal Shifts

At that, I don't suppose the real reason is that I have to do it. Frank, here, my foreman, could run the whole place alone and make a good job of it. But I like the work, and stay with it.

As the business has developed, it has grown into two divisions. One is the new-car department. That includes car sales and service on cars that we sell. It also includes our storage business and the ordinary care of cars that are left with us for the day or by the month—washing, tire service, oil, gas and water service, and so on. The second department, that is all most people think of as being part of the garage business in a small town, is the workshop—the repair department. Through the winter and spring the repair business takes only about half of our time. Then, when the automobile use comes to its peak, about the first of July, the service and storage work drop to less than a quarter of our total business. Until well along toward November, about four months, we make few sales. Then, with cold weather coming on, closed-car buyers begin to show up. The new models come in and sales run along pretty steadily, reaching a peak with the first approach of warm weather again, along in April.

In order to take advantage of the opportunities that the expansion of the business has given me, I've put in a new supply-and-accessories store on the main street. Besides that I've leased a big parking yard near the garage where I can store my overflow repair jobs. The store has enabled me to pick up a good deal more of the tire-and-sundries business of the town than I had before. But it doesn't interest me, personally, as much as the new-car department and repair work. For one thing, the prices on tires are so much more variable. It seems almost impossible to get, or to keep, any sort of standard prices for tubes and casings. It's harder to leave customers satisfied. I'm always hearing of this chap or the other who's bought tires way below what I can afford to sell them to him for.

Bootlegging Tires

A number of things go into that troublesome matter of cut-rate tires. Some dealers will cut commissions to varying extent. In the vicinity of any big city like New York, quite a business in cut-rate tires is made possible by dishonest chauffeurs. When a man owns three or four cars and leaves them in charge of a chauffeur, he often can't keep close track of the bills. Many a time a couple of casings will be charged for and never even be taken off the rack. The chauffeur and the dishonest dealer divide the price between them—and there are two more tires that can be sold clear under the list price.

Of course there are different makes of legitimately cheap tires. Then there is a big business in seconds—goods sold without guaranty because of some defect. And between and beyond all these things, there are cases of "bootleg" tires that would make your hair curl.

Just recently, in New York City, a truck with $8000 worth of new rubber on it was stolen from right in front of one of the uptown tire stores. A clean get-away. The police were notified, and located the truck that same afternoon far downtown. It had been driven up beside the curb and abandoned. The thieves had no use for it; it would merely get them into trouble. But every tire was gone.

Things like that have been getting so common that often the robbers don't even bother to cut the numbers off the tires—simply take a chance, and count on everybody winking at the thing, all the way down the line.

My second year's business ran about $60,000. The third year's, with the two lines of cars, jumped to $100,000. This last year, I've done more than $100,000 worth of business on new cars alone.

In order to take care of the repair work, I've put up a new shop at the edge of town on the main highway. In place of the crew of three men that I started with, I now have six, besides myself and my father, who helps me keep an eye on things as if they were his own.

Lately I've even found time to step out a little and join the local golf club that some of the men in town have put together as a combination recreation and business venture. But at that, I find myself sticking pretty close to the business and the shop; after all, I enjoy that about as much as anything, and perhaps in that very fact you'll find one of the reasons for what I can't help feeling is in a small way a pretty substantial success in this business of making old cars tick better than they ticked before, and selling the owners new ones when they won't.

The line that permits complete standardization with its resultant economies.

EXECUTIVES

interested in getting the utmost in results from record keeping equipment will find much of interest and value to them in these specially prepared booklets. Write for the one covering your business or for our general catalog.

KALAMAZOO LOOSE LEAF BINDER CO.

Factories at Kalamazoo, Mich., and Los Angeles, Calif. Sales Offices in Principal Cities

KALAMAZOO
LOOSE-LEAF-DEVICES-AND
ACCOUNTING-SYSTEMS

The FLORSHEIM SHOE

It isn't easy to tell the age of a pair of FLORSHEIMS. FLORSHEIMS manage to keep their youthful appearance after months of trying service. Their good looks is more than a surface finish—it endures.

A Style of the Times

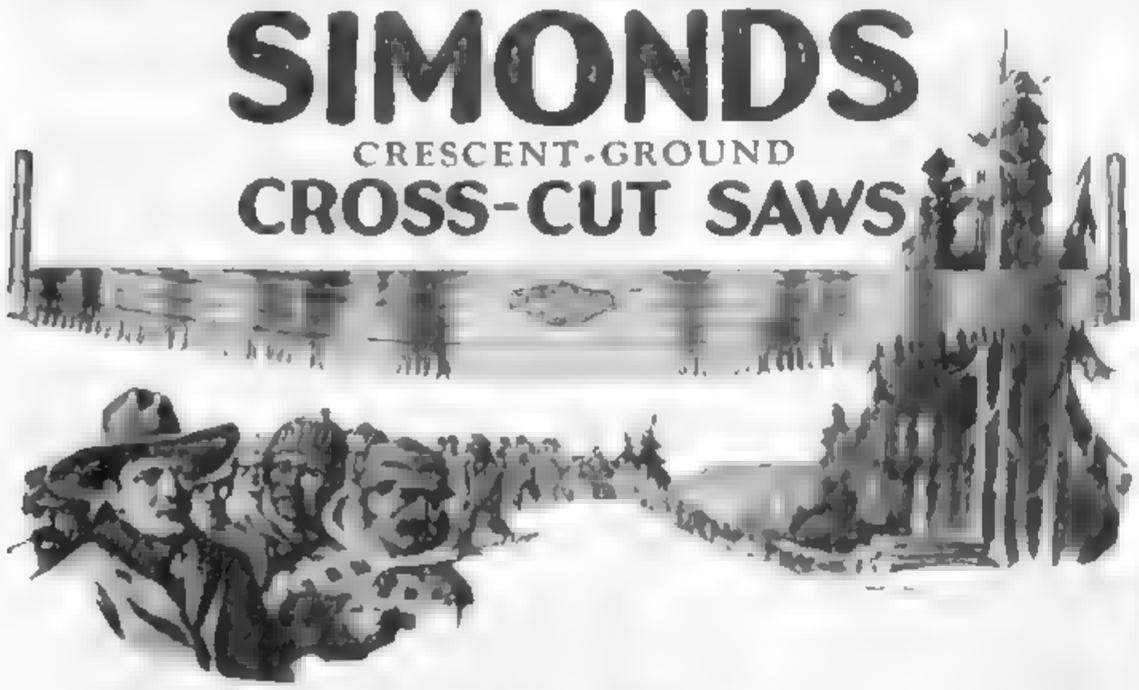
Most Styles $10

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY
Manufacturers - CHICAGO

Booklet STYLES OF THE TIMES on Request

FOR THE MAN WHO CARES

SIMONDS
CRESCENT-GROUND
CROSS-CUT SAWS



THE STANDARD SAW
OF THE BIG WOODS

Simonds Special Cross-Cut Saw files have the same superior cutting qualities that distinguish Simonds Saws.

From the North Woods of Maine to the Redwood Forests of California, Simonds Crescent-Ground Cross-Cut Saws are universally preferred by men who count upon cutting tools most. Years of experience have taught them that Simonds Saws are uniformly flawless—assurance of longer life and superior cutting qualities. Simonds quality is the result of careful, scientific tempering of the steel in Simonds' own plants and near a century's experience in producing cutting tools. Next time, ask your dealer for a Simonds.

Simonds Saw and Steel Co., Fitchburg, Mass.
"The Saw Makers" *Established 1832*
Branch Stores and Service Shops in Principal Cities

SIMONDS
Pronounced SI-MONDS
SAWS FILES KNIVES STEEL

PAYING THE PIPER

(Continued from Page 7)

"As to England, such inclusive figures as to what was spent in that country for war supplies, the maintenance of our forces, the personal expenditures of our troops are not available; but it would not be stretching the facts to estimate that such expenditures totaled at least several hundred million dollars.

"The purchases of the Allied countries in this market after the United States entered the war cost them much less in terms of their own currencies than would otherwise have been the case by reason of the pegging of their exchanges with dollar credits advanced by our Government. The support of their exchanges also saved them huge sums in their purchases in markets other than the United States. Not only that but in supporting the Allied exchanges we were forced to permit the exchanges of most other countries to go to a premium in this market, thus increasing the cost in dollars of our purchases in those countries. These are invisible factors most difficult to estimate, but we can be sure that they resulted in huge savings to the Allies and in large losses to us.

"The foregoing trade figures do not include vast amounts of surplus war material which were shipped during the war but sold thereafter to various countries in Europe at a very liberal discount, for which our Government took obligations totaling almost $600,000,000. The trade figures probably do not include the relief supplies furnished by the American Relief Administration, for which our Government accepted obligations in the principal sum of about $85,000,000, and also the flour sold to Austria, Poland and several other countries by the U. S. Grain Corporation, for which our Government accepted obligations totaling about $57,000,000, since these measures were adopted after 1918."

Exploding the Profiteer Myth

But this is a thorny field of great extent and not pleasant to traverse. It is enough to say after what has been shown that what moneys and things we got from Europe before we entered the war were offset, and in many cases were more than offset, by our expenditures and loans after we became a belligerent. The records are clear on this point.

It is a popular superstition not only in Europe but in the United States that great fortunes were made in this country by the war profiteers. That also is a legend without basis of fact. Some individuals did make money by speculation, but the great industrials, the manufacturers, industry itself, suffered losses from the rush of war orders.

When the war began there followed an orgy of buying in this country on orders from the Allies. Price was no object. Industries attempted to convert their plants to enable them to make munitions, gun carriages, shell cases, all sorts of war material. They were dazzled by the prospect of so much money. Plants were extended to take care of the rush of orders. And when the whole dizzying, nightmarish, hectic experience was over, virtually all of them found they had lost money. Industry was disorganized. Old relationships were broken. Factories that had been paid three or four times the normal price to make rifles found they had lost money because they didn't know how to make rifles at any price. The experience was a dear one.

While preparing this article I talked with bankers who financed industry during this period of false prosperity. They do not look back to it with any pleasure or satisfaction. As one of them put it:

"It may be a surprise to some that the wealth as estimated for 1923 does not show a larger increase over the prewar estimates; but while it is true that in its earlier stages the war created many war profiteers, at the same time it had unfortunate effects on lines of activity not directly connected with the war. After we got into the struggle, so close a check was kept upon the cost of munitions for our own country and for the Allies that the making of abnormal profits by American manufacturers, farmers and merchants was largely checked, and such profits in excess of prewar profits as were made were very largely taken by the Government through income and war-profits taxes to meet the expenses of the war, including our very large loans to our Allies. In the United States, as in other countries, the postwar situation, until quite recently, has been one of readjustment from war conditions, which has brought reduced activity in many lines of business and reduced prices in markets to which we send our products, so that instead of marketing our food and other products at a profit, we did so for some time at little or no profit, or even at a loss. Therefore, taking all things into consideration, it is quite obvious that the nation, as a whole, has not profited to any important extent as a result of the war. On the contrary, on a per capita basis, it has perhaps even suffered some loss in wealth."

Another said: "The people of the United States as a whole did not accumulate wealth from the war. Their actual progress, measured in stable values, during the ten years from 1914 to 1924 was less than normal, owing to the industrial derangement caused by the war, and the average taxpayer is conscious that the war did not bring wealth to him."

While this was being written I came by a happy chance to read in the December issue of Scribner's Magazine an article by Monsieur Raymond Recouly, in which he asserts that the war profiteers in France were also losers in the long run. I quote him:

"Toward the end of the war, and directly after, there was much talk about what one called '*les nouveaux riches*.' They were watched, studied, usually rather satirically, in the theaters, papers and novels. The *nouveau riche* was originally one whom the war had suddenly and often unjustly enriched. Neither was he peculiar to France. He existed in England under the name of 'profiteer,' in Germany and all Central Europe under that of 'Schieber'; in Italy, 'pescecane.' Rather a curious study could be made on the development and evolution of this type in each country."

Evils of the Warlike Peace

"In France it did not take long for a certain number of them to lose their fortunes. Intoxicated by their too easy success, they threw themselves into all sorts of enterprises and speculation. After the boom caused by the war, there came in 1920 a rather violent depression, which wrecked many of them."

Foreigners have told me that Europe resents being lectured by Americans and being told how she should conduct her economic affairs. It may be permissible, however, to point out how our bankers who are being asked to lend money abroad regard some of the postwar settlements. For example, this, from a New York banking house:

"War having been one kind of disorder, peace for a long time proved to be another. Peace failed at once to destroy the war hate, and for a long time failed as well to restore the good will and understanding which among nations is essential to the realities of peace. It can now be seen to what extent the absence of coöperation and conciliation contributed to the trade and financial breakdowns of the early years of the peace period. Nations which were allies in the prosecution of the war ceased after 1919 to submerge themselves to one another for the benefit of the whole.

"Those who won the war together having sought to enjoy the fruits of victory apart,

(Continued on Page 173)

What's Wrong With Shorthand?

Executives say:—

"It's the 'ring and wait' system."

"If she could only take it as fast as I think."

"She can't help me with other things."

"If I could only dictate while it's fresh in my mind."

"Out sick, so my letters have to wait."

"Pshaw! she's gone. I'll have to wait till tomorrow."

"I had all this clear in my mind last night."

"She can't get out all she's taken."

"I'm forced to cut dictation short.

That's enough! I'll send in the coupon below on general principles.

J. C. Aspley

President of the Dartnell Corporation, Editor of "Sales Management," has seen his sales and advertising service grow into a concern that will do close to three quarters of a million dollars' worth of business this year.

Pauline R. Means

Secretary to Mr. Aspley, found that The Dictaphone opened the door of executive responsibility for her

What's Wrong With Shorthand?

Secretaries say:—

"Those awful waits while he chats over the 'phone."

"Nothing doing till 3 and then two days' work."

"No one else can read my notes."

"Hours wasted while he's in conference."

"I'm 10% secretary and 90% slave to my notebook."

"Yes, I do mind staying late."

"Cold notes are maddening."

"He talks so fast I'll be getting writer's cramp soon."

That's enough! I'll show him this trial offer right now.

Shorthand couldn't keep up with this man's ideas—

How much faster can a man think with The Dictaphone than with old-fashioned, roundabout shorthand?

Read this story of J. C. Aspley and note our coupon offer

A CLEARING-HOUSE for *ideas!* That was J. C. Aspley's vision when he founded the Dartnell Corporation. He thought businesses could help each other by exchanging the sales and advertising ideas each had found effective. Thirteen concerns agreed to test the scheme back in 1918. Today 50,000 executives turn to Dartnell for sales and advertising suggestions. And the Dartnell magazine, "Sales Management," has boosted its subscription list from 100 to 13,000.

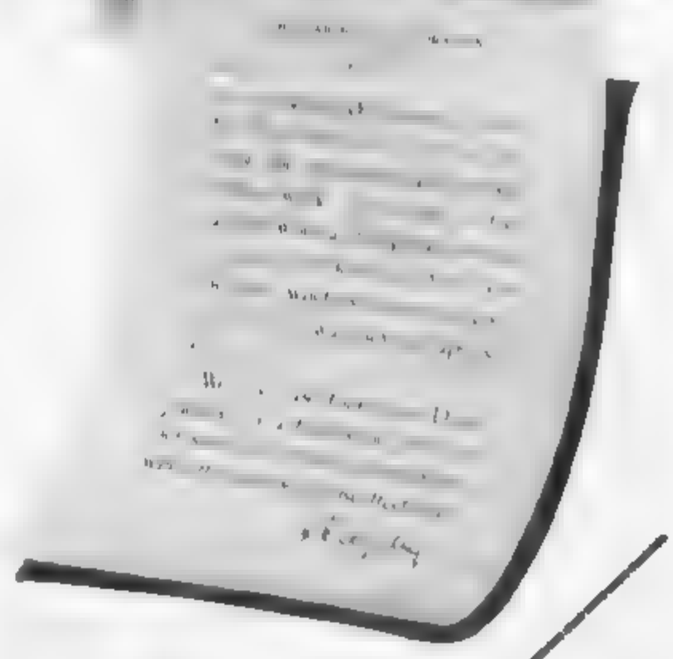
How does this unique clearing-house keep its currency in circulation? It's been a big problem for Mr. Aspley, finding the quickest method of turning ideas into news bulletins and sales letters. Shorthand with its "ring and wait" system, its duplication of effort, had its day in court. And instead The Dictaphone is now used at Dartnell.

"A writer can keep up with his thoughts when a Dictaphone is used," says Mr. Aspley, "whereas in using a typewriter he is always several laps behind. And we find our machines valuable in capturing the elusive ideas which make for really high-grade editorial work. In short, Dictaphones have not only enabled our editors to increase the quantity but the quality of production.

"And in our sales and credit departments they've paid us a handsome profit!"

* * * * *

How does The Dictaphone look from the secretaries' end? Take the experience of Miss Means, Mr. Aspley's secretary. In the time The Dictaphone saves her, she's able to relieve Mr. Aspley of a great deal of executive detail. And she's received steadily more responsibility as she's gained efficiency.



DICTATE TO THE DICTAPHONE

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

and double your ability to get things done

MAIL WITH YOUR LETTERHEAD

To
Dictaphone Sales Corp.
154 Nassau Street, New York

☐ I want to read what leading executives or secretaries say about increasing their ability with The Dictaphone. Mail me FREE copy of your booklet, "What's Wrong With Shorthand?"

I am a Secretary ☐ Executive ☐
(Check one)

☐ Please notify your nearest office to lend me a New Model 10 to try. I understand that this loan involves no expense or obligation.

In multitudes they are turning to RELAXED MOTORING

DRAMATICALLY, Stabilators have risen to leadership.

Each year, the relaxed motoring obtainable only through Stabilators has won new and ever broader recognition.

The 1925 demand for Stabilators increased over the big 1924 demand by nearly five times — probably a record for the entire industry.

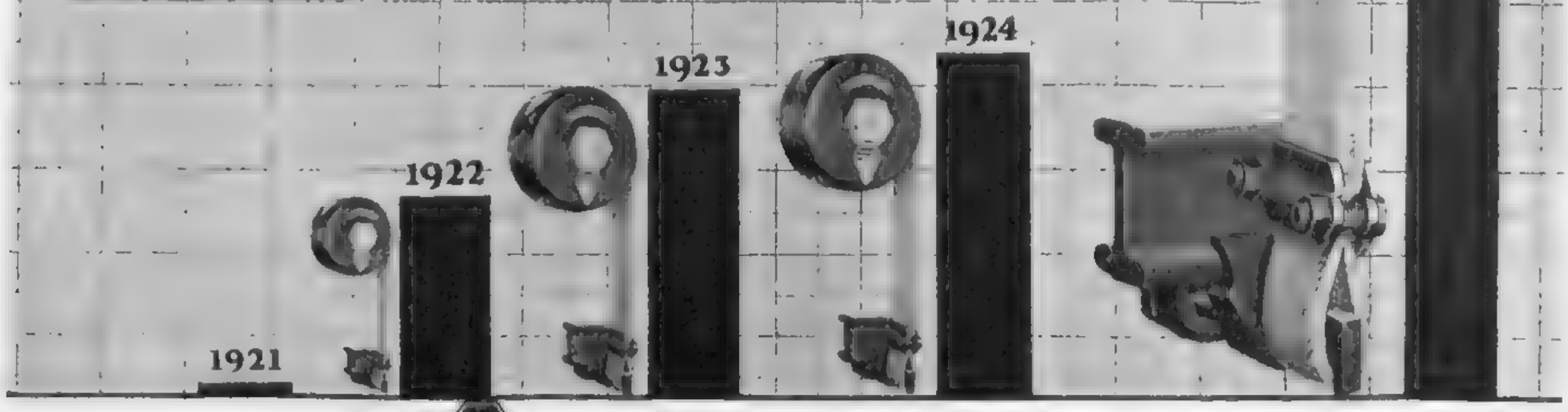
Stabilators are standard equipment on these predominant cars:

Cadillac *new 90-Degree*	Chrysler *Sixes*
Duesenberg *Straight Eight*	Franklin
Isotta Fraschini *Eight-in-Line*	Jordan *Great Line Eight*
McFarlan	Peerless *Eight*
Stutz *Vertical Eight*	Willys-Knight *Six*

An eleventh great name, that of the most prominent maker of cars powered with eight cylinders in line, will be furnished on request.

The sales figures tell the amazing story of Stabilation. In five short years, relaxed motoring *created by* Stabilators, *exclusive* to the Stabilated car — has become the most discussed development in motoring.

You too will soon drive a Stabilated car. Either the next car you buy will be factory-equipped with Stabilators — or you will have a Stabilated — or you will put Stabilators on your present car. You are bound to come to Stabilation. Then you will experience the full satisfaction of relaxed motoring, the refreshing restfulness that comes only with a serene confidence that no sudden thrust of spring recoil can disturb your riding comfort.



WATSON STABILATORS

JOHN WARREN WATSON COMPANY, 24TH AND LOCUST STREETS, PHILADELPHIA

(Continued from Page 170)

it followed that agitation, experiment, controversy and sinister intervention were the lot of Europe as long as the spirit of self-service and national consciousness drew people apart.

"Europe's suffering can be laid in no small part to its peacetime lack of vision and tolerance alike. Unity and firm leadership would not, of course, have wiped out all the scars of the war; they were too deep for that. The war took about 10,000,000 lives, destroyed industrial equipment, scattered wealth accumulation and changed people, frontiers, politics, trade and finance. Many of the important events which have led to recovery could not have happened earlier because certain visible obstacles had to be removed first."

Fred I. Kent, of the Bankers Trust Company, in a report to the International Chamber of Commerce on What Business Men Can Do for Europe, touches on this aspect of Europe's share of responsibility for her after-the-war troubles:

"The various treaties of peace which have been concluded since the World War have broken the economic unity which existed within and between certain nations, have destroyed channels of trade and have created no compensating developments. As a result, a tendency has developed in many European nations to endeavor to make themselves self-sufficient instead of developing the exchange of their resources and natural productive powers with those of other nations. For the purpose of attempting to make possible such self-sufficiency, trade barriers of all kinds have been raised between nations. While such trade barriers may, on occasion, allow the economic development of some special industry in a country, yet in practically every case it means that men, instead of being employed in the things which they can do best because of their nature or surroundings or both, are diverted into occupations foreign to their natures or which will entail greater expense in production because of difficulties in obtaining raw materials. The result is an increase in cost to the community, and usually a decrease in quality also.

"Probably the best example of this general situation lies in the relationships that have grown out of the division of the old Austro-Hungarian monarchy into the Succession States. The economic unity that prevailed, under which the cattle and grain raised in that portion of the monarchy best fitted for such purposes were exchanged for the manufactures produced in the natural centers of industry, which in turn obtained their coal, their iron ore and other raw materials from still other parts of the old monarchy, has been absolutely destroyed. There is no question but that such economic unity was of the greatest value to every individual group in the whole of the monarchy, and that its destruction is largely accountable for the present trade difficulties which exist in those states."

A House Divided Against Itself

"The breaking of the political unity would not have been so harmful if the economic unity could have been preserved. The introduction of new frontiers, the friction due to racial differences and the competition developed between peoples now of different nations who formerly worked in one economic unity have led to trade barriers which have upset the whole of Eastern Central Europe. Through hardship the people are gradually finding out that barriers raised against trade are as harmful to the country creating them as to all surrounding countries, and they are consequently endeavoring to make them less severe in their action than was true immediately after the treaties were consummated that established the new frontiers. They still represent, however, a tremendous obstacle to the comfortable living of millions of people."

In those words Mr. Kent civilly and in guarded phrases gives some of the reasons why Europe has not prospered more greatly since the war. Chapters might be written about the European experience in reconstruction without uncovering the tiniest bit of evidence that the United States had contributed to her troubles or to her lack of prosperity. Indeed, the record is all on the other side.

If you accept the testimony I have offered here that we did not make money out of the war, and if you are willing to believe the economists, the financiers and the government authorities who have given the subject closest study, who say that our war-time relations with Europe were not tainted with profit, then we can go on to the second phase of this inquiry.

How have we become so prosperous? Why is it that the standard of living is higher among us at this period than any country has ever known at any time? No other nation ever before was at one and the same time the world's greatest producer of goods, exporter, reservoir of capital and dispenser of credit. It is an amazing and incredible position that we occupy.

"The trade of every other nation than our own is running in a slack stream, and for the world as a whole capital, credit, output and buying power are restricted. It is an extraordinary comparison that this nation represents when set against the other industrial and trade nations, and the fact that this country flourishes in the face of adverse world conditions makes our nation the envy of all other people," comments a banking house

Our High Standard of Living

We came to hold this fortunate position by working and saving, and through no magic of finance or at the expense of any other nation or people. Simply we worked for and earned the material blessings we enjoy. There is no secret about it. It is not a condition to be smug and complacent about. It is not for us to take a holier-than-thou attitude, but we do not need to hang our head because we have worked and produced and shown initiative and energy in replacing the waste of the war and readjusting our dislocated industries. What we have got we produced. We did not take it away from anybody.

I will recite Secretary Hoover's testimony. He is charged with the duty of knowing about commerce and trade and industry. He knows whether we ravaged poor distracted Europe. Hear him:

"A rough estimate would show that we could today supply each person the same amount of commodities that he consumed ten years ago and lay off about 2,000,000 people from work.

"We must get our minds away from the notion that prewar standards of living and volume of business would be normal now. Normalcy is a vastly higher and more comfortable standard than that of 1913. We must not judge the state of business activity by prewar figures, but by a hugely increased base. We must not be frightened when our output of steel or textiles or automobiles, lumber, corn or hogs, or our car loading, amounts to figures far in excess of those that would be implied alone in a normal growth of population.

"There has been in the past decade an unparalleled growth of our industrial and commercial efficiency and our consequent ability to consume. I do not refer to that growth of productivity which should naturally be expected to accompany the increment of 14,000,000 in our population during the past decade, nor do I refer to the increase in dollar figures due to higher prices. Entirely over and above these contributions to increased figures, we are producing a larger amount of commodities per capita than ever before in our history. Precise comparisons are difficult to adduce. But exhaustive study from many angles of production over average periods, ten years apart, before and since the war, would indicate that while our productivity should have increased about 15 per cent due to the increase in population, yet the actual increase has been from 25 to 30 per cent,

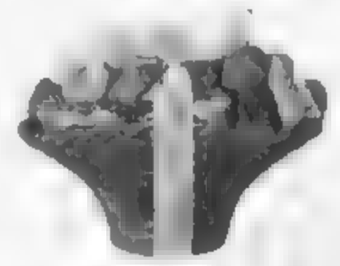
St. Valentine's

Every man knows some woman to whom his acts of thoughtfulness bring the golden moments of her life. She appreciates being remembered at any time, but more especially on sweetheart days—Valentine days. Any gift pleases, but candy pleases more, and Puritan Chocolates most.

The variety of centers includes all the kinds she favors, and the coatings surpass all her previous experience in smoothness, fineness, aroma, flavor. Truly "The Perfect Gift". Different, surprising, exclusive, sensational! Prove it!

The $1.50 Valentine Assorted Chocolate Package comes in an unmistakable Valentine wrapper. At good dealers' or sent postpaid on receipt of price, or parcel post C. O. D.

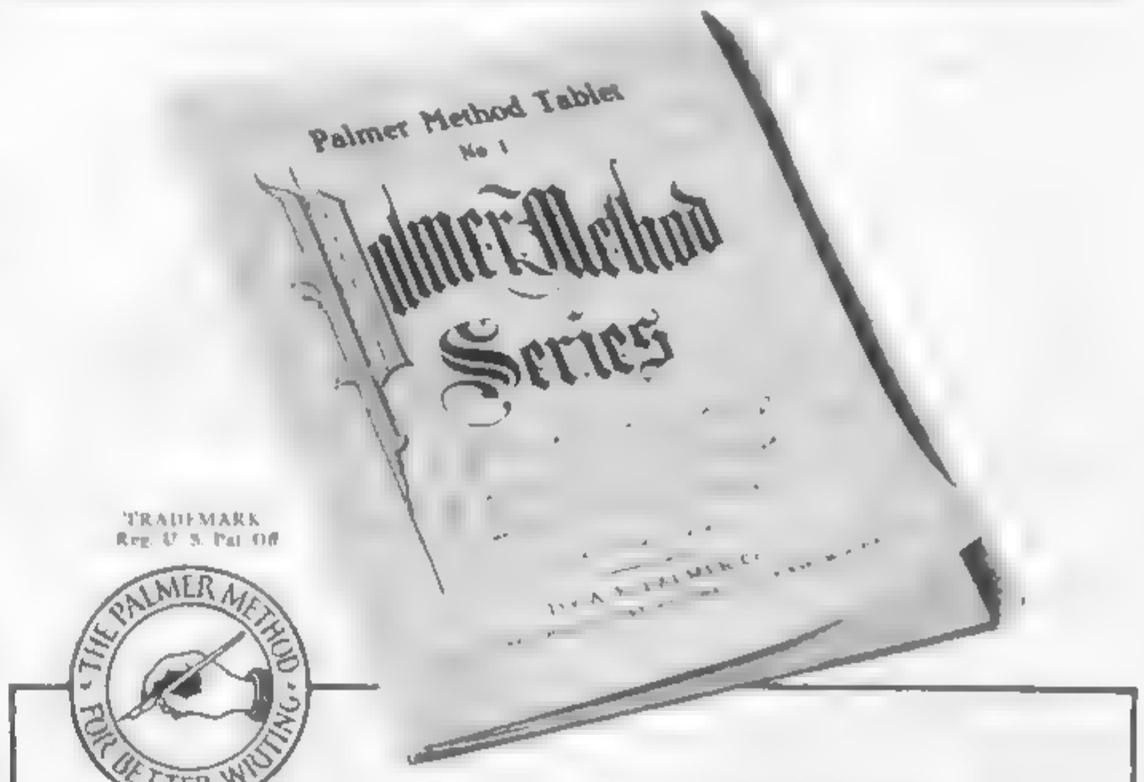
THE PURITAN CHOCOLATE COMPANY
Central Parkway, Cincinnati, Ohio



This solid milk chocolate basket filled with assorted chocolates and marzipan fruits, 1½ lbs. net, sent postpaid on receipt of $2.00 or parcel post C. O. D.

Puritan CINCINNATI Chocolates

"THE PERFECT GIFT"



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an aid to good handwriting

ARE your children using the right paper for their penmanship practice? It may make quite a difference in their progress!

Palmer Method No. 1 Tablets are endorsed by the Publishers of Palmer Method—*the official system of handwriting in over three-quarters of the schools in the United States.*

Every sheet in every Tablet is of a uniform quality that never varies. The finish is perfectly adapted for penmanship practice. Both the finish and the ruling were determined after scientific tests by skilled penmanship supervisors.

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The *Comfort* Shave for Winter Days

When Winter Comes

When the good old face is sore and tender from its battle with wind and weather and you wince at the thought of the daily shave

Have Mollé Handy

Just spread with finger tips a film of this delightfully soothing, healing cream over the beard then shave with the favorite razor.

You will Grin with Joy

at the velvety smoothness of the shave—the entire absence of razor smart or lather burn—and the wonderful after feel of face comfort that lasts until the next glorious MOLLE Shave.

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Please tell me, without obligation, how I can make $1.50 an hour in my spare time.

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Mr. E. R. Macomber of Maine

He Sent a Coupon Like This And Then Earned In One Month

COMMISSIONS - $39.50

BONUS - - - - - - $22.00

$61.50

FOR just one month's *spare time* work we recently paid Mr. E. R. Macomber, of Maine, $61.50. He made this extra money by caring for our present subscribers and enrolling new readers for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*. "I can secure orders any month in the year," says Mr. Macomber, "and as I am getting better known some of the orders are telephoned to me and the money sent through the mail."

MANY of our subscription representatives earn $1.50, or more, in an hour just by selling us their spare time. You need only the willingness to try work that is easy, pleasant and dignified. Learning about our plan will cost you only two cents—for mailing your letter—and may enable you to earn hundreds of dollars. Clip the coupon above—now.

indicating an increase in efficiency of somewhere from 10 to 15 per cent.

"For example, there has been no increase in the number of our farmers during the past decade, yet the agricultural community not only feeds an increase of 14,000,000 of population but has increased its average exports from about 7,500,000 tons to 17,500,000 tons annually. This would show that the individual farmer has increased his efficiency in production by from 15 to 23 per cent in this period.

"Increase in production and distribution per person engaged in many other industries can be similarly adduced. There are many commodities where we have years since reached a point of saturation per capita, and those industries grow approximately with the growth of population or increasing exports. There are other commodities where saturation has not been reached. Increasing efficiency not only releases labor and direction for greater production of these things but enables their wider diffusion over the population. A selection of such industries shows a growth of 60 per cent in the past decade. We have been able to add to our standards of living by the more general distribution of many articles which were either altogether luxuries ten years ago or which were luxuries to a large portion of the population. Thus an increased proportion of the population are using electric lights, telephones, automobiles and better housing, and have added movies and what not to their daily routine."

Equal Opportunity Our Aim

"Some people have looked upon these additions of new commodities and services in the daily expenditure of our people as representing extravagances, but as a matter of fact they are no entrenchment upon savings. They are the product of better organized effort. This is an actual increase of commodities and services per capita in the population. It is due to the increased skill, the advancement of science, to temperance, to the improvement of processes, more labor-saving devices; but most of all it is due to the tremendous strides made in industrial administration and commercial organization in the elimination of waste in effort and materials. Nor has it been accomplished by imposing increased physical effort upon our workers. On the contrary actual physical effort today is less than ten years ago. There has been in this period a definite decrease in the number of hours' work weekly, with a definite decrease in physical effort due to improved methods. Nor has it been accomplished by any revolutionary discovery in science. It is the result of steady improvement in management and method all along the line. It is an accumulation of better practice in the elimination of waste. It is a monument to the directing brains of commerce and industry and the development in intelligence and skill of the American workingman. The result has been a lift in the standard of living to the whole of our our people, manual worker and brain worker alike.

"We have in America an economic and social system based on stimulation of individual initiative. Our ideal is to secure and to maintain an equality of opportunity to all. We have honestly sought over years to find methods by which we could curb those who would dominate the community and thus stifle the initiative and opportunity of the greater numbers. Nor must we relax vigilance in this particular. But we have also in these times to fight that this initiative shall not be destroyed by those who would divert actual production and distribution into the hands of the Government.

"Our goal in economic life is to do this great thing—to preserve individual initiative, an equality of opportunity and thus a constantly advancing national standard of living. Our economic and social system is fundamentally right. It has produced the largest advance in the standard of living to the whole of our people that has ever been witnessed in history. Its faults are many, but they can and are being corrected without destroying its progress. It has brought us steady advances despite the fabulous losses of war, and must therefore have great inherent vitality. In short, this great conception of America that every man should be given an equality of opportunity to take that position in the community to which he is entitled by virtue of his character and ability is the keystone of our structure.

"Our wages are the highest real wages of any utility wages in the world. By real wages I mean actual buying power. Let us compare them with government railway employes in Switzerland, Germany and Italy. And to compare them we must find a common denominator, because foreign currencies may mean nothing. We may therefore reduce them to plain bread and butter. In other words, if we say that 5 per cent of butter and 95 per cent of flour form the basis of bread and butter, then the weekly earnings in each country would buy at retail in those countries the following total of this useful compound:

	CONDUCTORS POUNDS	ENGINEERS POUNDS	FIREMEN POUNDS	MAINTENANCE MEN POUNDS
United States . .	840	865	652	302
Switzerland . .	257	308	220	166
Germany	238	276	217	153
Italy	189	240	178	143

"Our utility employes are the most efficient in the world. Our railroads move about 412,000,000,000 tons of freight one mile each year. To do this they employ a ratio of five men for each 1,000,000 ton miles. The ratio is 23 in Germany, 24 in Italy and 31 in Switzerland. It is this efficiency that makes for high wages. All these are things not alone for pride among our railway employes. They are a thing for pride of every American. They are the things that raise the standards of living to all of us."

During the period of agricultural depression back in 1920, when there was some concern about our food supply, D. F. Houston, then Secretary of the Treasury, and before that for seven years Secretary of Agriculture, told me:

"The acreage yields in the United States are frequently compared with the much larger yields in some European nations. In Belgium the acreage yield is about double that in the United States; in the United Kingdom, more than 60 per cent greater; and in France, nearly 15 per cent. It should be borne in mind, however, that the energy of each American farmer is spread over a larger area, and that, although he produces less per acre, he produces much more per man."

The Coal Problem in a Nutshell

"The total output of the average farmer is probably greater in the United States than in any other country in the world. Thus, in Belgium, with its intensive system of farming, only about 5.3 acres are cultivated for each person engaged in agriculture, whereas in the United States the corresponding figure is twenty-seven acres. Taking both acreage and yield per acre into consideration, the average American farmer produces 2.5 times as much as the average Belgium farmer; 2.3 times as much as the English; 3.2 times as much as the French; 2.5 times as much as the German; and more than six times as much as the Italian."

The farmers have improved upon this record of five years ago, according to Mr. Hoover's estimate.

Coal is a basic industry and about the comparative production of this necessity I bring testimony from abroad. Here are quotations from an article by E. T. Good in the English Review of September, 1925.

"Here is a little table which may be said to put the British coal problem in a nutshell:

BRITISH COAL PRODUCTION PER MINE WORKER PER WORKING SHIFT

	HUNDREDWEIGHT
1883—with poor mechanical appliances . .	25
1903—with better appliances .	23
1913—with still better appliances .	21
1923—with still more improved appliances . . .	18

(Continued on Page 177)

BE CERTAIN WITH THE K-S TELEGAGE

With a K-S Telegage on your dash, you are free from gasoline worries. A glance tells you the exact number of gallons.

Don't run the risk of being stalled without gasoline miles from home. A K-S Telegage will save you from this embarrassing situation.

One half larger than actual size

Right on the Dash!

Read the exact number of gallons in the gasoline tank without leaving your seat

YOU can't afford to take chances with your gasoline supply. No wise motorist will run the risk of gasoline trouble—perhaps disaster—when it is so easy to be safe. That is why so many motorists are insisting on having their cars equipped with the K-S Telegage—the gauge with the red column, on the dash.

Leading engineers and motorists alike have hailed this remarkable instrument as one of the greatest devices that has been produced to make motoring safe. Right in front of the driver's eye, it tells at a glance the exact number of gallons in the fuel tank.

Already it is standard equipment on ten famous cars—one out of every three cars selling for $1000 or over—and is available for additional cars as listed on coupon below. Thousands of motorists have installed it—and now that increased production has reduced the price of the Telegage to $8.50, many thousands more are installing it. There is a Telegage model for nearly every well-known make of car.

• • •

Think of the relief of seeing right in front of you, the exact answer to that important question, "How much gas have I in the tank?" The faithful red column of the Telegage gives the exact number of gallons, to a fraction. No more worry—No more getting out and running around to look at the gauge in the rear. Now you can feel safe—*all the time.*

The engineers of the twelve leading cars below have given the K-S Telegage the most thorough and exhaustive tests. As a result, they have adopted it as standard equipment.

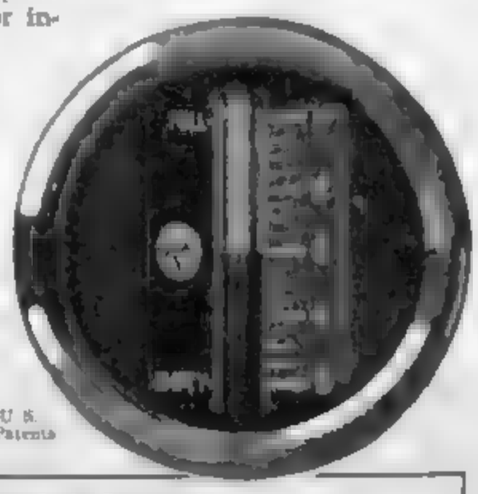
Wills Ste Claire 8
Paige
Willys-Knight 6
Nash Advanced 6
*Oakland
Studebaker
Wills Ste Claire 6
*Oldsmobile
Willys-Knight 4
Reo Sedan Bus
Ruggles Bus
Commerce Bus

*Standard equipment on de luxe models; optional equipment on other models.

Naturally, the car makers who adopted the K-S Telegage as standard equipment, first had their engineers subject it to every conceivable test. It more than met their requirements—it surpassed their expectations. In every way it proved a scientifically accurate, dependable instrument. Many engineers now say that the rear gauge is a thing of the past. The car without a Telegage will soon be stamped as out of date.

Don't go without this protection any longer. One unfortunate experience of being stalled miles from home without gas, may easily cost more than the Telegage. The price is only $8.50 and it can be quickly and easily installed by your garage or accessory dealer, or sent complete direct to you with directions for installing.

Check your car in the coupon below, fill in your name and address, enclose money order and mail to us today.



Protected by U. S. and Foreign Patents

Complete Ready to Install $8.50

K-S GASOLINE Telegage

King-Seely Corporation
Ann Arbor Michigan

Now on One out of every Three

At the Chicago Show note the leading cars equipped with the Telegage. One out of every three cars selling for $1000 or more carries the K-S Telegage as standard equipment.

The Telegage is available for the following cars. Check the car you drive.

Durant	1920 - 26
Essex	1922 - 25
Buick Standard 6	All
NASH Special 6	1923
NASH Special 6	1926
NASH Advanced 6	1922 - 25
OVERLAND 6	ALL
HUDSON	1921 - 26
Oldsmobile	1916 - 26
OAKLAND 6	1924 - 26
Reo	1919 - 26
PLANT 40	1924 - 25
BUICK Master 6 not equipped with dash gauge	1916 - 26
BUICK Master 6 equipped with dash gauge	1926

King-Seely Corporation
Accessory Division, Ann Arbor, Mich.

Gentlemen: I enclose check / money order for which please send me K-S Telegage, with complete directions for installing on my car, checked on list herewith.

Name

Address

Name Garage or Accessory Dealer

A Revolutionary 4-DOOR Sedan .....at $1285

NOT a cramped, fat man's misery but a real four-door automobile—plenty of room for five big heavy passengers.

Not a slow, halting, hesitant power plant but a high speed, high compression, six-cylinder motor that thrusts you to the head of traffic in a jiffy—rushes you up hills on high—keeps up a breath-taking speed that practically no other car can exceed.

Not a stiff, awkward omnibus but a compact car that slips in and out of small parking spaces and turns right around in a city street.

Not a heavy, wasteful sluggard but a light nimble go-getter that is kind to the tires and saving with the gas.

Not a hurried, cheaply finished, price car but a genuine aristocrat that you can be proud to drive among $3000 limousines, and with your most critical friends on the upholstery.

Emphatically, here is a new standard of value, a car for the man who has been accustomed to pay several hundred dollars more, a car for the younger people who want unlimited pep and power, a car for anybody who wants a real quality automobile.

Lockheed Hydraulic 4-wheel brakes, Ross cam and lever steering.
Davis-Continental motor and "Built of the Best" throughout.

Dealers: If you want a car that will sell and stay sold, write us. This is the greatest performer and biggest value we have ever known in our twenty-four years' experience.

George W. Davis Motor Car Company
Richmond, Indiana

DAVIS

"BUILT OF THE BEST"

The Davis Line Consists of:

SERIES 93

4-Door Sedan	$1285	3-Passenger Coupe	$1285

SERIES 92

Imperial Sedan	$1795	4-Door Sedan	$1505
Man-O-War Roadster	$1495	Mountaineer Touring	$1395

F. O. B. Factory, plus tax

(Continued from Page 174)

"Even in the period between 1914 and 1924 the number of our mechanical coal cutters has been doubled; the number of mechanical conveyors has been quadrupled; there have been great electrical power and light and related developments; hundreds of old and difficult seams have been abandoned; and scores of new and magnificently equipped collieries have been opened out; but instead of an increased output per unit of labour, we have actually had a decline from about 21 cwts. per man shift to less than 16 cwts.

"Indeed, reports which declare that the current depression in the coal trade is not due to factors under the control of either miners or their employers, but is attributable to external circumstances, are worse than waste. They are untrue and mischievous. Our coal trade is depressed because we have, since the war, driven customers and would-be customers away with our high costs, our low output, our strikes and threats of strikes.

"Here is another little table:

AVERAGE DIRECT PIT LABOR COSTS OF COAL PRODUCTION IN ROUND FIGURES

	PER TON
Great Britain	13s. 6d.
United States	9s.
Germany	7s. 6d.

"In Germany they get cheap coal by means of low wages. In the United States they get cheap coal by means of big output.

UNITED STATES PRODUCTION PER MINE WORKER PER WORKING SHIFT

	IN HUNDREDWEIGHT
1883	30
1903	40
1913	60
1923	80

"We cannot do all they do in America in the matter of output per unit of labour, for our natural conditions are not so good, just as European Continental conditions are not so favourable as ours; but we might at least do half as much as the Americans in this matter. That would solve our problem. United States miners have recently been earning wages averaging £8 a week, against a British average of £2 15s., yet the pit-head cost of American coal is barely half as high as the cost of our material."

British Views of British Labor

"Before our trade can revive and our workers prosper we shall have to return to the old idea of a fair day's work. Men and nations thrive on hard work. They decay on indolence. We are suffering a fit of laziness unprecedented in the annals of English industry. Unless we shake it off we shall drift to disaster.

"The fact that we are not doing so much trade in the Italian and other markets as we did before the war is due entirely to our own shortcomings—our high costs, our short output, our frequent strikes."

Sir Philip Gibbs confirms this picture of conditions in an article in the New York Times when he writes:

"The economic condition of a country depends enormously upon the moral qualities of its people and upon the character of its government and its political parties.

"In many cases where socialistic Boards of Guardians give an extra allowance out of the rates, as in Poplar and the West Ham districts of London, unemployed men are actually receiving more each week than men receive who are working at jobs in the same district. What incentive is there to search for work?

"The coal crisis, averted only by Mr. Baldwin's subsidy in support of wages, will come again in the spring, when those £20,000,000 or so, provided by the unfortunate taxpayer, have been spent in buying a temporary truce. It may be taken as a fact that the miners will not accept lower wages or longer hours without a bitter and long fight. The only chance of peace lies in a reorganization of the industry, from top to bottom, so that the output may be increased and the cost of production decreased.

"The workingman must be made to see, somehow, that deliberate limitation of output is not a service to his out-of-work pals; that it doesn't mean more work for more hands, but that it is a crime against his own manhood and against the nation, demoralizing the individual, increasing the cost of production and spoiling trade.

"The employer must be converted to a greater generosity of spirit, which will make his employes partners in his own concern, with some control over the fortunes of the business and with a share in its success."

I have never heard in this country from banker, business man, public man or private citizen any word about Europe's postwar troubles that did not reflect a lively concern, sympathy, good feeling and a desire to help. But food and houses and clothes and motor cars and radios and washing machines and electrical conveniences are not produced except by work. All the things we enjoy we made with our labor and shared with one another.

The Fruits of Our Work

It implies that somebody has worked in the fields and in the factories and in the shops and offices when we can say: Our manufacturing output has increased fully 60 per cent above that in 1914, and this has been accomplished with an increase of only 25 per cent in number of workers. With slightly decreased number of farmers, we have increased farm production by about 12 per cent. Our railways transport 22 per cent more goods and they do it with just about the same number of men they did ten years ago. We produce 86 per cent more tons of iron and steel, and to do this we require but 56 per cent more employes than ten years ago. In the same time we have increased the annual production of automobiles from 569,000 to 3,638,000, or about 540 per cent, and this has been accomplished with only a 32 per cent increase in workmen. We produce 250 per cent more electrical energy and require only 90 per cent more labor to do it.

The number of automobiles in use has increased from 1,711,000 in 1914 to about 18,000,000 today—an increase from one automobile for every fourteen families to one for every 1.5 families. In only five years we have increased the number of homes connected for electric service from 5,500,000 to more than 13,000,000. Sales of electric washing machines increased from 13,000 in 1914 to 612,000 in 1924.

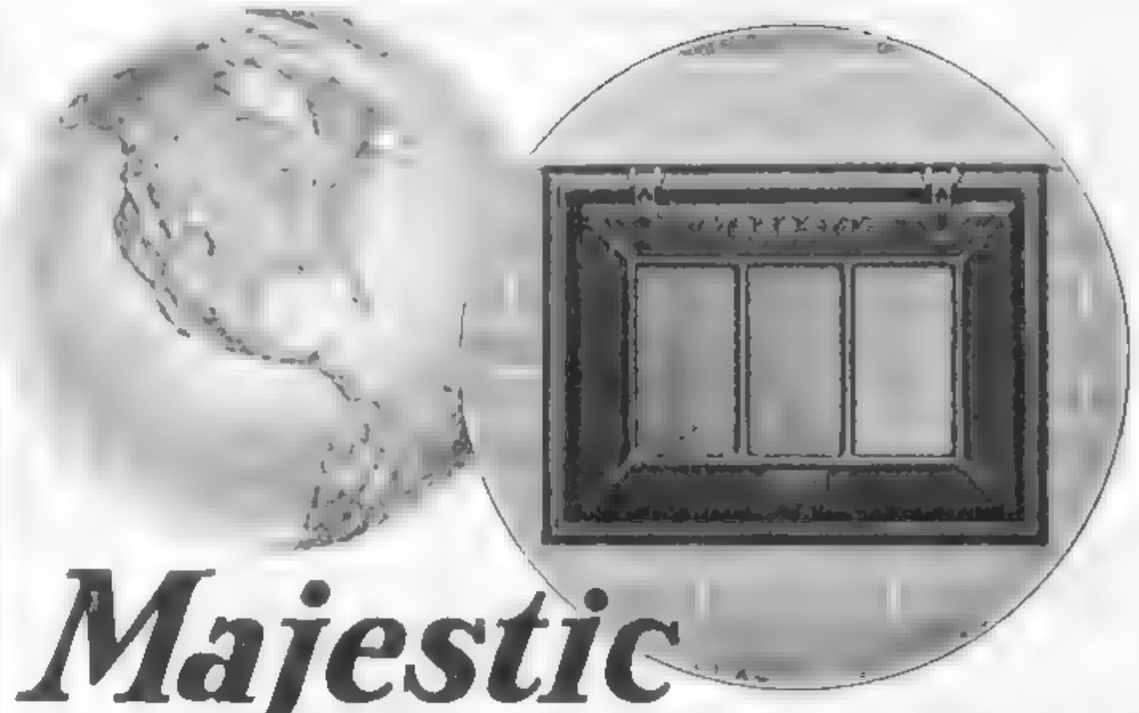
Sales of bathtubs increased from 510,000 in 1914 to 1,150,000 in 1924. Our housing is better. Washing sent out to our public laundries has increased from $300,000,000 to $650,000,000 in seven years.

While we were at war our industries attacked the problem of industrial waste by simplification. The work has gone on in ever-broadening fields. These eliminations of waste effort and products are among the causes of our present prosperity. It is part of the employer's contribution to the well-being of the employe and the consumer.

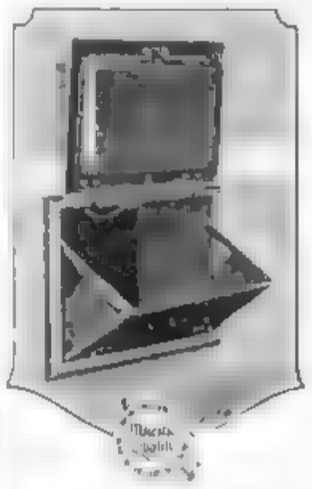
For example, not many years ago 179 varieties of electric lamp bases were in process of manufacture, which necessitated the memorizing of a lengthy specification before procuring a lamp which would fit the special socket installed in the home. Today the seventy manufacturers are producing only six standard bases. In the same industry as late as 1918 there were thirty-seven different known varieties of attachment plugs in use, each one good in itself, but no one interchangeable with any other. In the interest of public convenience and the development of the use of electrical appliances, the adoption of the standard plug with parallel blades resulted. The advantages of this simplification are so apparent and appealing that today this plug is furnished with hundreds of thousands of appliances made by 200 manufacturers.

Simplification from the angle of a consumer is best expressed by the president of a large New York hotel:

"In simplification, remember you are both buyer and seller. If you cannot apply



Majestic Leads the World!



MORE Majestic Coal Windows are installed each year than all other makes combined—because the Majestic is the recognized leader of coal window values. It's the coal window that's break-proof and rust-proof—with Certified Malleable Iron frame and hinges, electro-galvanized pressed steel door, and Keystone Copper Steel body and hopper. The Majestic is the coal window you'll want in the home you buy or build.

Other Majestic Products

At the left is the No. M 10 Majestic ready for coal—one of many new and improved styles. All are shown in our new catalog, together with several other Majestic products you'll want in the home you buy or build. Write for this catalog and your dealer's name.

THE MAJESTIC CO. HUNTINGTON, IND.

Majestic Coal Window

The Mark of a Modern Home

If You Really Want More Money *Give Yourself a Raise!*

For 7 years Edward D. Vernon has made extra money by this spare-time plan. He made $10 in one day

IT'S not so easy, sometimes, to make the boss "come across," is it? And if you are your own boss it's just as hard—maybe harder—to make a dollar grow where the crop looked like thirty cents before. And we can always do so many things with more money—if we have it!

But wait! If you honestly want more money why *not* have it? Yes, why not? Many a Curtis subscription representative is making good money *on the side*, regularly, week after week, month after month. Your spare time is your own. Why not profit by some of it? Sales work is interesting, easy to learn—and it pays!

Up to $1.50-$2.00 an Hour—Extra

1. Curtis work may be done where and when you like. Profit anywhere, anytime.
2. Earn cash commissions from the very start. No investment or experience needed.
3. Your profits repeat. Renewal orders pay as generously as new.
4. Bonus payments make the plan especially attractive to the hustler.

JUST say goodbye to *wishing*, and start *reaping*. What others, starting from scratch, have done in this business surely you should be able to do. Mr. Richardson of Colorado made $6.30 extra in the spare time of one day. Mrs. William Young made $4 within two hours after receiving our offer. Show yourself what *you* can do by trying. Mail the coupon this very day.

Find Out About It—NOW

The Curtis Publishing Company
238 Independence Sq. Philadelphia, Penna.

I may not accept, but send me your offer anyhow.

Name

Street

City

State

The December *Country Gentleman*

carried 21,043 *more* lines of advertising than its nearest competitor in the national farm paper field

The advertising lineage in the December issue of *The Country Gentleman* reached the impressive total of 51,007 lines.

This figure falls only 922 lines below the total advertising carried by the *next two* national farm papers added together.

Of even greater importance to the manufacturer who wishes to tell his story to *real farmers* is *The Country Gentleman's* lead in the advertising of merchandise which has its only market on the farm itself.

Examine this table and draw your own conclusions:

	The Country Gentleman Lines	Farm Paper No. 2 Lines	Farm Paper No. 3 Lines
Farm implements and machinery	3,837	2,513	1,469
Lighting plants, heating and water systems, equipment	2,677	823	586
Nursery stock, seeds, etc.	1,140	670	584
Poultry feeds, remedies and supplies	2,446	1,191	1,985
Sprayers, insecticides, etc.	418	....	384
Classified advertising, livestock, poultry, etc.	2,040	223	100
TOTAL	12,558	5,420	5,108

These facts indicate the endorsement experience grants *The Country Gentleman*—the foremost publication in America for those whose homes or whose interests are in the country.

Through an error the analysis of advertising lineage which we published in Printers' Ink of December 17 and *The Saturday Evening Post* of December 19 failed to state that the comparison was made between *The Country Gentleman* and other national farm papers only; no sectional papers were included in this analysis.

The Country Gentleman

The Modern Farm Paper

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

The Country Gentleman
The Ladies' Home Journal *The Saturday Evening Post*

it in the things you sell, apply it in the things you buy. Do not buy fifteen varieties of bolts if you can, by study, make one kind of bolt satisfy the fifteen uses."

Applying this philosophy to the purchases for his chain of hotels, 200 items have been simplified, $350,000 has been released from inventory and a 20 per cent reduction in cost of this simplified line has resulted in an annual saving of $100,000.

A manufacturer of men's felt hats analyzed his sales and found that 90 per cent of the business on the 3684 styles and colors he was then making was done in seven styles and ten colors. The only solution of the problem was a simplified line, and he now not only advocates its application but has been convinced that it really pays.

Again the question of style was not a deterrent to a large producer of shoes, who at one time manufactured three grades and 2500 styles of each. He simplified his line to one grade and 100 styles. This 99 per cent elimination of variety reduced production cost 31 per cent, overhead 28 per cent, inventories 26 per cent, and cost to consumer 27 per cent. Correspondingly his turnover was increased 50 per cent, sales of women's shoes 22 per cent and of men's shoes 80 per cent.

I could recite a thousand other instances—milk bottles, dining-car chinaware, tissue paper, hospital beds, woven-wire fencing, grocers' paper bags, paint and varnish brushes, milk bottle tops, and so on and so on. It is incredible what savings have been made by attention to these little things.

Late in 1921 was published the report of Waste in Industry, an assay of waste in six typical industries—the building trades, men's ready-made clothing, boots and shoes, printing, metal trades and textile manufacturing. This report brought out the fact that in these six industries alone there existed a preventable waste of from 29 to 64 per cent, and that $10,000,000,000 could be saved annually through standardization and simplification alone.

All these savings spell greater prosperity, and greater prosperity means leisure and increased possessions, and these in turn supply an incentive to greater production. We are not a superior nation of people. We haven't got more intelligence than other peoples. We are not free from economic and social and political ills. We are not free of all faults and shortcomings. But at this juncture in our history we are willing to work because under our social and political system we know that we can enjoy the fruits of our work. We know that the more we work the more we have to enjoy of leisure and possessions. Millions of European-born men and women are sharing these things with us. They are content. We are building here a form of social organization of our own to provide freedom, opportunity, service. It is not all that it might be, but it made us what we are today and I hope you're satisfied.

Don't let anybody kid you into believing that we took advantage of a sick Continent. Ours is an open prosperity openly arrived at. Also remember that good times don't last forever. There will be slumps.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Five Hundred Thousand Weekly)

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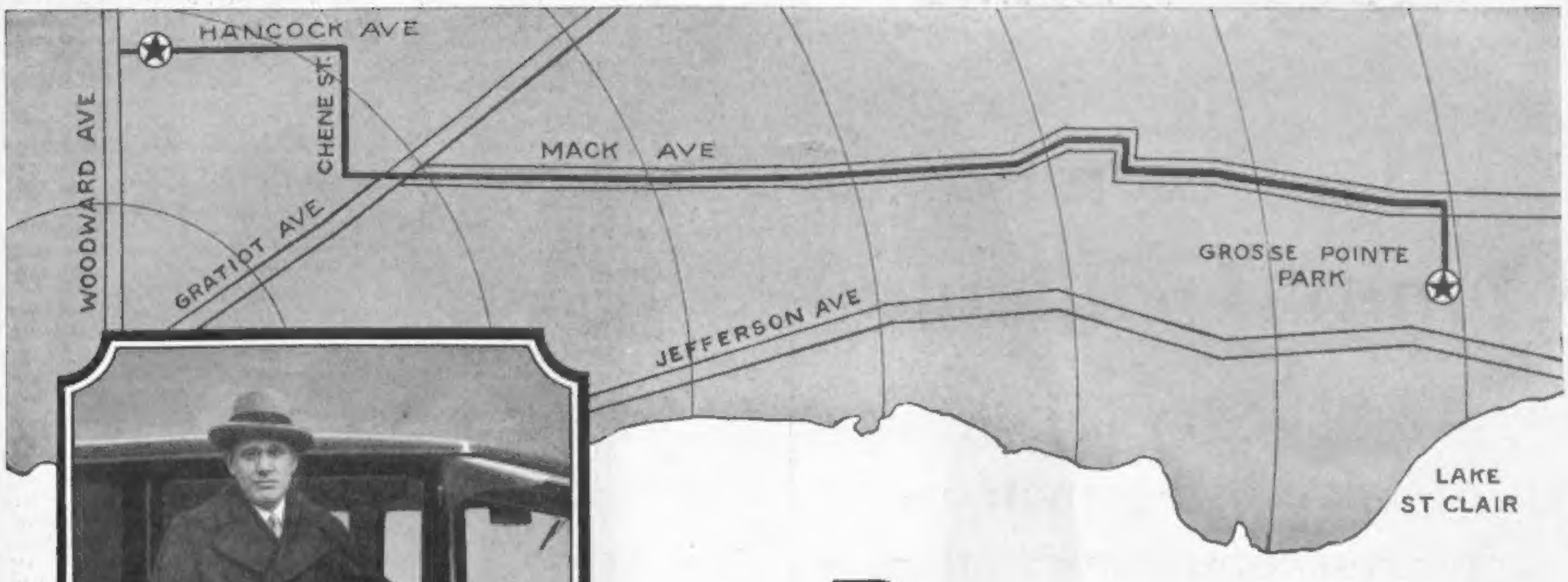
A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy.



Time Saved—With Safety

Mr. J. F. C.*, a resident of Grosse Pointe Park, drives from that suburb of Detroit to his office in a car equipped with Lockheed hydraulic four-wheel brakes. Formerly, he drove a car equipped with two-wheel mechanical brakes. With his hydraulic brake equipped car, it is proved by Mr. C's watch that he saves 15 minutes each way, or a half hour in a day, in a round-trip drive—through traffic all the way—of practically 20 miles.

He can safely maintain higher speeds between cross streets, because he can stop more quickly; and, because he stops more quickly and surely, he can approach his stops with far less preliminary slowing down. Mr. C's watch proves that he actually saves a total of 150 working hours a year—*equal to the impressive total of three working weeks.*

*Name supplied on request.

The Answer

LOCKHEED
Four Wheel Brakes
HYDRAULIC

Permanent Effectiveness

The Chief Reason for Lockheed's Brilliant Success

One fact, and one alone, accounts for the brilliant success of Lockheed Hydraulic Four-Wheel Brakes.

Lockheed holds its dominating position in the industry today, simply and solely because it is a *wholly efficient* braking system.

To it belongs the remarkable attribute of retaining its adjustment, equalization, and effectiveness *permanently.*

The hydraulic principle assures results which Lockheeds alone give, because Lockheeds alone are hydraulic.

Lockheeds on Half of Chassis Models

You see the result of Lockheed's unusual and permanent braking efficiency in their strongly intrenched position today, with both the industry and with the public.

In two years, Lockheeds have won to themselves fully half of all the chassis models manufactured.

More than 350,000 motor cars and trucks are today equipped with Lockheed Hydraulic Four-Wheel Brakes.

You will find Lockheeds on cars of every price, from well under $1,000 up to the most expensive.

You will also find them on such finely engineered cars as Chrysler, and others regarded as leaders in the industry.

These manufacturers are successful because they have been quick to satisfy public demand for fundamental improvements in the motor car—and one of the greatest advances has been their adoption of Lockheeds.

Car Makers Protect Their Owners

They know that Lockheed Hydraulics provide car owners with maximum driving and braking safety—and with all the advantages which hydraulics alone can give.

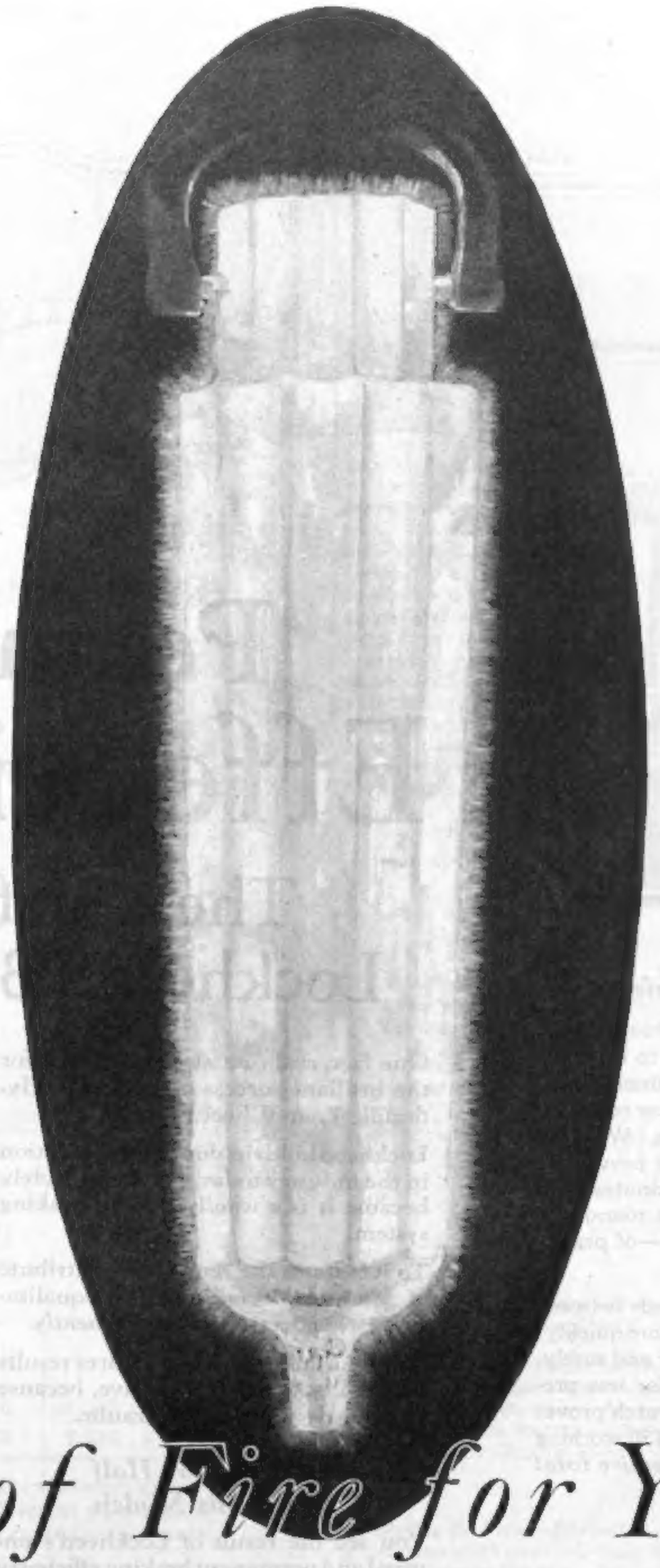
These manufacturers have not allowed cost, nor the need of fine materials and precision in Lockheed manufacture, to prevent their specification of hydraulic brakes. They have thus assured their owners utmost safety and mental comfort.

They have insisted upon Lockheed Hydraulics for the same reason that the public demands them: Because hydraulic brakes assure *permanent* effectiveness, and Lockheeds alone are hydraulic.

. . .

Nation-wide special service on Lockheed Hydraulic Four-Wheel Brakes is at your command in strategically located cities through the Wagner Electric Corporation. Each of these service centers carries a complete stock of Lockheed parts, and is equipped with men and machinery that assure expert service.

HYDRAULIC BRAKE COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN



A Steel Ingot

Leaving Timken electric furnaces as a brilliant, boiling liquid, Timken steel is formed into these glowing ingots about six feet long. From the melt, to the ingot, to the finished bearings, every process is performed within the Timken plants.

Pillars of Fire for Your Car

Like blindingly bright water, liquid steel pours from the electric arcs of Timken furnaces, employing the highest heat known. Irresistible mechanical monsters "toss off" the searing steel, roll it, pummel it, squeeze it, and finally out come—not automobile frames, or engines, or axles, but—Timken Tapered Roller Bearings.

Relatively small in size, Timken Bearings require the largest electric steel output in the world! Timkens are produced on a scale so large, because of their large importance in cars and trucks, among other mechanical devices. Of all American makes, 83% use Timken Bearings, and Timkens are widely used in Europe as well.

Transmissions, differentials, pinions, worm gears, rear wheels, front wheels, steering pivots, and fans are Timken-equipped.

150,000,000 Timken Bearings have been built. There are Timken plants in the United States, Canada, England, and France. A daily capacity of 132,000 Timken Bearings is required.

Widest public acceptance must be based on engineering endorsement of Timken advantages—high capacity for bearing stress from all directions—exclusive positive roll alignment—special precision "cages"—the possibility of simplified design and reduced weight—and supremely enduring Timken-made steel.

To produce bearings which constantly improve the operation and economy of motor vehicles is an inescapable obligation of Timken facilities and resources, so great in extent.

THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING CO., CANTON, OHIO

TIMKEN *Tapered Roller* **BEARINGS**

You want to *know*

that milk is *pure* and *clean* and *wholesome*

For Baby's Bottle—

Pet Milk is always clean and wholesome—germ-free—more easily digested than ordinary milk.

To Drink—

Pet Milk will blend with orange juice to make a milk drink that children like—that is more wholesome than milk alone—that helps to get them to drink the milk they need.

In All Their Food—

Pet Milk is safe and wholesome because it is pure, fresh milk, uniformly rich—the cream always in the milk—sterilized in sealed containers—always germ-free.

Because Pet Milk is more than twice as rich as ordinary milk, it meets every cream and milk need of the household. Undiluted it takes the place of cream—at less than half the cost. It can be diluted to suit every milk need. As extra rich milk, it costs no more than ordinary milk.

Do not confuse Pet Milk with milk preserved with sugar. In Pet Milk nothing is added to the pure milk.

Our new book, "You Can Save on Your Milk Bill," telling why Pet Milk is good for children—how it will improve your cooking—more than a hundred recipes—will be sent free on request.

PET MILK COMPANY
(Originators of Evaporated Milk)
836 Arcade Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

881

Why Scipio was called the most elegant gentleman of his time

ALTHOUGH Scipio Africanus never led a jazz band nor got into a controversy over the question of having a unified air service, few of our present-day celebrities have greater renown than he had when he was "going good."

If you are not conversant with the incidents upon which the fame of Scipio was established, it may be said that he hung up a long string of important military victories, brought the championship of the Mediterranean League to Rome, and spoke Latin fluently.

But that was not all. "The younger Africanus was the first who adopted the custom of shaving every day."—*Pliny's Natural History, Book 7, Chapter 59.*

It was because he had progressive ideas and saw the advantage of the daily shave that Scipio won the reputation of being the most elegant gentleman of his time, notwithstanding the fact that he never wore spats or a stovepipe hat.

The Analogy Between Scipio and Colgate's

By causing whiskers to come off, Scipio was distinguished among his compatriots. Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream is distinguished for causing whiskers to come off *more easily.*

It makes the daily shave a matter of but a few minutes, with no nerve-racking accompaniments.

Colgate's Softens the Beard at the Base

The moist, fine-texture lather goes directly to the base of the hair, where it is most needed. It softens the toughest beard almost instantly, and so effectively that the razor has no more pull than a Bolshevist could develop in the State Department at Washington.

Millions of men find Colgate's greatly superior to anything else they have ever used for taking discomfort out of shaving. It combines the best qualities of other shaving creams, and has important merits that are not to be found in any of the rest.

Colgate's needs no mussy rubbing in with the fingers. It leaves the face cool, velvety and refreshed.

Let us send you a trial tube of this marvelous Cream—enough for 12 better shaves than you have ever had. Please use the attached coupon.

Colgate & Co.
Established 1806
NEW YORK

In Canada:
COLGATE & CO., Ltd.
72 St. Ambroise St., Montreal

A coarse inefficient lather, which fails to reach the base of the hair.

Colgate's fine texture lather, which softens the hair at the base.

COLGATE & CO.
Dept. P
581 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

Please send me the trial tube of Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream for better shaving. I enclose 4c.

Name .....

Address .....
1-30-26

Truth in advertising implies honesty in manufacture